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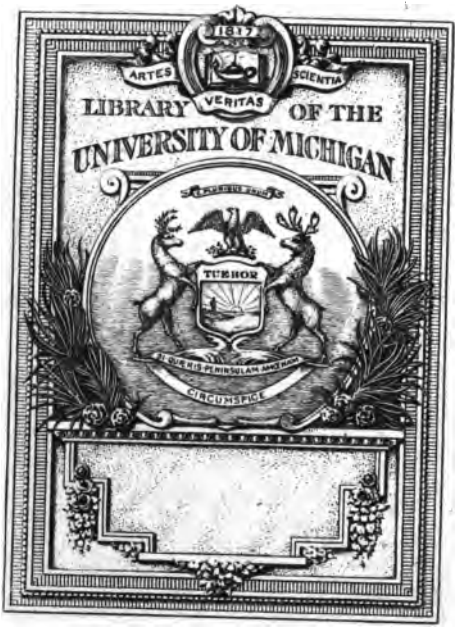
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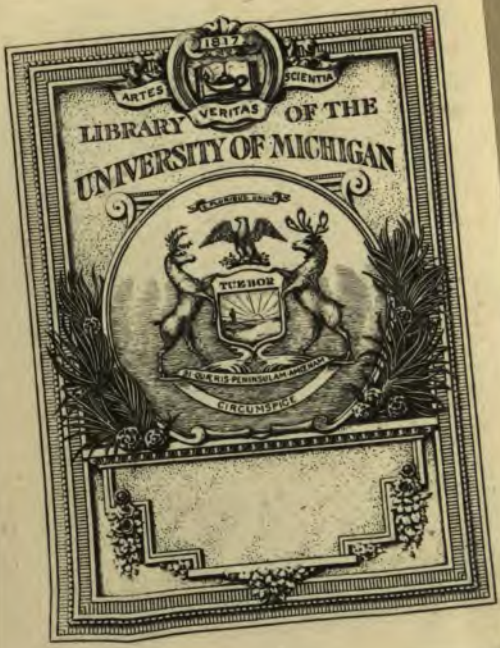
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SECTION III

THE ENGLISH DRAMA

FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT DAY

GENERAL EDITOR

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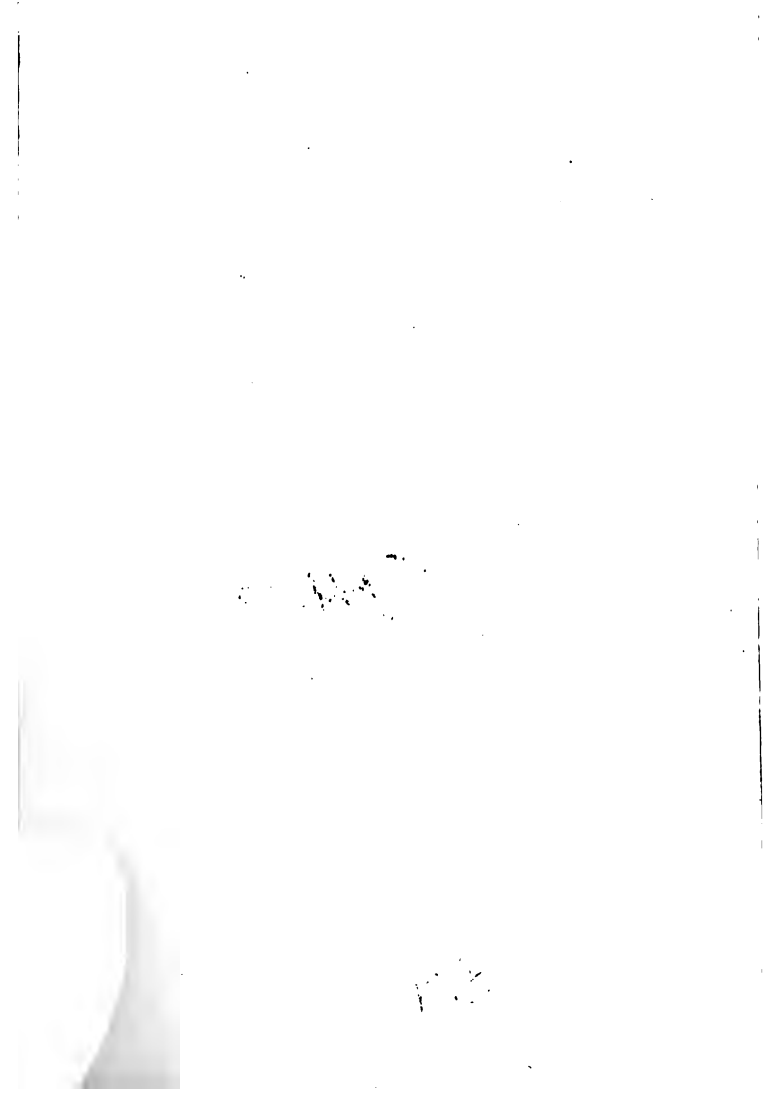

POETASTER

By BEN JONSON

AND

SATIROMASTIX

By THOMAS DEKKER

EDITED BY

JOSIAH H. PENNIMAN

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA

BOSTON, U. S. A., AND LONDON
D. C. HEATH AND COMPANY

for the children of the Queen's Chapel, *Cynthia's Revels* and *Poetaster*. These three plays contain Jonson's contribution to the War of the Theatres. Jonson now turned to tragedy and wrote his great classical tragedy *Sejanus*, 1603. For his sources of it he turned, unlike the writers for the popular stage, to the Latin authors themselves, quarried from them his facts, and affixed for reference footnotes to prove his "integrity in the story."

In 1603 Jonson wrote upon request an entertainment for the reception of King James at Althorp. On Twelfth Night, 1605, the first of his long series of masques, *The Masque of Blackness*, was performed at Whitehall with scenery by Inigo Jones. Early the same year *Eastward Hoe*, a play by Chapman, Marston, and Jonson, gave offence at Court through an allusion it contained to the Scots, who flocked at the accession of King James to London in search of advancement. Chapman and Jonson were imprisoned, but Marston, perhaps the person really responsible, escaped.[1] Between the years 1603 and 1608 he wrote, besides various "entertainments," the *Masque of Blackness* 1605, and the *Masque of Beautie* 1608. In 1605, 1609, 1610, 1611, 1614 and 1616 came respectively *Volpone*, *Epicoene*, *The Alchemist*, *Catiline*, *Bartholomew Fair* and *The Devil is an Ass*. Each of these plays was a solid contribution to dramatic literature and added substantially to Jonson's reputation. He became at once the first critic and, next to Shakespeare, the first dramatist, of his day. Within this period, too, belong the four masques, *Hymenaei*, 1606, *The Masque of Queens*, 1609, *Love Freed from Ignorance and Folly*, 1611, and *Masque of Christmas*, 1616. In 1613 he went to France as tutor to a "knavishly inclined" son of Raleigh, but returned to England the same year. In 1616 Jonson collected his work and published a folio edition, which contained besides plays and masques a collection of *Epigrams* and *The Forrest* consisting of miscellaneous poems.

In 1618 Jonson set out on his memorable journey to Scotland. While there he enjoyed a warm reception from the literary society of Edinburgh, was made a burgess, and spent some weeks with the

[1] For correspondence of Chapman and Jonson asking for release, see Jonson's *Eastward Hoe*, *The Alchemist*, Schelling, Belles-Lettres-Series, pp. 158–64.

Scotch poet, William Drummond of Hawthornden. On his return to London he visited Oxford and formally received the degree of M. A. To the years 1619 and 1620 belong respectively the masques, *Pleasure Reconciled* and *Newes from the New World*. In October of 1621 King James openly showed his regard for Jonson by granting him a reversion of the office of Master of the Revels after the deaths of Sir George Buc and Sir John Ashley. Besides, he raised Jonson's pension to £200 and even intended, some say, to knight him. From 1621 to 1624 Jonson was busily engaged in writing masques. Within these years he wrote *The Masque of Gypsies*, 1621, *The Masque of Augures*, 1622, *Time Vindicated*, 1623, and *The Fortunate Isles*, 1626. He probably had a hand, with Rowley and Fletcher as collaborators, in the production of *The Bloody Brother*, 1624. Besides these he wrote in 1623, on the loss of his library by fire, *An Execration against Vulcan*, and contributed to the first folio edition of Shakespeare's Works the famous prefatory poem, *To the Memory of my Beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare and what he hath left us*.

With the accession of King Charles masking was dropped for a while, and Jonson lost his influence at Court. Driven by want he returned to the popular stage. He wrote in 1625 *The Staple of News* and in 1629 *The New Inn*, the latter of which proved a signal failure at its first performance. In 1628 Jonson became chronologer to the City of London, was restored to favor at Court, and commissioned by Charles to write a masque, *Love's Triumph through Callipolis*, 1630. It evidently pleased, for Jonson was called upon to provide the Shrovetide Masque, *Chloridia*. His allowance, too, of one hundred marks was "converted into pounds." *Chloridia*, however, was not successful and led to trouble with his collaborator, Jones. This quarrel with Jones harmed Jonson more than his enemy. In 1631 the City withdrew his salary as City Chronologer and he was again driven to try for the stage. His comedy, *The Magnetic Lady*, 1632, did little more than elicit ridicule from his enemies, and his last complete comedy, *The Tale of a Tub*, 1633, was "not likt" at Court. He continued, however, to write a few occasional verses in honor of the King and his Court, with the result that in 1634 he once more obtained the salary as City Chronologer. Since early in the reign, Jonson had been ailing with the dropsy and the palsy, and

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now for three years lingered on in ill health. He prepared for the stage, and perhaps wrote, the fragmentary *Sad Shepherd*. He died August 6, 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

THOMAS DEKKER

Thomas Dekker was born in London. This he tells us in his *Red for Runawayes:*

"O London! (thou mother of my life, nurse of my being) a hard-hearted sonne might I be counted if here I should not dissolve all into tears, to hear thee pouring forth thy passionate condolements."

The year of his birth is unknown. He refers, in addressing the Middlesex Justices of the Peace, in *English Villanies Seven Several Times Pressed to Death*, 1637, to "my three score yeares devotedly yours in my best service." Taken literally this would put the date of his birth at least as far back as 1577. His reference, however, to "service" would justify us in assigning an earlier date. He was born, it is probable, in or within a few years of 1570. His whole career was associated with London. Here, in spite of incessant toil, he lived a life of struggle and privation. He was repeatedly thrown into the debtor's prison, to be released by sympathizing friends. Henslowe twice had him released from arrest, from the Counter in February of 1598 and from the Chamberlain's Men in January of 1599. He was confined, Oldys asserts, in the King's Bench Prison from 1613 to 1616. The registers of St. Giles, Cripplegate, record the christening of two daughters of Thomas Dekker, one in October of 1594, another in October of 1602; they also record the burial of a daughter in November of 1598, and the burial of a son at St. Botolphs, Bishopsgate, in April of 1598. All these, it is possible, were children of the dramatist, for St. Giles, Cripplegate, was near the Fortune Theatre, owned by Henslowe and Alleyn, for which Dekker wrote. (Dekker's connection with the Merchant Tailors' Company has been suggested by the fact that on the title page of *Troja Nova Triumphans* 1612, preserved in the British Museum, is written in contemporary handwriting near Dekker's name, "marchantailor." This, however, proves

nothing.) He began his career as a writer, we learn from Henslowe, as early at least as January, 1598. From then on for forty years Dekker worked as dramatist and hack writer, collaborating with other dramatists, revamping old plays, and writing new ones. He died, it is supposed, about 1640.

Between the years 1597–98 and 1602, which we might designate as the first period of Dekker's activity, this fluent writer was extremely busy. Within them he wrote single-handed, according to Henslowe's *Diary*, nine pieces: (1) *Fayeton*, 1597–98; (2) *The Triplicity of Cuckolds*, 1598; (3) *First Introduction of the Civil Wars of France*, 1598–99; (4) *Orestes Furies*, 1599; (5) *The Gentle Craft*, 1599, published anonymously, 1600, as *The Shoemaker's Holiday, or the Gentle Craft*; (6) *Bear a Brain*, 1599; (7) *Whole History of Fortunatus*, 1599, published anonymously, 1600, as *The Pleasant Comedie of Old Fortunatus*; (8) *Truth's Supplication to Candlelight*, 1599–1600; (9) *Medicine for a Curst Wife*, 1602. Besides these, he wrote with Drayton, Wilson, and Chettle: (1) *Earl Godwin and his Three Sons*, 1598; (2) *Second Part of Godwin*, 1598; (3) *Pierce of Exton*, 1598; (4) *Black Bateman of the North*, 1598. With Drayton and Wilson he collaborated in: (1) *The Mad Man's Morris*, 1598; (2) *Hannibal and Hermes or Worse feared than hurt*, 1598; (3) *Chance Medley*, 1598 (to this Chettle or Munday also contributed). With Drayton alone he wrote: (1) *First Civil Wars in France*, 1598; (2) *Connan Prince of Cornwall*, 1598; (3) *Second Part of the Civil Wars in France*, 1598; (4) *Third Part of the Civil Wars in France*. Three plays by Dekker and Chettle were produced in 1599: (1) *Troilus and Cressida*; (2) *Agamemnon*; (3) *The Stepmother's Tragedy*. He wrote with Ben Jonson in 1599 a domestic tragedy, *Page of Plymouth*; with Jonson, Chettle, and "other gentellman" a chronicle play, *Robert the Second King of the Scots*; with Chettle and Haughton, *Patient Grissel*, published anonymously in 1603. In 1600 he wrote with Day and Haughton: *A Spanish Moor's Tragedy*; with Chettle, Day, and Haughton, *Seven Wise Masters*; with Mundaÿ, Drayton, and Hathway (1) *The Golden Ass, and Cupid and Psyche*, and (2) *Fair Constance of Rome*. The year 1601 marks a slackening in Dekker's activity. He had to do, according to Henslowe, with only one play, *King Sebas-*

tian of Portingale, in which he worked with Chettle. 1602 is another year of production. In it he wrote with Drayton, Middleton, Webster, and Munday, 'too harpes' [1] (*Two Harpies*); with Heywood, Wentworth Smith, and Webster, *Two Parts of Lady Jane Grey*, 1602 (published, 1607, as *The Famous History of Sir Thomas Wyat*, by Dekker and Webster); with Heywood and Webster, *Christmas Comes but Once a Year*; with Munday, *Jeptha*. There are a few other entries relating to Dekker in the *Diary* for this period. On September 6, 1600, Henslowe records payment to Dekker of twenty shillings for the book called "forteion tenes" (*Fortune's Tennis*). In December, 1600, Dekker was paid forty shillings for altering his play *Phaeton* on the occasion of its representation at Court. January, 1601–02, he received ten shillings for writing a prologue and epilogue for the play of *Ponesciones* pillet (*Pontius Pilate?*); and twenty shillings for altering an old play, *Tasso's Melancholy*. In 1602 he was again engaged on this play, and on a revision of a play called *Old Castle*. *Satiromastix*, written in 1601, was published, quarto, in 1602.

Another period of Dekker's career might be marked off from 1602 to 1613. In this latter year he fell once more into the hands of the law, and was confined till 1616 in the King's Bench Prison. Verses written that year from the King's Bench and an undated letter addressed to Edward Alleyn points him out as the friend in need. Within these eleven years Dekker wrote alone the following plays and pamphlets: *The Wonderfull Yeare 1603, wherein is shewed the picture of London lying sick of the Plague*, 1603; *The Honest Whore*, 1604 (pl.); *Magnificent Entertainment given to King James*, 1604; *The Seven Deadly Sinnes of London*, 1606; *Newes from Hell, Brought by the Diuell's Carrier*, 1606, reprinted in 1607, with additions, as *A Knight's Conjuring, Done in Earnest, Discovered in Jest*; *The Double P. P., a Papist in Armes, Bearing Ten several Shields, etc.*, 1606; *The Whore of Babylon*, (pl.) 1607 (4to); *The Dead Tearme*, 1608 (4to); *The Belman of London*, 1608 (4to); *Lanthorne and Candlelight*, 1608 (4to), which was frequently republished with changes; *The Raven's Almanacke For Telling of a Plague, Famine or Civill Warre*, 1609 (4to);

[1] Greg., *Henslowe's Diary*, Part 1, p.167, reads, "Shapes."

Guls Hornebooke, 1609 (4to); *Work for Armorers, or the Peace is Broken*, 1609 (4to); *Foure Birds of Noah's Arke*, 1609; *Jests to make you Merrie*, 1607, probably entirely by Dekker; *If it be not good, the Devill is in it*, (pl.) 1612 (4to); *Troja Nova Triumphans*, 1612 (4to), a pageant; *A Strange Horse Race at the end of which comes in Catchpols Masque*, 1613. Over and above this vast amount of production, he wrote with Webster, *Westward Ho*, in 1605, and *Northward Ho*, 1607; and with Middleton, *The Roaring Girl*, in 1611.

The years from 1616 to 1637 were spent mainly in collaborating with other dramatists. In 1620 appeared *Dekker His Dreame*, a verse tract of great rarity but little interest. In 1622 he wrote with Massinger what may be considered one of his best efforts, *The Virgin Martyr*. To 1625 belongs *A Rod for Runawayes*, which describes the plague-fright of 1625. Three years later, 1628, came the pamphlet, *Warres, Warres, Warres*. In 1628 and 1629 Dekker wrote two pageants, *Britannia's Honour* and *London's Temple*. In 1631 *Match Me in London* was published and *The Noble Spanish Soldier* entered in the Stationer's Register. This latter play was afterwards published in 1634 by Vavasour as *The Noble Soldier, or a Contract Broken Justly Revenged*. There is mention in Sir Henry Herbert's *Diary*, March, 1624, of "*The Sun's Darling in the nature of a masque*, by Deker and Forde." In 1637 Dekker republished the pamphlet *Lanthorne and Candlelight* under the title of *English Villainies*, supposedly the last publication before his death. Subsequent to this date were published *The Sun's Darling*, 1656, and *The Witch of Edmonton* by Ford, Rowley, and Dekker in 1658. Dekker was the author of various other writings. A poem of his, *The Artillery Garden*, was entered in the Stationers' Register, 1615, but no copy of it is extant. *Jacondo and Astolfo*, a comedy, and *The King of Swedland*, an historical play, were entered in the Register, 1660, but were destroyed later by Warburton's servant. A play, *The Jew of Venice*, by Dekker, was entered in the Stationer's Register, 1653, but never published. *A French Tragedy of the Bellman of Paris*, by Dekker and Day, was licensed, 1623, but not printed. Dekker also contributed verses to *The Third and Last Part of Palmerin of England*, 1602; *A True and Admirable History of a Mayden of Confolens*, 1603;

the *Works of Taylor the Water-Poet*, 1630; and Richard Brome's *Northern Lass*, 1632. Dekker was the possible author of the pamphlets *Greevous Grones for the Poore*, 1602, and *Newes from Grave's End*, 1604.

These works, then, constitute Dekker's contribution to the great literary output of the Elizabethan age. Not all of them, to be sure, have permanently enriched our literature. The best of them, however, belong to the very first order of dramatic composition, and warrant Lamb's enthusiastic estimate: "Dekker had poetry enough for anything."

Introduction

The masters of dramatic portraiture in the days of Elizabeth frequently made their contemporaries objects of ridicule and caricature, at times good-naturedly, and at times bitterly, and even after a lapse of three hundred years we are able to recognize some of the men so represented. To the audiences of the time the plays must have afforded an unfailing source of amusement with their "local hits," personal allusions and even actual impersonations of well-known men. In *The Guls Horn-book* (1609) Dekker has given us an account of how the gallants conducted themselves at the play-house, and in doing so has made several allusions to what we know to have been actual incidents in which Ben Jonson and his one-time enemy John Marston figured.

"Now sir, if the writer be a fellow that hath either epigrammd you, or hath had a flirt at your mistris, or hath brought either your feather, or your red beard, or your little legs etc. on the stage, you shall disgrace him worse then by tossing him in a blancket, or giving him the bastinado in a Taverne, if, in the middle of his play, (bee it Pastoral or Comedy, Morall or Tragedie) you rise with a screwd and discontented face from your stoole to be gone; no matter whether the Scenes be good or no."[1]

[1] Dekker, *The Guls Horne-Booke*, 1609, Huth Library, ed. A. B. Grosart, 1885, vol. II, p. 253.

Marston, as "Playwright," was probably the object of Jonson's Epigrams, 49, 68 and 100. The other allusions are to *Poetaster*, Act II, Sc. 1, and Act III, Sc. 3, when the red beard and hair, little legs, indicative of gentle birth, ash-colored feather, and mistress of Crispinus (Marston) are referred to. Horace (Jonson) was tossed in a blanket at the close of *Satiromastix*.

Poetaster and *Satiromastix*, both performed in 1601, represent the culmination of a quarrel, or series of quarrels, between Jonson and other poets and playwrights, which found expression in a number of plays, and perhaps also in personal encounters. We know that on at least one occasion Jonson and Marston came to blows, and the former's statement concerning this, made years afterwards (1619) to Drummond of Hawthornden, contains the only direct mention by any of the principals of the name of a man satirized by him in any play which treated of their quarrels.[1]

Jonson's statement as reported by Drummond was: "He had many quarrels with Marston, beat him, and took his pistol from him, wrote his *Poetaster* on him."[2]

Next in importance to this is Dekker's statement in the Dedication "To the World" of *Satiromastix*. He

[1] Except Dekker's mention, in Dedication of *Satiromastix*, of a certain Captain Hannam as the original of Jonson's Tucca.

In the *Parnassus* trilogy a number of authors are referred to by name, but not as characters in the plays.

[2] Cf. Jonson's *Epigram* 68 on Playwright (Marston?):

> Playwright convict of public wrongs to men,
> Takes private beatings, and begins again,
> Two kinds of valour he doth show at once;
> Active in's brain, and passive in his bones.

refers directly to Jonson's differences with his fellows and to the fact that they formed the material for plays:

"... I care not much if I make description (before thy Universality) of that terrible Poetomachia, lately commenc'd between Horace the second, and a band of leane-witted Poetasters. They have bin at high wordes, and so high, that the ground could not serve them, but (for want of Chopins) have stalk't upon Stages.

"Horace hal'd his Poetasters to the Barre, the Poetasters untruss'd Horace — how worthily eyther, or how wrongfully, (World) leave it to the Jurie: Horace (questionles) made himselfe beleeve, that his Burgonian wit might desperately challenge all commers, and that none durst take up the foyles against him. — It's likely, if he had not so beleiv'd he had not bin so deceiv'd, for hee was answer'd at his owne weapon."

"... I wonder what language Tucca would have spoke, if honest Capten Hannam had bin borne without a tongue."

Two other direct references to the "Poetomachia" are important, though they do not help us to determine the names of persons satirized in the plays. They do, however, give us the time during which the plays directly concerned were performed, and the very interesting information that there were contemporary interpretations of the characters in Jonson's plays, the accuracy of which Jonson denied.[1] At the close of *Poetaster* in

[1] It is quite possible that the playwrights inserted allusions which could not possibly refer to the man whom they were really satirizing in order to protect themselves against actions for libel. The disclaimers of Jonson and Marston and their references to contemporary misinterpretations are suspicious.

the folio (1616) is an "Apologetical Dialogue which was only once spoken on the Stage" and which is probably the "Apology from the Author" which he intended to append to the quarto (1602) but did not, being, as he tells us in a note, "restrained by Authority." He was brought before the Lord Chief Justice for his attack on lawyers and soldiers, and his innocence was answered for by his friend Mr. Richard Martin to whom he addressed the epistle prefixed to the folio edition of the play. In the quarto note and folio dialogue Jonson refers directly to his differences with his fellows. He denies having taxed "the law and lawyers, captains and players by their particular names," of which he had been accused, but says:

> . . . sure I am, three yeeres,
> They did provoke me with their petulant stiles
> On every stage: and I at last, unwilling,
> But weary, I confesse, of so much trouble,
> Thought, I would try, if shame could winne upon 'hem.
> . . . . . .
> Now for the Players, it is true, I tax'd 'hem,
> And yet, but some; and those so sparingly,
> As all the rest might have sate still, unquestioned,
> Had they but had the wit, or conscience,
> To think well of themselves. But, impotent they
> Thought each mans vice belonged to their whole tribe:
> And much good doo't 'hem. What th' have done 'gainst me,
> I am not mov'd with. If it gave 'hem meat,
> Or got 'hem clothes. 'Tis well. That was their end.
> Onely amongst them, I am sorry for
> Some better natures, by the rest so drawne,
> To run in that vile line.

Jonson showed his annoyance at attempts to identify characters and allusions in several other passages, notably

in the last act in *Poetaster* in which Asinius Lupus hands Cæsar a paper found in Horace's study, and insists that the wolf preying on the carcass of an ass must be intended for himself (Asinius Lupus) and that the vulture, because it has a beak, legs, talons, wings and feathers, must be an eagle and therefore intended for Cæsar. In the Dedication of *Volpone*, 1607, Jonson again objects to attempts to fix the identity of characters in his plays. An interesting fact in connection with this Preface is that Jonson again uses the term "petulant stiles" to characterize the writings of his enemies.

We have from these statements of Jonson and Dekker the information that the Poetaster, Crispinus, is Marston and that Tucca in *Poetaster* and *Satiromastix* had as his original a certain Captain Hannam about whom we know nothing else. We know of course that Horace in both plays is Jonson, and Demetrius, the "dresser of plays" "hired to abuse Horace and bring him in in a play," is Dekker, author of *Satiromastix*. This is all we know about the identity of characters in either of these two plays from any direct statements of their authors, either in the plays, or about them.

Dekker in *Satiromastix* identifies Crispinus (Marston) and Demetrius (Dekker) of *Poetaster* with Hedon and Anaides of *Cynthia's Revels*, an identification which will be discussed later. He gives us information about characters in other comedies of Jonson and indicates that the plays are likewise to be examined for personal allusions.

Tucca in *Satiromastix* says to Horace (Jonson):

"You must be call'd Asper, and Criticus, and Hor-

ace, thy tytle's longer a reading then the stile a the big Turkes: Asper, Criticus, Quintus Horatius Flaccus."

He further mentions by name some of Jonson's earlier plays:

"A gentleman or an honest cittizen shall not sit in your pennie-bench Theaters, with his squirrel by his side cracking nuttes; nor sneake into a Taverne with his Mermaid; but he shall be satyr'd and epigram'd upon, and his humour must be run upo' th' stage; you'll ha *Every Gentleman in's humour* and *Every Gentleman out on's humour*. . . .

"You and your Itchy Poetry breake out like Christmas but once a yeare, and then you keepe a Revelling, and Araigning and a scratching of mens faces as tho you were Tyber the long-tail'd Prince of Rattes doe you?"

Jonson appears as Asper in *Every Man out of his Humour*, Crites (Criticus) in *Cynthia's Revels*, and Horace in *Poetaster or His Arraignement*. He does not appear in *Every Man in his Humour*, as Dekker tells us in the Preface to *Satiromastix*, from which we have already quoted, for he says:

"If his [Horace's] criticall Lynx had with as narrow eyes, observ'd in himselfe, as it did little spots upon others, without all disputation, Horace would not have left Horace out of *Every Man in's Humour*."

These well-known and oft-quoted passages contain all of the direct statements by the principals concerning the identity of persons satirized in the plays and give us the names of Jonson, Marston, Dekker, and Captain Hannam; and the plays, *Every Man In His Humour*, *Every Man Out of His Humour*, *Cynthia's Revels*,

Poetaster, or his Arraignment, and *Satiromastix. Histriomastix*, which was rewritten by Marston, is mentioned by Clove in *Every Man Out of His Humour*.

Our next sources of direct information are contemporary or nearly contemporary allusions to the stage-war by writers not involved in it as principals. While there are several such references[1] they give us no information which we did not already have from the plays themselves. The only really important statement is one made by Aubrey in his life of Sir Walter Raleigh.[2]

"From Dr. John Pell: In his youthfull time, was one Charles Chester, that often kept company with his acquaintance; he was a bold impertenent fellowe, and they could never be quiet for him; a perpetuall talker, and made a noyse like a drumme in a roome. So one time at a taverne Sir W. R. beates him and seales up his mouth (i.e., his upper and neather beard) with hard wax. From him Ben Johnson takes his Carlo Buffono (i.e., 'jester') in *Every Man Out of His Humour*."

The statement of Aubrey, which Dr. Small[3] quotes as probably to be accepted, concerning the identity of Carlo Buffone with Charles Chester, was noticed and discussed by Gifford in 1816, and the reasons then presented for rejecting Aubrey's authority are just as good now. "Aubrey tells us that Carlo Buffone was taken from one Charles Chester, 'a bold impertinent fellow' who kept company with Sir Walter *in his youth*. (Raleigh was born in 1552; in *his youth*, therefore,

[1] For quotations see Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, pp. 1 and 2.
[2] Aubrey, *Lives*, edited by A. Clark, 1898, vol. II, p. 184.
[3] *The Stage Quarrel*, p. 36.

our author [Jonson] must have been in his cradle.) But besides that there is no similarity between the two characters, as may be seen by turning to the Dramatis Personæ of this comedy [*Every Man Out of His Humour*], the incident of which Aubrey speaks, probably took place before Jonson was born, though he might have heard of it, and adopted it; if after all the story was not rather made up from the play. The only personal allusion which I can discover is to Marston,"[1] etc.

Gifford's argument as to the identity of Carlo and Marston is based chiefly on the fact that Carlo is addressed as "Thou Grand Scourge or Second Untruss of the Time," in supposed allusion to Marston's *Scourge of Villanie*, 1598.[2] There is in *Every Man Out of His Humour* an attack on Marston's vocabulary in the fustian talk of Clove and Orange. Aubrey's identification of Carlo Buffone with Charles Chester has been

[1] Gifford, *Jonson* (1816) I, li. Gifford-Cunningham, *Jonson* (1875), I, lv–lvi. Gifford calls attention to other examples of Aubrey's unreliability (*ibid.* cxlviii). The following show Aubrey's ideas of evidence: "He killed Mr. . . . Marlow, the poet on Bunhill, comeing from the Green-Curtain play-house. From Sir Edward Shirburn." (Aubrey, *Lives*, ed. Clark, II, 13.)

"Ben Johnson had one eie lower than t'other, and bigger, like Clun, the player; perhaps he begott Clun." (*Ibid.* 14.)

Gifford mentions also (Gifford-Cunningham, *Jonson* (1875), I, clvii) the unreliability of Langbaine, who states "from Marston's publisher, that this poet 'is free from all ribaldry, obscenity,' etc. A statement followed by Whalley and a number of other writers, who simply repeated what had been said, without any effort to ascertain the truth." Gifford says, "We have but to open his works to be convinced that Marston was the most scurrilous, filthy and obscene writer of his time."

[2] Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 44.

practically ignored by critics until Dr. Small again called attention to it and quoted other references which tended to confirm its possible accuracy,[1] as does also independently Mr. Hart.[2] Dr. Mallory in his edition of *Poetaster* follows Dr. Small.

The Return from Parnassus, part second, a play "Publiquely acted by the students in Saint Johns Colledge in Cambridge," performed at Christmastide 1601–02, as we know from internal evidence, contains an allusion to the Jonson-Marston-Dekker quarrel which is of the greatest interest, since it involves Shakespeare. Kempe and Burbage, two of the most popular actors of the time appear and, after an exhibition of mimicry, Kempe says to Burbage: "Few of the university pen plaies well, they smell too much of that writer *Ovid*, and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talke too much of *Proserpina* and *Juppiter*. Why heres our fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all downe, I and *Ben Jonson* too. O that *Ben Jonson* is a pestilent fellow, he brought up *Horace* giving the Poets a pill, but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge that made him beray his credit."

What the "purge" was is a matter on which critics differ. Some think that it was *Satiromastix* which, although written by Dekker was performed at the Globe theatre by the Chamberlain's Company, that is, at Shakespeare's theatre by Shakespeare's Company.[3] Other critics insist that the "Purge" was a play, and have found Jonson represented as Ajax in *Troilus and Cres-*

[1] Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, p. 36.
[2] H. C. Hart, *The Works of Ben Jonson*, vol. I, p. xxxvii.
[3] Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 145.

sida.[1] There seem to be no very convincing reasons adduced in support of the various theories as to Shakespeare's part in the "War."

We have now set forth the direct and external evidence in regard to the persons concerned in the quarrel and have found no explanation of its cause or account of its progress except in the Dedication of *Satiromastix*, the Apologetical Dialogue appended to *Poetaster* (folio) and Jonson's statement recorded by Drummond in the *Conversations*. Jonson says, in the Apologetical Dialogue, "three years they did provoke me with their petulant stiles on every stage," and told Drummond that *Poetaster* was written on Marston as a result of many quarrels which began with Marston's representing him, Jonson, "on the stage."[2]

[1] Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, p. 170. See also Fleay, *Chronicle of English Drama*, I, 366 and 259 and II, 189.

[2] While it is no part of the purpose of this book to treat of mistakes made by critics in attempts to identify characters in the plays, there are several such mistakes, which (as they concern Marston and Dekker) have caused erroneous ideas of the whole "war." We have Jonson's statement to Drummond that *Poetaster* was written on Marston, who appears as Crispinus. That statement was not published until 1842, when the Shakespeare Society published Drummond's *Conversations* from a manuscript copy edited by David Laing, who stated that his edition was based on a transcript in manuscript of the original notes, which are missing, never having been returned by the editor of the 1711 edition of Drummond.

The previous edition of the *Conversations*, published in 1711 in Drummond's *Works*, was incomplete and did not contain the passage. Langbaine, in *An Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, 1691, p. 123, states that "under the title of Crispinus Ben lashed our author" [Dekker]. Hawkins, who first reprinted *Satiromastix* in *The Origin of the English Drama*, 1773, repeats Langbaine's statement. Drake,

The passage in which this statement is found is printed as follows by Laing:—

"He had many quarrells with Marston, beat him, and

in *Shakespeare and his Times*, 1817, I, 487, says that Jonson satirized "Dekker in his *Poetaster*, 1601, under the character of Crispinus." Disraeli in *Quarrels of Authors* repeats the mistake, and is quoted in the introductory essay in Pearson's reprint of Dekker's works, 1873 (vol. I, p. xvii), notwithstanding the fact that Jonson's statement had been published and was accessible. All these mistakes arose from the fact that it was Dekker who in *Satiromastix* answered *Poetaster* whence it was concluded that he must have been the "poetaster," Crispinus.

Another mistake, more recent, but very misleading, has arisen from the fact that Marston's vocabulary is especially attacked in *Every Man Out of His Humour* and in *Poetaster*. It has been thought that the provocation was Marston's ridicule, in the Dedication of *The Scourge of Villanie*, of the new-minted epithets of "Judicial Torquatus" whose words "reall, intrinsecate, Delphicke," are found in Jonson's extant works, the first in *Every Man In His Humour* (quarto), the second in *Cynthia's Revels*, and the third in the translation of *Ars Poetica*.[1] The dates of the last two are not early enough to have been referred to by Marston in 1598. A second mention of Torquatus in *Satire XI* has never been explained at all as referring to Jonson. Both passages, as has recently been shown by Mr. H. C. Hart in *Notes and Queries*, Series 9, vol. XI, pp. 201, 281, 343, probably refer to Gabriel Harvey and not to Jonson. Dr. Small's conclusion that Torquatus was either "some half-educated courtly critic now incapable of identification, or more probably, —a type-character standing for the whole class of such critics" is therefore also probably incorrect.[2]

Gifford interpreted the character of Crispinus correctly as intended, not for Dekker, but Marston,[3] while Dekker was Demetrius. The fact that these men appear together in *Poetaster* led to

[1] Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 8.
[2] Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, p. 66.
[3] Gifford-Cunningham, vol. II, p. 428, note.

took his pistol from him, wrote his Poetaster on him; the beginning of them were, that Marston represented him in the stage, in his youth given to venerie. He thought the use of a maide nothing in comparison to the wantoness of a wyfe, and would never have ane other mistress. He said that two accidents strange befell him: one, that a man made his own wyfe to court him, whom he enjoyed two years ere he knew of it, and one day finding them by chance, was passingly delighted with it;" etc.[1]

As the manuscript from which Laing printed was a copy, and not the original by Drummond, it is entirely possible that changes in punctuation may have been made by the copyist. With this in mind the editor of this volume suggested, in a paper read before the Modern

the conclusion that they must have been satirized also in earlier plays by Jonson and that therefore, Carlo Buffone and Fastidious Brisk, as well as Clove and Orange, in *Every Man Out of His Humour* were likewise Marston and Dekker, and that Hedon and Anaides in *Cynthia's Revels* were the same two men. For this identification of the last pair Dekker is responsible, for, in *Satiromastix*, he speaks of Hedon and Anaides as being the same persons as Crispinus and Demetrius. It has been shown, however (see p. xxxviii below. Also Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 81), that Hedon was quite probably a caricature of Samuel Daniel, and Anaides also may have been neither Marston nor Dekker. Dekker, who was called in hurriedly, as his play *Satiromatrix* shows, to reply to Jonson, would not have hesitated to make any applications of Jonson's characters that suited his purpose. Tucca speaks of Demetrius (Dekker) as having been hired by the players, not by any individual or individuals, to abuse Horace (Jonson). Jonson protested in several places against misinterpretation of his characters.

[1] *Conversations with Drummond.* Ed. Laing, Sh. Soc. p. 20. See also p. 11.

Language Association (1895) and in *The War of the Theatres* (1897),[1] a change in the punctuation, consisting of the transposing of the comma after "Stage" and the period after "Venerie," making the passage read —

"He had many quarrells with Marston, . . . the beginning of them were, that Marston represented him in the Stage. In his youth given to Venerie, he thought," etc.

There are two good reasons for such a change in punctuation: the first is that we have no play of Marston's in which Jonson is represented as "given to Venerie," unless we except a very improbable reference to him in the adventures of Monsieur John fo de King in *Jack Drum*, 1600; the second is the connection of what follows with the statement "In his youth given to Venerie," after which we may place a period, or a comma, without altering the general sense.[2] While we find no play of Marston's to which the passage as punctuated by Laing can well apply, we do find in the character of Chrisoganus in *Histriomastix* a representation of Jonson which might with good reason have been the

[1] Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 40.

[2] Dr. Small's interpretation of the statement about "the use of a maide and the wantoness of a wyfe" as referring to "ones own wife" and representing a later opinion of Jonson, while possible, seems at variance with the context, in which Jonson proceeds to give a reason for his opinion that "the use of a maide" was nothing in comparison to the "wantoness of a wyfe" by stating that for "two yeares" he had enjoyed another man's wife as his mistress, and this evidently "in his youth," when he was "given to venerie." See Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, p. 4.

speare.[1] This was a purely literary not personal matter. In *Cynthia's Revels*, II, 4, Cupid says (of Moria), "She is like one of your ignorant poetasters of the time, who, when they have got acquainted with a strange word, never rest till they have wrung it in though it loosen the whole fabric of their sense." This, too, is a purely literary criticism, though Jonson's lofty contempt for poets who used absurd language is clearly shown. The same opinions are found expressed in *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Patient Grissel*, the old *Timon*, and the second and third parts of the *Parnassus* trilogy.

In *Poetaster* Jonson has combined personalities with literary criticism. His objection to "petulant stiles" is clearly set forth, while Dekker's reply, *Satiromastix*, concerns itself wholly with personalities and contains no genuine literary criticism. A little while after the writing of *Satiromastix* we find Marston and Jonson on friendly terms and Jonson and Dekker collaborating as they had done before.

After this general consideration of what is for the most part to be regarded as direct evidence concerning the principals and their plays in the stage war, we come to our last source of information, the inferences to be drawn from statements in the plays themselves as to the identity of the persons represented.

Many plays of the Elizabethan period contained personal satire; but we are limited in our investigation to the period stated by Jonson as "three years" prior to *Poetaster*, and to plays by the dramatists whom we know to have been participants in the "war." We know that

[1] See Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, pp. 15, 16.

Jonson, Marston, and Dekker wrote plays involved, that Dekker was "hired" by Jonson's enemies, who included "some better natures," and that Shakespeare gave Jonson a "purge" in return for *Poetaster*. What

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cause of a quarrel between the two playwrights. Jonson's statement, "three years they did provoke me with their petulant stiles on every stage"[1] has commonly been connected with his personal quarrels with Marston on whom he wrote *Poetaster*. This has led critics to search, without success, for the representation of Jonson "on the stage," which was the "beginning" of their personal quarrels, in some play three years earlier than *Poetaster*. As a matter of fact the two things do not necessarily coincide, for we find Jonson in his earliest plays, *The Case is Altered* and *Every Man in His Humour*, attacking the use of absurd and unusual language and affected style with no reference to Marston, though he did attack Marston's vocabulary incidentally in *Every Man Out of His Humour* 1599, and even mentioned *Histriomastix* by name. Marston was, at first, simply one of those whose "petulant stiles" provoked Jonson, but, on account of personal quarrels, Jonson later in *Poetaster* not only attacked Marston and also Dekker, but also made them representative of the whole class of "lean witted poetasters." Words not found in Marston's works are ridiculed by Jonson. Some of these are found in the writings of Gabriel Harvey, and Mr. Hart has shown conclusively, that Torquatus, whose "new minted epithets,"[2] "pommado reversa," "curvetting sommerset," and "paradox in vertues name"[3] are ridiculed by Marston, was no other than Gabriel Harvey, whose quarrel with

[1] Apologetical Dialogue, *Poetaster*.

[2] Marston's *Scourge of Villanie*, To Those that seeme Judiciall Perusers.

[3] *Scourge of Villanie*, Sat. xi.

Nashe was a matter of interest for many years.[1] Critics have hitherto thought that Torquatus was Jonson,[2] or that he could not be identified as any individual and was merely a type-character.[3] In *The Case is Altered*, Jonson ridiculed Harvey as Juniper, and Nashe as Onion, as Mr. Hart has also shown,[4] the contest between Martino and Onion and the declining of a contest by Juniper being unmistakable allusions to the Martin Marprelate controversy. Jonson's censorious attitude toward the writings of his contemporaries and his personal quarrels with them are so mixed up in his plays, and in the minds of critics, that they have failed to separate them. Jonson, however, has done so in several passages and has shown that his theories concerning style and also dramatic structure were wholly apart from merely personal differences. The Prologue to *Every Man in His Humour*, first printed in the 1616 folio, and written we know not when, containing his statement of objections to violations of the unity of time, and the tendency to the spectacular and sensational in plays, is merely a re-statement of theories already advanced in the dedication of Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, and Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie*, written as early as 1581, and also stated in *A Warning for Fair Women*, 1599. The criticisms are quite applicable to several of Shakespeare's plays and equally applicable to a number of plays not by Shake-

[1] H. C. Hart, *Notes and Queries*, Series 9, vol. xi, pp. 281, 343.
[2] Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 3.
[3] Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, p. 66.
[4] H. C. Hart, *Notes and Queries*, Series 9, vol. xii, pp. 161, 162, 263–265, 403–405.

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that "purge" was we do not know, though there have been several conjectures. As the "war" involved both literary criticisms and personalities we have included Marston's *Scourge of Villanie* as concerned with the ridicule of affected language, and also the attack on Gabriel Harvey, in which Jonson evidently joined. A statement of the works to be examined and the probable order in which they were presented is given in Table I.

We have already referred to the identification, by Mr. Hart, of Torquatus in *The Scourge of Villanie*, and Juniper in *The Case is Altered*, with Gabriel Harvey, and Onion with Thomas Nashe. The quarrel between these two men and especially Harvey's censorious attitude towards others were likely objects of satire. Nashe, in *Lenten Stuffe*, 1599, speaks of "the merry cobblers cutte in that witty play of the case is altered." Valentine in the same play is the forerunner of Asper in *Every Man Out of His Humour* and Crites in *Cynthia's Revels*. They express similar views, and are characters through whom Jonson spoke directly. The reasons for these identifications are cumulative and apparently conclusive.[1] Among the most important is perhaps the ridicule of language which is certainly to be found in the works of Harvey. This censure of absurd words and forms of expression is found in all of Jonson's early comedies and, with growing impatience at the continued use of them, reaches its climax in connection with a personal quarrel

[1] H. C. Hart, *Notes and Queries*, Series 9, vol. XI, p. 344, XII, p. 342.

in *Poetaster*. Words used by Harvey and ridiculed by Jonson are found in *The Case is Altered*, *Every Man in His Humour*, *Every Man Out of His Humour*, *Cynthia's Revels* and *Poetaster*. Jonson's arrogant and intolerant spirit became more noticeable in each successive play, and aroused ever-increasing antagonism. His attack on "players," whom he admitted having "taxed" in *Poetaster*, begins in the opening scene of *The Case is Altered*, 1598, in which Antonio Balladino "pageant poet to the city of Milan," "in print already for the best plotter," is Anthony Monday, referred to by Meres in *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, as "Anthony Mundye, our best plotter." This scene has little connection with the rest of the play and may be a later addition or alteration. Monday was pageant poet of London from 1605 to 1623, and although the pageants for 1592 to 1604 are missing, it is generally accepted as a fact that he wrote them.[1] This passage in Jonson's play may be confirmatory evidence that he did. Jonson again attacks Monday in *Every Man in His Humour*, 1598, "more penury of wit than either the Hall Beadle or Poet Nuntius." We know that Monday was messenger (Nuntius) of Her Majesty's chambers.[2] Facts of great importance in connection with *Every Man in His Humour* are, that it was performed in 1598 by the Chamberlain's Company, and that Shakespeare was one of the actors, as we are informed by the list given in the folio. The play contains in the character of Matheo, the "Town Gull," the first of a series of attacks by Jonson on Samuel Daniel,

[1] Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 38.
[2] Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, p. 177.

the court poet[1] whose popularity is attested by the praise of many of his contemporaries. We have Jonson thus attacking the city poet Monday and the court poet Daniel, of both of whom he was evidently jealous, on account of their preferment, and both of whom he condemned for inferior poetry.

It is in the quarto of *Every Man in His Humour* that the attack on Daniel is made most vigorously. The play was rewritten and changed considerably so that the folio gives English instead of Italian names to the characters, and omits or alters many passages. Jonson's relations with Daniel continued through a long period and seem to have been at all times hostile. He referred to Daniel four times in talking with Drummond, 1619, and always unfavorably.

"Said he had written a Discourse of Poesie both against Campion and Daniel, especially this last."[2]

"Samuel Daniel was a good honest man, had no children; but no poet."[3]

"Daniel was at jealousies with him."[4]

"Daniel wrott Civill Warres, and yett hath not one battle in all his book."[5]

Professor Schelling has treated in some detail this continued rivalry of Jonson and Daniel, and has discussed

[1] Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 24.

[2] *Jonson's Conversations with Drummond*, ed. Laing, p. 1.

[3] Ibid. p. 2.

[4] Ibid. p. 10. Laing has this note. "Jonson says (in a letter to the Countess of Rutland) that Daniel envied him though he bore no ill will on his part." The relations of the two men were evidently well-known.

[5] Ibid. p. 16.

not necessarily mean that Marston intended Chrisoganus as an attack on Jonson. The character is commended for high ideals and unwillingness to cater to low taste. We do not know that *Histriomastix* was the cause of hostility between Jonson and Marston, whose names Weever joined in praise in the same epigram in 1599.[1]

We have referred to Jonson's mention of *Histriomastix* in *Every Man Out of his Humour*, in a passage in which Clove and Orange talk "fustian," and have discussed Aubrey's identification of Carlo Buffone with Charles Chester, and Gifford's opinion that Carlo was Marston. We have shown that Fastidious Brisk was Samuel Daniel. Asper, we know from Dekker's statement, was Jonson, and "leane Macilente," the character in the play taken by Asper, who appears only in the Induction, was likewise in many respects Jonson the "leane hollow cheekt-scrag" of *Satiromastix*. He is "a schólar and traveller." His shabby clothes are referred to and his excellent qualities. He is the censurer who puts out of his humour each of the other characters. The final speech of Macilente is characteristic of Jonson. Of the other characters in the play we are able to identify Fungoso as almost certainly Thomas Lodge. He is obviously the same character as Asotus who appears in *Cynthia's Revels* 1600 and is called "some idle Fungoso," IV, 3. The evidence for this identification is cumulative. The identity of Fungoso and Asotus causes us to put together the evidence concerning them derived from the two plays. Fungoso is a gentleman; studies, but abandons, law; is a spendthrift;

[1] See above, p. xxxv, note.

dunned for bills by his tailor; is an imitator and admirer of Fastidious Brisk and Puntarvolo. He is the heir of Sordido and "endeavors to wring sufficient means from his wretched father." Asotus is "a citizen's heir, Asotus or the Prodigal." Reference is made to his father who bestowed buckets "on his parish church in his lifetime," was a benefactor of "some hospital," had painted "posts against he should have been praetor." Asotus is false to Argurion his "father's love." Mercury remarks of Asotus, "Well I doubt all the physic he has will scarce recover her, she is too far spent." Asotus is the friend of Amorphus, who is the same character as Puntarvolo, godfather of Fungoso. Asotus imitated Amorphus as Fungoso imitated Puntarvolo. The fact that Asotus was a spendthrift and could not recover Argurion by "all his Physic" is a reference to Thomas Lodge's having studied medicine and received the degree, Doctor of Physic, at Avignon in 1600, the year of *Cynthia's Revels*. Lodge placed his title "Doctor of Physic" on his later books, while on his earlier books we find him, like Fungoso the lawyer, describing himself as "of Lincolns Inn, Gent." He advertised each profession in turn. The fact that Lodge is represented as Fungoso a student of Law in 1599, and as Asotus a student of Physic in 1600, is not "inconsistent" as Dr. Small erroneously supposed.[1] It is confirmatory of the identification. The attitude of Lodge's contemporaries toward him is indicated in *The Return from Parnassus*, second part, 1601–02 where he is referred to: —

[1] Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, p. 52.

not only the satirizing of Daniel by Jonson in 1598 but also the subsequent opposition of the two poets in the entertainments, panegyrics and masques on the accession of James, and in the pastoral drama a few years later.[1] The earliest attack on Daniel as Matheo consists in general ridicule of his poetry and includes the charge of plagiarism, a charge repeated directly in *The Return from Parnassus*, part second, 1601–02 where "Sweete hony dropping Daniell" is advised to "more sparingly make use of others wit, and use his owne the more."[2] In *The Return from Parnassus*, part first, is a character Gullio, similar to Jonson's Matheo, the "Town Gull," and his quotation of verses from other poets, which he claims as his own, alluded to in the second part of the play in lines just quoted, is parallel to Matheo's.[3] The charge of plagiarism is made directly, and Ingenioso remarks "I think he will run through a whole booke of Samuell Daniells!" Gullio talks of his clothes and of his friends among the Countesses and other court ladies. With the challenge of Matthew "at extempore" in v, 5; compare the "extempore" of Gullio (iv, 1. 1146–9); with Matheo's praise of a hanger (1. 5.) compare Gullio's mention of his rapier (3.1.); with Matheo's (quarto) "invention" (v, 1. quarto) compare Gullio's "invention" (iii, 1. 1043 and iv, 1. 1155).

Gullio is an Oxford man, as was Daniel, and had lately had an epigram made on him by "a Cambridge

[1] Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama*, vol. i, p. 478, vol. ii, pp. 101, 110–111, 156.

[2] *Parnassus*, ed. W. D. Macray, p. 85.

[3] Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 25.

man, one weaver fellow I warrant him, els coulde he never have had such a quick sight into my vertues; however, I merit his praise; if I meet with him I will vouchsafe to give him my condigne thanks." [1]

Reference is made here to John Weever's Epigram on Daniel published in 1599—

The Sixt Weeke, Epig. 10. *Ad Samuelem Daniel.*
Daniel, thou in tragicke note excells,
As *Rosamond* and *Cleopatra* tells:
Why dost thou not in a drawne bloudy line,
Offer up teares at *Ferdinandoes* shrine?
But those that e're he di'de bewitcht him then,
Belike bewitcheth now each Poet's pen.[2]

It is of this praise that Gullio speaks. Although there is among Weever's Epigrams one (referred to by Mr. Macray in his note), The Second Weeke, Epig 21 *In obitum sepulcrum Gullionis*,[3] it refers to a "fat Gullio,"

[1] *Parnassus*, ed. W. D. Macray, p. 56.

[2] Epigrammes | in the oldest cut, and | newest fashion. | A | twise seven houres (in so many | weeks) studie | No longer (like the fashion) not un | like to continue. | The first seven. | John Weever. | *Sit voluisse, sat valuisse.* | At London | Printed by V. S. for Thomas Bushell, and are to be | sold at his shop at the great north doore | of Paules 1599. |

John Weever's book is extremely rare, perhaps the only copy being in the Malone library in the Bodleian.

[3] The Second Weeke, Epig 21. *In obitum sepulcrum Gullionis.*

Here lies fat *Gullio*, who caperd in a cord
To highest heav'n for all his huge great weight,
His friends left at *Tiburne* in the yere of our Lord
1—5—9—and 8
What part of his body French men did not eate,
That part he gives freely to worms for their meat.

Weever's Epigrams contain two passages of interest in connec-

evidently a Frenchman, hanged at Tiburn in 1598, and could not possibly have any reference to Daniel, though the name "Gullio," a not uncommon term, is the same as that given to Daniel in the play. It may refer to the Burgundian fencer hanged at Tiburn in 1598.

Daniel's close connection with the court and his great popularity, both of which were causes of jealousy to Jonson, are clearly set forth by "W. C.," [1] the author of *Polimanteia*, 1595, in which, among criticisms of "Sweet Shakespeare," "eloquent Gaveston" Spenser and others, is this significant passage: —

"Let other countries (sweet Cambridge) envie (yet

tion with what Dekker termed the "Poetomachia." In the introductory verses is a reference to Marston's line in the opening poem of *The Scourge of Villanie*, 1598, "To Detraction I present my Poesie," and also an allusion to the relations of poets of the time.

> Must I thus cast in Envies teeth defiance?
> Or dedicate my poems to detraction?
> Or must I scorne Castilioe's neere alliance?
> Nay, must I praise this Poet-pleasing faction;
> Lest in the Presse my overthrowe they threaten;
> And of the Binders laugh to see me beaten.

The other passage is Epigram 11 of the Sixth Week, which immediately follows the one on Daniel.

The Sixt Weeke, Epig. 11. *Ad Jo. Marston*, and *Ben: Johnson.*

> Marston, thy muse enharbours *Horace* Vaine,
> Then some Augustus give thee *Horace* merit,
> And thine embuskin'd Johnson doth retaine
> So rich a stile, and wondrous gallant spirit;
> That if to praise your Muses I desired,
> My Muse would muse. Such wittes must be admired.

Whatever its significance, this is an interesting coupling of Marston's and Jonson's names in 1599.

[1] Probably William Covell.

admire) my Virgil, thy Petrarch, divine Spenser. And unlesse I erre (a thing easie in such simplicitie) deluded by dearlie beloved *Delia*, and fortunatelie fortunate Cleopatra; *Oxford* thou maist extoll thy court-deare-verse happie *Daniell*, whose sweete refined muse, in contracted shape, were sufficient amongst men, to gaine pardon of the sinne to *Rosamond*, pittie to distressed *Cleopatra*, and everliving praise to her loving *Delia*."

Gullio is a caricature, therefore, of an important person, and almost everything said of him or by him has some reference to Daniel. Gullio's sonnets and letters to ladies, his being "likened to Sir Philip Sidney . . . his Arcadia was prettie, soe are my sonnets" all agree with what we know of Daniel, who was under the special patronage of the Pembroke family, tutor to the son of Sir William Herbert, and also to Anne daughter of Margaret Countess of Cumberland (about 1598?), as we learn from his tombstone erected by her in gratitude to him in 1619.[1]

[1] Epitaph of Daniel in Beckington Church, Somersetshire, pub. p. 34. *Selections from Daniel's Works* by Mr. John Morris of Bath 1855.

"Here lyes, expectinge the second comming of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, ye Dead Body of Samuell Danyell Esq., that Excellent Poett and Historian who was Tutor to the Lady Anne Clifford in her youth; she that was sole Daughter and heire to George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, who in Gratitude to him erected this Monument in his memory a long time after, when she was Countesse Dowager of Pembroke, Dorsett, and Montgomery. He dyed in October, 1619."

In 1603 in publishing *A Panegyricke Congratulatorie* to James I Daniel bound up with many copies of it a number of "Poeticall Epistles" to his titled friends, Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Henry

In 1591, at the end of Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* twenty-seven of Daniel's sonnets were published without permission, and in what Daniel complained of as an uncorrected form. Thomas Nashe was probably responsible for this book.

The identification of Gullio with Daniel fixes the identity of several other precisely similar characters in plays concerned with Jonson's quarrels. Gullio the Court Gull and Matheo the Town Gull are obviously the same person. Dr. Small, and Dr. Mallory who followed him,[1] missed one of the most important features of the war of the theatres by failure to recognize Daniel in any of the characters, and by the mistaken notion that Daniel was not at all this kind of man, in spite of such evidence. While the affected courtier, the court gull, and the town gull were undoubtedly types, the particular examples of them found in the characters of Gullio and Matheo as we have seen, and in Fastidious Brisk in *Every Man Out of His Humour*, Hedon in *Cynthia's Revels* and Emulo in *Patient Grissil*, as we shall see, were also probably Daniel.[2]

Fastidious Brisk, in *Every Man Out of His Humour*, Jonson's second representative of the court gull, is too

Howard, the Countess of Cumberland, the Countess of Bedford, Lady Anne Clifford, the Earl of Southampton.

[1] Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, pp. 181–197. Mallory, *Poetaster*, p. xxiv.

[2] H. C. Hart writes "Penniman insists [in *The War of the Theatres*] that Fastidious represents Daniel, and Gullio's remarks (Macray, p. 57) [*The Returne from Parnassus*, Part I] support this." "Gullio settles Brisk's identity with Daniel," *Works of Ben Jonson*, 1, pp. xlvi, xlvii.

much like Gullio for the resemblance to be accidental. Each boasts of his clothes and wears his mistress' garter as a favour. Each praises the *Arcadia*. Gullio sends a note to his noble mistress to whom he had referred, but she on receiving it denies knowing him and resents his impudence. When Brisk makes boasts concerning noble friends similar to Gullio's, Carlo Buffone remarks, "There's ne'er a one of these but might lie a week on the rack ere they could bring forth his [Brisk's] name." Gullio quotes, as his own, lines of Shakespeare, and "will runne through a whole booke of Samuell Daniell's." He refers to Cleopatra, the subject of Daniel's play. Brisk "speaks good remnants," and uses expressions taken from Daniel's *Rosamond*.[1] He plays upon the bass viol and uses tobacco. Gullio is a musician, playing on the lute, and bestowes "more smoke on the world with the draught of a pipe of tobacco than proceeds from the chimnie of a solitarie hall" (III, 1).

Hedon, in *Cynthia's Revels*, Jonson's third representation of Daniel, resembles Gullio, Matheo, and Brisk, in many ways. Daniel is mentioned by name, or the titles of some of his works are quoted, or lines from his poems are quoted by or in connection with every one of these four characters, all of whom are court gulls.[2]

Hedon keeps "a barber and a monkey," Gullio writes

[1] Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 52. Hart, *The Works of Ben Jonson*, I, xlvi.

[2] Professor Baskervill (*English Elements in Jonson's Early Comedy*, Univ. of Texas, Studies in English, 1911, p. 120) emphasizes the conventionality of Jonson's type characters, and is inclined to doubt that any of them were intended for particular individuals.

"an epitaph on a monkey." Hedon's fine clothes and bedding are referred to. Gullio says "I am never seene at courte twise in one sute of apparell. . . . As for bands, stockings, and handkerchiefs, myne hostes, where my trunkes lye, nere the courte hath inoughe to make her sheets for her householde."

Hedon "loves to have a fencer, a pedant, and a musician seen in his lodgings a-mornings." Gullio refers to a duel he fought, and says "Give mee a new knight of them all, in fencing school, att a Nimbrocado or at a Stoccado. . . . I am saluted everye morninge by the name of Good Morrow, Captaine, my sworde is at youre service."

Gullio says, of Sir Philip Sidney, "he loved a scholler, I maintaine them." "I maintaine other poetical spirits that live upon my trenchers." Daniel's special relations with Sidney have already been mentioned.[1] Hedon "is a rhymer, and that's thought better than a poet." He is "Spoke to for some" verses, and he speaks a little Italian (v, 4). Gullio "will bestowe upon them the precious stons of my witt, a diamond of my invention," but "will have thee, Ingenioso, to make them and when thou hast done I will peruse pollish and correcte them" (III, 1). "It is my custome in my common talke to make use of my readinge in the Greeke, Latin, French, Italian, Spanishe poetts, and to adorne my oratorye with some prettie choice extraordinarie sayinges" (IV, 1). Hedon "is thought a very necessary perfume for the presence, six milliners shops afford not the like scent" (II, i). Gullio "had a muske jerkin layde

[1] See above, p. xxxvi.

all with gold lace, and the rest of my furniture answerable, pretty slightie apparell, stood mee not paste twoo hundred pounds" (III, 1). Hedon sings "The Kiss" and says "I made this ditty and the note to it, upon a kiss that my Honour gave me" (IV, 3). Gullio says that he often "sunge many sonnets under her windowe to a consorte of musicke. I myselfe playinge upon my ivorie lute moste enchantinglie" (V, 1). Hedon constantly boasts of having kissed the hand of a countess. Gullio "kist the countess" (IV, 1). The evidence afforded by these similarities is cumulative, and the attack on Daniel, with whom we know from other sources Jonson was continually at odds,[1] is one of the most important features of his comedies. The men differed radically in their literary ideas, and their personal interests clashed, as they were rivals for court preferment, which Daniel had and Jonson wanted.

It seems altogether probable that Emulo in *Patient Grissel* (1599–1600), by Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton, is another attack on Daniel, for the character is that of a silly courtier like Brisk, and he is indeed called a "brisk spangled baby," a possible play on the name. The duel between Emulo and Owen, described in III, 2, is similar to that of Brisk and Luculento in *Every Man Out of His Humour* (IV, 6), and both were about a woman. It cannot possibly refer to Jonson's duel in which he killed Gabriel Spenser, though that has been suggested.[2]

Emulo will "pull out a bundle of sonnets written

[1] See above, p. xxxii.

[2] *The North British Review*, July, 1870, p. 402.

and read them to ladies" (II, 1). The duel, and the sonnets, evidently have reference to some actual person, and the similarity of the character to Brisk suggests Daniel. If Emulo was intended for Daniel, we have in *Patient Grissel*, of which Dekker evidently wrote a considerable part, the first play by that author concerned in the stage war, though Mr. Fleay has said that in his opinion *The Shoemakers Holiday* and *Old Fortunatus* also contain personal satire connected with Jonson's quarrels.[1] The evidence seems, however, insufficient. Of course we know *Satiromastix*, the reply to *Poetaster*, was by Dekker. No attack on Jonson is to be found in any other play by Dekker, and in *Patient Grissel* (1599–1600), we find Dekker apparently joining with Jonson in the attack on Daniel, whom others praised in the highest terms. We learn from *Henslowe's Diary* that Dekker was collaborating with Jonson at the very time at which *Patient Grissel* was being written.[2]

That there were jealousies of long standing and openly shown among the poets of this time is indicated in a passage, hitherto unnoticed in this connection, in Thomas Lodge's *Wits Miserie*, 1596, in which he speaks of Jealousy as one of the "Devils Incarnat."

[1] Fleay, *Shakespeare Manual*, p. 277.

[2] *Henslowe's Diary*, Shakespeare Society publications, p. 155. Payment to Jonson and Dekker jointly, Aug. 10, 1599, p. 156. Payment to Jonson, Chettle, Dekker, and "other Jentellman," Sept. 3, 1599. The plays were *pagge of plimothe* and *Robart the second, Kinge of Scottes tragedie*. Payments for *Patient Grissel* were made Oct. 16, Dec. 19, 26, 28, 29, 1599. On March 18, 1599 (Old Style), Henslowe paid forty shillings to stop the printing of the play, p. 167. *Henslowe's Diary*, ed. W.W. Greg, 1904, vol. I, pp. 110, 111, 119.

"Let him [Jealousy] spie a man of wit in a Taverne, he is an arrant dronckard; or but heare that he parted a fray, he is a harebrained quarreler: Let a scholler write, Tush (saith he) I like not these common fellowes; let him write well, he hath stollen it out of some note booke; let him translate, Tut, it is not of his owne; let him be named for preferment, he is insufficient because poore; no man shall rise in his world, except to feed his envy; no man can continue in his friendship, who hateth all men. Divine wits, for many things as sufficient as all antiquity (I speake it not on slight surmise, but considerate judgment) to you belongs the death that doth nourish this poison; to you the paine, that endure the reproofe. Lilly the famous for facility in discourse; Spencer, but read in ancient Poetry; Daniel, choice in word, and invention; Draiton, diligent and formall; Th Nash, true English Aretine. All you unnamed professours, or friends of Poetry (but by me inwardly honoured) knit your industries in private, to unite your fames in publike; let the strong stay up the weake, and the weake march under conduct of the strong; and all so imbattell your selves, that hate of virtue may not imbase you. But if besotted with foolish vain-glory, emulation and contempt, you fall to neglect one another, *Quod Deus omen avertat*, Doubtless it will be as infamous a thing shortly, to present any book whatsoever learned to any Maecenas in England, as it is to be headsman in any free citie in Germanie." [1]

[1] *Wits Miserie, and the Worldes Madnesse; Discovering the Devils Incarnat of this Age*, 1596, Hunterian Club reprint, pp. 56, 57.

This passage may be merely a statement concerning jealous persons in general, but in the light of what we know of Elizabethan times, and particularly of the personal relations of the poets, it seems likely that Lodge had in mind in this, as well as in other parts of *Wits Miserie*, certain individuals. The date 1596 is perhaps early for any reference to Jonson, but it is interesting to see how similar the character of jealousy, as Lodge describes it, is to the character of Horace (Jonson) in *Satiromastix*. Daniel, for whom Lodge expresses admiration, here and elsewhere, was later, if not in 1596, Jonson's rival and foe.

Wits Miserie, with its satirical characterizations of the "Devils Incarnat" of the age, suggests Jonson's early comedies, in which several of the very "Devils" described by Lodge are made to play important parts; such, for example, as "Detraction," who appears as Carlo Buffone in *Every Man Out of His Humour*, and Anaides in *Cynthia's Revels*, "Lying" who appears as Puntarvolo in *Every Man Out of His Humour*, and Amorphus in *Cynthia's Revels* as well as Bobadil in *Every Man in His Humour*, Shift in *Every Man Out of His Humour* and Tucca in *Poetaster*. Other of Lodge's "Devils" may be found in Jonson's plays. Sometimes the same "Devil" appears in several characters and sometimes several "Devils" inhabit the same character. A comparison of the following passages from *Wits Miserie* with Jonson's early comedies, and particularly with the descriptions, prefixed to *Every Man Out of His Humour*, will show a close connection between the ideas of Lodge and those of Jonson.

"But soft who comes here with a leane face, and hollow eies, biting in his lips for feare his tongue should leape out of his mouth, studying over the revertions of an ordinarie, how to play the ape of his age? — It is Derision."

Scandale and Detraction — "if he walks Poules, he sculks in the back isles and of all things loveth no societies — backbite his neighbor — worke mischief. He hath been a long Traveller and seen manie countries, but as it is said of the toad, that he sucketh up the corrupt humors of the garden where hee keepeth; so this wretch from al those Provinces he hath visited, bringeth home nothing but the corruptions."

Adulation, "who goes generally jetting in noblemen's cast aparrell, he hath all the sonnets and wanton rimes the world of our wit can affoord him, he can dance, leape, sing, drink up se-Frise, attend his friend to a baudie house . . . serve him in any villanie: If he meets with a wealthy young heire worth the clawing, Oh rare, cries he, doe hee never so filthily, he puls feathers from his cloake, if hee walk in the street, kisseth his hand with a courtesie at every nod of the yonker, bringing him into a fooles Paradise by applauding him. If he be a martiall man or imployed in some courtly tilt or Tourney, marke my Lord (quoth he) with how good a grace hee sat his horse, how bravelie hee brake his launce: If hee bee a little bookish, let him write but the commendation of a flea, straight begs he the coppie, kissing, hugging, grinning and smiling, till hee make the yong Princocks as proud as a Pecocke. This Damocles amongst the

retinue carries alwaies the Tabacco pipe and his best living is carrying tidings from one gentlemans house to another."

"Who is this with the Spanish hat, the Italian ruffe, the French doublet, the Muffes cloak, the Toledo rapier, the German hose, the English stocking, and the Flemish shoe? Forsooth a son of Mammon's that hath of long time been a travailer, his name is Lying, a Devill at your commandment: . . . Tell him of battels, it was hee that first puld off Francis the first his spur, when hee was taken up by the Emperor, and in the battell of *Lepanto* he onely gave Don John de Austria incouragement to charge afresh after the wind turned; at Bullaine he thrust three Switzers thorow the bellie at one time with one Partizan and was at the hanging of that fellow that could drinke up a whole barrell of beere without a breathing. . . ."

Of Contempt Lodge says "The wisest man is a foole in his tongue and there is no Philosophie (saith he) but in my method and carriage. . . . To the cobler he saith, set me two semicircles on my Suppeditaries; and hee answeres him, his shoes shall cost him two pence."

"Sien of my Science in the Catadupe of my knowledge, I nourish the crocodile of thy conceit."

The last quotation reminds us of a passage in *Every Man in His Humour* (quarto) in which Clement is made to say

> "No; weele come a steppe or two lower then [in style] —
> From Catadupa and the bankes of Nile
> Where onely breedes your monstrous crocodile,
> Now are we purpos'd for to fetch our style."

As Lodge appears in Jonson's characters of Fungoso in *Every Man Out of His Humour* and Asotus in *Cynthia's Revels*,[1] his praise of Daniel and of other poets who were the objects of jealousy, and his strong satire of "Incarnat Devils" of the time, many of whom he found in his contemporaries, are very interesting in connection with the stage war which began two years later.

The first play of Marston's which we are able to connect with the stage war is *Histriomastix*, 1599. This play, as we have it, is not in its original form, but is clearly a revision by Marston of an earlier play.[2] In those parts for which Marston is responsible we find him following Jonson in attacking, as Posthaste, Anthony Monday, who had appeared as Antonio Balladino in *The Case is Altered*, and had been referred to as Poet Nuntius in the quarto form of *Every Man in His Humour*. We do not know of any previous attack by Monday on either Jonson or Marston, but Monday's position as city pageant-poet, and the relations of the several theatrical companies as they appear in *Histriomastix* appear to have much to do with the hostility to him.[3]

[1] Mr. H. C. Hart writes, "Penniman's identification [in *The War of the Theatres*] of Asotus with Lodge is quite convincing, and further proof has been given above." *Ben Jonson*, II, p. xi. "Penniman makes out a clear case that Fungoso represents Lodge. Fungoso's identity with Asotus in the following play makes this plainer." *Ibid.*, I, p. xlvii.

[2] Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p 31; Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, p. 67.

[3] See Children of the Chapel at Blackfriars, C. W. Wallace, *University [of Nebraska] Studies*, vol. VIII, Nos. 2 and 3, pp. 161–172, for a discussion of the relations of the companies.

The reasons for the identification of Posthaste with Monday, and Chrisoganus with Jonson, are not absolutely conclusive because there are in *Histriomastix* no allusions in connection with either character which might not be true of some one else besides Jonson or Monday, but, taken all together, they justify us in making these identifications.

The general character of Chrisoganus, the Scholar-Poet, with his high ideals, impatience at attempts to attract the multitude by unworthy plays, self-importance, censorious attitude, poverty, and work as a translator, satirist and writer of epigrams, is all suggestive of Jonson. The fact that he is said to "carry just Ramnusia's whippe" at once suggests Marston who began his *Scourge of Villanie* "I beare the scourge of just Ramnusia." The allusion, however, is classical and applicable to any critic or satirist who ventures to determine fates as did Nemesis, whose famous statue was at Rhamnus, whence the name "Rhamnusia Virgo" or "Dea" or simply "Rhamnusia." Chrisoganus was a satirist, a name applied to Jonson, almost directly, by the title of Dekker's *Satiromastix*. "Translating scholler" is also peculiarly applicable to Jonson of whom Drummond later (1619) said "but above all he excelleth in a translation." We know that he prided himself on his ability in this regard, and his *Poetaster* is made up in part of translations and borrowings from Horace, Ovid, Virgil, Homer and Lucian. The address of Chrisoganus to Posthaste and his players is a repetition of charges made by Jonson against Antonio Balladino in *The Case is Altered*, and the tone of all passages which

do not belong to the Chrisoganus of the earlier form of the play is precisely that of Jonson. "Sir Oliver Owlet's Men," the company by whom Posthaste had been employed and Chrisoganus rejected, were probably Pembroke's Company who were forced to travel having been driven from the Curtain theatre by Derby's Company.[1] They may, however, represent simply players in general, as Dr. Small suggests.[2]

The opinion that Posthaste was intended for Shakespeare and that therefore "Sir Oliver Owlet's men" were the Chamberlains Company was advanced by Simpson[3] and advocated by Professor Henry Wood?[4] The character does not agree at all with what we know of Shakespeare but does agree with what we know of Anthony Monday.

It is altogether likely that a particular theatrical company is attacked in *Histriomastix*, for Jonson's words "three years they did provoke me . . . on every stage," and the definite references in *Poetaster* to rivalries between companies, clearly indicate that not only were individual poets concerned in the war, but companies as well, whose plays were necessarily attacked by any attack on their authors.

We have in Chrisoganus Marston's first representation of Jonson. Though the vocabulary of *Histriomastix* is ridiculed in *Every Man Out of His Humour*, 1599, it does

[1] Fleay, *Chronicle of the English Drama*, II, pp. 70, 71; Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 42.

[2] Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, p. 88.

[3] Simpson, *The School of Shakspere*, II, p. 11.

[4] Wood, "Shakespeare burlesqued by two Fellow Dramatists," *Am. Jour. Philol.* XVI, 3.

ing of "*Anno Domini* 1599," and "*Aetatis Suae* 24," the later referring to Marston's age. We do not know the date of Marston's birth, but a statement quoted by Dr. Grosart (in the Introduction to *Marston's Poems*, p. x) indicates that it was probably 1575. On Feb. 4th, 1591–92, "John Marston, aged 16, a gentleman's son of co Warwick was matriculated at Brazennose College, Oxford." This is thought to have been the poet.

A third play of Marston's, *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1600, contains words disgorged by Crispinus in *Poetaster*, and also a possible reference to Jonson's ridicule of Marston's vocabulary in the "fustian" of Clove and Orange in *Every Man Out of His Humour*. One of the characters, Planet, says, "By the Lord, fustain now I understand it; complement is as much as fustian." The play contains the only allusion to "Venerie," in Marston's plays, which can be construed as applying to Jonson's statement that "Marston represented him in the stage, in his youth given to venerie. . . . He said that two accidents strange befell him; one, that a man made his own wyfe to court him, whom he enjoyed two yeares ere he knew of it, and one day finding them by chance, was passingly delighted with it." [1]

The probability that the expression "in his youth given to venerie" should not be connected in meaning with the statement that "Marston represented him in the stage" has been considered above. Whether this is so or not, it happens that in the adventure of Monsieur John fo de King with the wife of Brabant Senior in *Jack Drum* we have an incident in some respects similar to

[1] *Conversations with Drummond*, ed. Laing, p. 20.

the first of the "accidents strange" related of himself by Jonson. Affairs did not continue so long as in Jonson's case, nor was the husband "delighted" on finding his wife with another man. The licentious Frenchman is certainly not Jonson in any other particular, even if he is in this. Jonson appears probably as Brabant Senior, the critic and censurer, "puft up with arrogant conceit." Marston is referred to by Brabant Junior as "the new poet Mellidus," an allusion to *Antonio and Mellida*. Drayton is referred to as Decius, a name given to him by Sir John Davies in an epigram.[1]

Marston's *What You Will* was not printed until 1607, and then in what is evidently a revised form, for there are several passages in which the same character has two names, one of which is probably from an earlier form of the play. From the fact that it contains allusions to *Every Man Out of His Humour*, 1599, and *Cynthia's Revels*, 1600, but no allusion to *Poetaster*, we may infer that the play was written before *Poetaster*, to which Marston would almost certainly have referred had his play been later. That no words from *What You Will* are ridiculed by Jonson is explained by Dr. Small[2] as due to the revision of the play, in which Marston may have omitted words, used in the earlier form and found among those disgorged by Crispinus in *Poetaster*, which

[1] See Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 74; Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, p. 97.

[2] *The Stage Quarrel*, p. 108. See also H. C. Hart, *Notes and Queries*, Series 9, vol. XII, p. 342, where some of the words of Crispinus not found in Marston are mentioned as found in Gabriel Harvey's writings. Jonson attacked Harvey's vocabulary several times. See above, p. xxx.

Lodge for his oare in every paper boate,
He that turnes over *Galen* every day,
To sit and simper *Euphues* legacy.

The painted posts and praetorship of the father of Asotus are references to Thomas Lodge's father, Sir Thomas Lodge, a wealthy grocer who advanced money to the state. He was in 1553 Alderman in Cheapward, in 1556 Sheriff, and in 1563 Lord Mayor of London. He omitted his son Thomas from his will. Thomas Lodge, like Fungoso, studied Law but abandoned it for poetry, was sued by his tailor, was a sort of adventurer, making a trip to the Canaries with Clarke in 1588–9 and to America with Cavendish in 1591–3. He imitated and praised Daniel's poetry, as Fungoso imitated Fastidious Brisk. Asotus "this silent gentleman" is the same as Fungoso "kinsman to Justice Silence." [1]

The two prodigals Fungoso and Asotus [2] we have

[1] For a fuller discussion of this identification see Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, pp. 55 and 85, and Hart, *Ben Jonson*, vol. I, p. xlvii and vol. II. p. xi.

[2] It is interesting to note that the old play *Timon* (about 1600?) contains, as Mr. Hart has shown (*Ben Jonson*, I, p. xliii), some interesting parallels to *Cynthia's Revels*. "Philargyrus, a covetous churlish old man" in *Timon*, suggests Philargyrus, father of Asotus, in *Cynthia's Revels*, and in character resembles Sordido, the father of Fungoso in *Every Man Out of His Humour*. "Pseudodocheus, a lying traviller" and "Gelasimus a cittie heire" correspond to Amorphus and Asotus and there are similar scenes in the two plays. Pseudodocheus and Gelasimus, in *Timon*, exchange rings and the youth receives a brass one for a gold one. Amorphus and Asotus in *Cynthia's Revels* exchange beavers, Asotus receiving for his that "cost . . . eight crowns" one that "is not worth a crown." The ode in *Timon* "Bring me hither a cup of wine" is similar to Jonson's "Swell me a bowl with lusty wine" in

seen to be the same person. Their respective companions Puntarvolo and Amorphus, both boastful travellers given to adventure are likewise probably the same, though the humours of one are not identical with those of the other. There are two persons with whom they have, with show of reason, been identified. One is Anthony Monday [1] who appeared as Antonio Balladino in *The Case is Altered*, Posthaste in *Histriomastix*, and was contemptuously referred to as Poet Nuntius in *Every Man in His Humour*.[2] With him Jonson was, as we know, at odds. The other is no less a person than Sir Walter Raleigh,[3] with whom, at this time, 1600, Jonson had, so far as is known, no personal relations, though later, in 1613, he became, on recommendation of Camden, tutor to Raleigh's son,[4] and assisted Raleigh in the writing of his *History of the World*. The identification of Puntarvolo, and therefore probably of Amorphus, with Raleigh is a very natural, but, curiously enough, neglected inference from Aubrey's story that Raleigh sealed up the mouth of Charles Chester, who, Aubrey says, was the original of Carlo Buffone in *Every Man Out of His Humour*,

Poetaster, which is parodied in *Satiromastix*. Hermogenes appears as a musician in *Timon* and also in *Poetaster*. Stilpo and Speusippus in *Timon* talk nonsense in large words like Clove and Orange in *Every Man Out of His Humour*. There are a number of similarities between portions of *Timon* and portions of several of Jonson's early comedies.

[1] Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 92.

[2] Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, p. 177.

[3] Hart, *Ben Jonson*, I, p. xl; II, p. ix.

[4] *Conversations with Drummond*, ed. Laing, p. 21.

for it was Puntarvolo that did this to Carlo in the play.

The reasons for identifying Puntarvolo and also Amorphus with Sir Walter Raleigh, as given by Mr. Hart, are briefly as follows.[1] Raleigh was disliked for his arrogance and for his monopolies granted by the Queen. Puntarvolo was a vain-glorious knight, over-Englishing his travels (cf. Raleigh's *Discovery of Guiana*, 1596); the very Jacob's staff of compliment (cf. the story of Raleigh's plush coat); a sir that hath lived to see the revolution of time in most of his apparel (Raleigh was then forty-seven years old and his heyday at court was about fifteen years previously); affected to his own praise (Naunton says, in *Fragmenta Regalia*, that Raleigh had a bold and plausible tongue whereby he could set out his parts to the best advantage); he deals upon returns (Nash gives this name to Raleigh's Guiana expedition in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*); in spite of public derision to stick to his own fashion and gesture (in 1597 Raleigh, restored temporarily to favour, donned his old silver armour and took his place as Captain of the Guard). Puntarvolo was "stiff necked," Raleigh was impatient and "damnable proud" (Aubrey). Puntarvolo could "taint a staff at tilt well," had "travelled beyond seas once or twice." This was true of Raleigh. Puntarvolo's chief act in the play was to seal up Carlo Buffone's mouth, which corresponds exactly with what Raleigh is said by Aubrey to have done to Charles Chester. As it was dangerous to

[1] This identification proposed by Mr. H. C. Hart is discussed by him in *Ben Jonson*, I, pp. xl–xliii, II, pp. ix–xii.

satirize knights, Jonson omits the "Sir" from Amorphus (*Cynthia's Revels*).

The following additional reasons for his identification as Raleigh are given by Mr. Hart. Raleigh was among the first to address the Queen as Cynthia, "Great Cynthia, the Lady of the Sea," in a poem probably shown to Spenser in Ireland in 1589 and referred to by Spenser in "*Colin Clouts Come Home Again*" dedicated to Raleigh in 1591. "Amorphus addresses Cynthia in exaggerated terms of flattery." "In 1598 when Raleigh's new favour with the Queen caused him to be more than ever disliked as he flaunted in his fifteen-year-old tilting suits and armour, and when his prime enemy Essex was in insolent rivalry and bad temper, 'it appears that Essex learnt of Raleigh's intention of appearing with his train wearing orange-coloured plumes in their hats and orange favours. Essex thereupon dressed himself and all his enormous following in the same colours, so as to appear to absorb Raleigh and his smaller suite.'" (Martin Hume, p. 213, 1903.) On the following day there was a change to green, which caused a spectator to ask the reason; to which the reply was given "Surely because it may be reported that there was one in green who ran worse than he in orange."[1] Amorphus is disgraced by the device of colour-wearing. "At the time of Raleigh's publication of his *Discovery of Guiana*, 1595, he was supposed to be possessed of neither honour nor truth by his contemporaries." He had imposed "marcasite" on the public for gold. "Amorphus is repre-

[1] Hart, *Ben Jonson*, II, pp. ix–x.

sented composed of unshapen projects and compelled to defend himself against 'these detractors.' Anaides quarrels with Amorphus (as Carlo did with Puntarvolo) and tells him he came to town the other day in pennyless hose; he abuses his filthy bearded travelling face, and uses other Chesterlike eloquence. And Amorphus gives us his opinion of Anaides in the same scene [*Cynthia's Revels*, IV, 3]." Amorphus is a linguist, as was Raleigh. The vocabulary of Amorphus is not like that of Raleigh, but "we see the inflated Amorphus conceits in his letter to Cecil from the Tower in 1592 and his later letters to his wife."[1] Mr. Hart mentions Jonson's tribute to Raleigh's literary style in the *Discoveries*. Amorphus is not only a traveller but also an antiquary. "Raleigh was a conspicuous member of the earliest Society of Antiquaries, 1572–1604."[2]

An objection to the identification of Puntarvolo and also Amorphus with Raleigh may be made on the ground that if he had been represented by Jonson, it would have been so stated, almost certainly, by Aubrey, or his informant Dr. Pell, when relating the incident concerning Charles Chester, for it is in the life of Raleigh that the story is told. There are other objections to the identification, for a number of what appear to be quite definite allusions in *Every Man*

[1] Hart, *Ben Jonson*, II, p. 12.

[2] Lodge's career as an adventurer, and his voyages, agree in general with the relations of Fungoso (Lodge) and Asotus (Lodge) with Puntarvolo and Amorphus respectively, but we do not know of any actual relations between Lodge and Raleigh. Imitation of an older and well-known adventurer and courtier by the young prodigal might have existed without intimacy or even personal acquaintance.

Out of His Humour and *Cynthia's Revels* do not apply at all, so far as we know, to Raleigh, but do apply to Anthony Monday, of whom also many, but not all, of the supposed allusions to Raleigh are true.

The evidence which points to Monday as the original of Puntarvolo and Amorphus seems to be considerable, and taken together with the known fact that Jonson was a foe to Monday, gives us reason to believe that he was the man. Puntarvolo has travelled, and speaks French and Italian. He looks like "a dry pole of ling upon Eastereve, that has furnished the table all Lent, as he has done the city this last vacation." Monday was a traveller, had been to Italy and France, was pageant-poet to the city, and was accused of using stale material for his plays. Amorphus likewise was a traveller who had been to Italy and France, and boasted of the distinguished people he had met. Monday went to Rome in 1578 impelled by "a desire to see strange countries and also affection to learn languages." His book, *The English Romayne Life* (1582 and 1590), tells of his travels on the continent. He was messenger of Her Majesty's Chamber, about 1584, and probably travelled as playwright and actor with Pembroke's Company in 1598. He was old enough to have seen "the revolution of time in most of his apparel," as Jonson said of Puntarvolo.

Amorphus speaks of his ability to "refel" paradoxes. Monday wrote a book called *The Defence of Contraries-Paradoxes against common opinion, etc.*, 1593. Jonson attacks Monday's writings, and Amorphus the "traveller" may possibly be a play on the

word, used by Webbe of Monday, whom he calls "an earnest traveller in this art [poetry]."[1] Amorphus criticizes the verse of Hedon and explains the relation of words to music. Monday wrote poems which were set to music, and in 1588 published *A Banquet of Daintie Conceits: furnished with verie delicate and choyce Inventions to delight their mindes who take Pleasure in Musique; and therewithal to sing sweete Ditties either to the Lute, Bandora, Virginalles, or anie other Instrument.* When Amorphus proposes that a masque be presented Arete immediately suggests that Crites (Jonson) be asked to prepare it, while Hedon's (Daniel's) approval of the suggestion, "Nothing better if the project were new and rare," echoes the old charge of the use of "Stale Stuff" made against Monday. Crites is told to prepare the masque and Amorphus is rejected. Monday was the pageant-poet who, if Amorphus is Monday, as there is reason for believing, is once more rebuked by Jonson. The fact that Anthony Monday was the translator of many of the old romances, notably that of *Amadis de Gaule*, and that Thomas Lodge was also a writer of romances after the old fashion, such as *Rosalynde*, *The History of Robert Second Duke of Normandy*, *William Longbeard*, and others, is a point of similarity between the two men which may have been in Jonson's mind in writing several passages concerning Puntarvolo and Fungoso, Amorphus and Asotus.

Concerning the identity of Anaides and Hedon in *Cynthia's Revels* there are two opinions worthy of consideration. The first is that they are Dekker and Mars-

[1] Webbe, *Discourse of English Poetrie*, 1586.

ton, though critics who have held this view have not agreed as to which is Dekker and which Marston.[1] These identifications are based with good reason on Dekker's lines in *Satiromastix*, in which he makes Horace (Jonson) refer to Crispinus and Demetrius in terms taken from the lines of Crites (Jonson), in *Cynthia's Revels*, where they refer to Hedon and Anaides. As Dekker used as many lines from Jonson's plays as he could in *Satiromastix*, we need not be surprised if some of them are dragged in forcibly. The second opinion in regard to Anaides and Hedon regards Dekker's apparent identification of them as an effort on his part to show that he as well as Marston had been satirized by Jonson, hence the writing of *Satiromastix*. Without the statement in *Satiromastix* no sufficient reason whatever has been found by any critic for identifying as Dekker any character in Jonson's Comedies, with the known exception of Demetrius in *Poetaster*. We have shown what we believe to be convincing reason for thinking that Hedon was neither Marston nor Dekker, but Daniel, with whom we know Jonson to have been at odds. If Dekker was wrong, and it certainly seems that he was, in regard to Hedon, he may also have been wrong in regard to Anaides. The resemblances between Anaides and Carlo Buffone are so numerous that, if the latter was intended for Charles Chester, as Aubrey said, Anaides was probably the same person. We have expressed our doubt as to the accuracy of Aubrey's statement.[2]

[1] Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, pp. 34 and 42; also Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 46, note 1, p. 84, note 2.

[2] See above, p. xix. Mr. H. C Hart writes: " . . . Penni-

Several similarities between Anaides and Demetrius

man finds Anaides to be a continuation of Carlo Buffone, which is obviously the case. He is depicted as a ribald public jester at ordinaries, and agrees in every respect with the old identification of Carlo with Chester. . . . Jonson seems to have had a serious quarrel with Chester, if these representations be correct. See Jasper Mayne in *Jonsonus Virbius*. . . . Two lines in this play (III, ii, 86–7), are quoted by Dekker in *Satiromastix* (Pearson, p. 195), who applies them as Horace's to himself and Marston. Penniman [*The War of the Theatres*, p. 80] makes that an argument in favor of Anaides being Marston (which he confidently believes, and I reject), but since there is no trace of Dekker in *Cynthia's Revels* in Penniman's view (or in mine), I think those lines are merely transferred and translated to a different application. It is no argument one way or other." (Hart, *Jonson*, II, pp. vii–viii.)

Dr. Mallory, who for the most part follows and quotes Dr. Small's work in dealing with the stage war, bases his identification of Hedon and Anaides with Crispinus and Demetrius on Dekker's quotation of the lines from *Cynthia's Revels*, and says: "But the plain meaning of the passage in *Satiromastix* is that Hedon = Crispinus = Marston, and that Anaides = Demetrius = Dekker, and it would take a good deal of 'proof' such as Penniman adduces to convince us that Dekker was not acute enough to discover and state the facts in this instance." (*Poetaster*, p. l, ed. by H. S. Mallory, Yale Studies in English, 1905.) In this connection it may be noted that Dekker (in *To the World*) positively identifies Tucca with "Captain Hannam." Of this mention of one who seems to have been an actual character, Dr. Mallory says (p. xcvi): "Perhaps Dekker was right in surmising that Tucca represented Captain Hannam, but the latter is quite unknown to us."

That Dekker's quotation and application of verses which are capable of other interpretation, and for the misinterpreting of which he had a definite motive, should be accepted as final, while a definite statement in regard to which Dekker had no possible motive for a false identification should be taken by Dr. Mallory with a "perhaps" and referred to as "surmising," seems very much like an inconsistency. Jonson complained of misinterpretation of his lines in the *Poetaster* (v, 1), and in the Dedication of *Volpone*, though perhaps not ingenuously.

which have been noticed by Dr. Small are only such as might have been and doubtless were common to all of Jonson's enemies. These points of similarity are all mentioned by Lodge as characteristic of the jealous man in his description of jealousy in *Wits Miserie*, 1595. Such were the charging of Crites and Horace with plagiarism and the confession of inability to match them in knowledge of foreign authors. Demetrius was "hired to abuse Horace," and in doing so simply repeated the old charges made by Anaides and Crispinus. The similarities between Hedon and Crispinus[1] prove on consideration to be unimportant, especially when we have so much reason for supposing that Hedon was Daniel, and know that Crispinus was Marston. Both of these men were well-born, could sing, and hated Jonson. All this was doubtless true of a dozen other men of the time.

In the absence of any other evidence to enable us to determine the identity of Anaides, it would seem more likely that he was Marston than that he was Dekker, if indeed he was either. Anaides is a practised gallant (*Cynthia's Revels*, 3,1) as is Crispinus. Dekker was never a gallant, does not even know the gallants in *Poetaster*, as Demetrius, and is jealous of Horace-Jonson for keeping company with gallants. Jonson, so far as we know, had no quarrel with Dekker prior to the writing of *Poetaster*, during which he heard of the hiring of Dekker to write a reply. So slight is the part of Demetrius (Dekker) in Jonson's play that the conclusion is perhaps warranted that Dekker was not in Jonson's thoughts at all until *Poetaster* was nearly or quite com-

[1] Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, p. 42.

pleted, for the omission of a few lines in III, 4, and the altering of a few others in V, 3, of the play as we have it would remove Dekker wholly, without changing the plan of the play, or the attack on Marston.[1]

In Marston's two plays *The History of Antonio and Mellida* and *Antonio's Revenge*, both performed certainly by 1600, possibly as early as 1599, occur words ridiculed by Jonson in *Poetaster*. The first of these plays contains a scene (V, 1) in which a painter is asked to paint "Uh" and to "make a picture sing." A similar scene occurs in *The Spanish Tragedy* (IV) in which Hieronimo requests Bazardo to paint "a doleful cry." This painter scene was probably written by Jonson as one of the "adicyons" to what Henslowe calls *Geronymo*, but which was almost certainly *The Spanish Tragedy*, to which additions were made by Jonson in 1601 and 1602.[2] The scene is specially mentioned on the title-page of this quarto of 1602. Whatever the actual relation of the two scenes to each other, Jonson's was almost certainly the later. In *Cynthia's Revels*, 1600, occurs the line addressed to Crites, "Sir you have played the painter yourself and limned them to the life," while in *Antonio and Mellida* (V, 1), Balurdo says to the painter who "did limn" the two pictures, "Limn them? a good word, limn them: whose picture is this? *Anno Domini*, 1599. Believe me, master *Anno Domini* was of a good settled age when you limned him: 1599 years

[1] Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 113.

[2] *Henslowe's Diary*, Sh. Soc. pp. 201, 223; *Henslowe's Diary*, ed. Greg, pp. 149, 168. Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, pp. 98–101. Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, pp. 58, 59; 92, 93.

old! Let's see the other. *Aetatis Suae* 24. Byrlady, he is somewhat younger. Belike master *Aetatis Suae* was Anno Domini's Son." The play on the word "limn" suggests an allusion to Jonson's use of it, and if *Antonio and Mellida* is later than *Cynthia's Revels*, in the same year 1600,[1] the allusion seems probable. The allusion might have been the other way if the order in which the plays appeared was reversed. There are the following reasons for supposing that Marston's play was later than Jonson's. The epilogue to *Cynthia's Revels* must have aroused antagonism by its arrogant tone. "By — tis good, and if you like't you may." To this the epilogue to *Antonio and Mellida* seems like a direct rebuke — "I stand not as a peremptory challenger of desert, either for him that composed the comedy, or for us that acted it; but as a most submissive suppliant for both." Moreover, Marston's Epilogue was armed, and Jonson's next play *Poetaster*, aimed at Marston, had an armed Prologue. The two pictures in Marston's scene may be intended to represent attacks on Marston by Jonson, in 1599 in *Every Man Out of His Humour* and in 1600 in *Cynthia's Revels*. This would be the mean-

[1] Dr. Small (*The Stage Quarrel*, p. 92), believing that the two pictures were of Marston himself, assumed that 1599 was an allusion to the date of *Antonio and Mellida* and that "*Aetatis Suae* 24" was a second allusion to the same year. If, however, as seems more likely, the reference is to two different pictures of Marston by Jonson the date is that of Jonson's play and not Marston's, hence Marston's play would be later, in 1600. We simply do not know what the two pictures and dates mean. In *Satiromastix* two pictures are brought in, one of the Roman Horace, the other of Jonson-Horace.

are not in any of Marston's other works. This may be so. There are numerous words and expressions in *What You Will*, even in its revised form, which Jonson might well have selected as characteristic of Marston's diction. If *What You Will* was written later than *Poetaster*, then Marston may have eliminated, in revision, all references to that play. This is possible, but perhaps less likely than the other explanation, inasmuch as hostility to Jonson is shown in many passages. We know that Marston's relations to Jonson changed between the presentation of *Poetaster* in 1601 and the publication of the revised *What You Will* in 1607, for in 1604 was published *The Malcontent*, dedicated to Jonson in flattering terms.

The Induction of *What You Will*, spoken by Atticus, Doricus and Philomuse, is similar to that of *Every Man Out of His Humour*, in which Cordatus, Asper and Mitis discuss the play and the author's intention, and to the Induction of *Cynthia's Revels*, in which three of the children talk about the play. Marston's Induction is in answer to the speeches of Asper, in which Jonson set forth his own merits and announced his independence of criticism. *What You Will* contains a number of imitations of passages in *Every Man Out of His Humour* and *Cynthia's Revels*.[1] Two characters, Lampatho and Quadratus, who are constantly wrangling, represent Marston and Jonson. There are, in the lines of each, statements and allusions applicable to either Marston or Jonson, so that critics have not agreed as to which is Marston and which Jonson.[2] Quadratus calls Lampatho

[1] Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 140.
[2] Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, p. 110.

"Don Kinsayder," a name under which Marston wrote his *Scourge of Villanie* and by which he is referred to in *The Returne from Parnassus*, Part II (1, 2) and in *The Pilgrimage to Parnassus* (II). Apart from this, which seems like an identification of Lampatho with Marston,[1] the character is much more in keeping with that of Jonson. Dr. Small agrees with Mr. Bullen in identifying Quadratus with Marston and Lampatho with Jonson.[2]

The relations of theatrical companies to each other figure in *Histriomastix*, *Poetaster* and *Satiromastix*, as well as in several other Elizabethan plays. We do not know very much about these relations, but in connection with this "war" it is an interesting fact that Jonson's early comedies, *Every Man in His Humour* and *Every Man Out of His Humour*, were performed by the Chamberlain's Company, and Shakespeare took a part in the presentation of the former. When *Satiromastix* was presented, with its bitter attack on Jonson, it was at the Globe theatre by the Chamberlain's Company. This was Shakespeare's Company, and it may be, as some critics are disposed to believe, in the absence of other convincing evidence, that the presentation of *Satiromastix*, with Shakespeare's approval, by the Chamberlain's Company was the "purge" given to Ben Jonson, referred to in *The Return from Parnassus*, Part II.[3] We

[1] *The War of the Theatres*, p. 139.

[2] Bullen, *Marston*, I, xlvi; Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, pp. 110, 111.

[3] Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 149. But see also Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, pp. 139–171.

do not know that it was, in fact we really know very little about the whole affair.

In *Poetaster* and *Satiromastix*, both performed in 1601, we have an open and avowed attack by Jonson on Marston and Dekker and the direct reply thereto by Dekker. The notes to these plays in this volume will show in what the attack and reply consisted. That these plays represented the culmination of a series we may infer from Jonson's *Apologetical Dialogue* already quoted.[1] What the relations of the earlier plays were to each other or to these two plays is for us a matter of inference and conjecture. Jonson, gathering up all his powers as a satirist and dramatist, produced in fifteen weeks a play in which he sought to overwhelm his foes, Marston and Dekker, as Crispinus and Demetrius, and place himself in a lofty position as Horace, the poet approved by Caesar and Virgil. Dekker, hurriedly called to the aid of Marston and his faction, threw together a curious hodge-podge of William Rufus, Sir Walter Terill and others, mixed with Crispinus, Demetrius, Horace and Tucca from *Poetaster*, called it *Satiromastix* and presented it as the reply to Jonson. So far as Jonson was concerned the "war" ended. He abandoned comedy for a time and announced the fact in the *Apologetical Dialogue*. Marston's play, *The Malcontent*, 1604 (quarto), is dedicated "Benjamino Jonsonio, Poetae elegantissimo, gravissimo, amico suo, candido et cordato, Johannes Marston, Musarum alumnus, asperam hanc suam Thaliam, D[at] D[edicatque]."

In *Parasitaster*, or *The Fawn*, 1606, quarto, there

[1] Above, p. xvi.

is no reference to Jonson that we can be sure of, but in the address to the Reader in *Sophonisba*, 1606, quarto, Marston attacks Jonson's *Sejanus*, but does not attack Jonson in the play.

The editor of this volume has tried to set forth in this Introduction such information as we possess concerning the plays and characters in the stage war. Facts and conjectures, based on what seems like evidence, have been presented, but, ever since the plays were acted, critics have differed in the interpretation of particular passages and the identity of characters. What one critic has accepted as conclusive proof of an identification has often been set aside by the next critic as erroneous or valueless.[1] The only persons who knew what the authors meant were the authors themselves, and, possibly, a few contemporaries in whom they confided. Lucian tells of a visit to the other world to consult Homer in regard to opinions of the scholiasts. The result was Homer's declaration that he wrote every one of the lines which the textual critics had proved to their own satisfaction that he could not have written. A similar conversation with Ben Jonson and Marston and Dekker would set at rest the disputes of critics concerning these plays — and it is probably the only thing that would.

[1] Mr. Tucker Brooke, in *The Tudor Drama*, pp. 372–386 (1911), rejects practically all opinions of previous critics concerning the stage war. For the "purge" given to Jonson by Shakespeare he suggests lines in *Hamlet*, as originally presented, which were never printed. Years ago Dr. Brinsley Nicholson suggested that the "purge" was a "piece" of Shakespeare's that has not come down to us.

THE TEXT

The text of this edition of *Poetaster* is that of a copy of the 1616 folio, owned by the editor, collated with (1) the quarto 1602, (2) the second folio 1640, (3) the special large paper edition of the 1616 folio, a copy of which is in the British Museum, (4) a copy of the 1616 folio in the University of Pennsylvania Library, which contains several uncommon readings and is probably of the same issue as that with which Whalley worked. (See 28, 50, note.) As the text of Jonson is almost always perfectly clear, I have regarded it as a waste of time for both reader and editor to cumber the text with variant readings from the folios of 1692 and 1716, the former of which professes to be a reprint in one volume of the two volumes of 1640, while the latter is merely an edition issued by a bookseller, and has no authority whatever. Differences in punctuation which do not affect the meaning have been omitted from the variants, which include differences of readings and important differences in punctuation. The editions of Whalley (1756), Gifford (1816), and Nicholson (1893), excellent as they are in some respects, are of no authority or value in regard to the text. Mention must be made here of the reprint of the first folio under the supervision of Professor Bang of the University of Louvain, and of the edition of *Poetaster* by Dr. Mallory in the Yale Studies in English. Dr. Mallory bases his text on the folio of 1616 in the Yale Library, and another copy, differing slightly, owned by Professor Phelps of Yale. Dr. Mallory collated the text with the quarto, the 1640, 1692, 1716 folios, and with the editions of Whalley, Gifford, and Nicholson.

The folios differ in some important respects from the quarto, but a complete collation of the former would require perhaps an examination of every copy of the 1616 folio in existence. For the collation of the large paper copy of the 1616 folio, I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Percy Simpson, who with Professor Herford is at work on the forthcoming important edition of Jonson's works. Mr. Simpson writes of the large paper edition:

"The sheets of the 1616 folio were reissued in a special form

during the year of publication. It was printed on large paper. The name of William Stansby appears alone on the imprint. The title-page of 'Cynthia's Revels' and 'Poetaster,' and a few pages of the text, are reset. There are slight and occasional differences of reading and punctuation; but the work of revision is fitfully done, and misprints are not always corrected. Copies of this folio are extremely rare. Probably they were intended for presentation to the author's friends, and the issue was limited. Jonson's incompleteness in revising is curious: perhaps the printer was at times too quick for him. Only a few of the various readings take their place in the folios of 1640." An example of this is "doe," 157, 459.

There are at least four varieties of the title-page of the 1616 folio, bearing respectively the following names: — 1. Will Stansby. 2. William Stansby. 3. W. Stansby, [and] Richd. Meighen [the bookseller]. 4. W. Stansby, [and] M. Lownes [the bookseller]. The present text is from a copy with title-page 3. The University of Pennsylvania library copy has title-page 1. In this edition italicization and capitalization have been modernized and stage-directions have been drawn into their proper places in the text from left or right. The punctuation, as Jonson's own, is left intact. The abbreviations of names of characters have been made uniform, and the name of the first speaker in the scene, omitted in the folio, is given.

POËTASTER,

OR

His Arraignement.

A Comicall Satyre.

Acted, in the yeere 1601. By the then Children of Queene ELIZABETHS CHAPPEL.

The Author B. I.

MART.

Et mihi de nullo fama rubore placet.

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY,
for *Matthew Lownes.*

M. DC. XVI.

TO
THE VERTUOUS,
AND MY WORTHY FRIEND,
Mr. Richard Martin.

SIR, *a thankefull man owes a courtesie euer: the unthankefull, but when he needes it. To make mine owne marke appeare, and shew by which of these seales I am known, I send you this peece of what may liue of mine; for whose innocence, as for the Authors, you were once a noble and timely undertaker, to the greatest Justice of this kingdome. Enjoy now the delight of your goodnesse; which is to see that prosper, you preseru'd: and posteritie to owe the reading of that, without offence, to your name; which so much ignorance, and malice of the times, then conspir'd to haue supprest.*

Your true louer,

BEN. JONSON.

To the. This dedication appears first in the 1616 folio.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.
MECŒNAS.
MARC. OVID.
COR. GALLUS.
PROPERTIUS.
FUS. ARISTUS.
PUB. OVID.
VERGIL.
HORACE.
TREBATIUS.

LUPUS.
TUCCA.
CRISPINUS.
HERMOGENES.
DE. FANNIUS.
ALBIUS.
MINOS.
HISTRIO.
PYRGUS.
[LUSCUS.
ÆSOP.
TIBULLUS.]
LICTORS.

JULIA.
CYTHERIS.
PLAUTIA.
CHLOE.
MAYDES.

THE SCENE.
ROME.

The Persons. The quarto page is as follows:

The Persons That Act.

1 Augustus Cæsar.
2 Mecœnas.
3 Mar. Ovid.
4 Cor. Gallus.
5 Propertius.
6 Fu. Aristius.
7 Pub. Ovid.
8 Virgili.
9 Horace.
10 Tucca.
11 Lupus.
12 Crispinus.
13 Hermogenes.
14 De. Fannius.
15 Albius.
16 Minos.
17 Histrio.
18 Pyrgus.
19 Lictor.
20 Julia.
21 Cytheris.
22 Plautia.
23 Chloë.
24 Maydes.

Ad Lectorem

Ludimus innocuis verbis, hoc jure potentis
Per Genium Famae, Castalidumq gregem:
Perq tuas aures, magni mihi numinis instar,
Lector, inhumana liber ab Invidia MART. [7, 12, 9–12]

Luscus. He, Æsop and Tibullus do not appear in either list of names. 1640 adds here the list of actors as given on p 354, folio 1616.

After the Second Sounding.

Envie. Arising in the midst of the stage.

Light, I salute thee; but with wounded nerves:
Wishing thy golden splendor, pitchy darknesse.
What's here? Th'Arraignment? I: This, this is it,
That our sunke eyes have wak't for, all this while:
Here will be subject for my snakes, and me.
Cling to my necke, and wrists, my loving wormes,
And cast you round, in soft, and amorous foulds,
Till I doe bid, uncurle: Then, breake your knots,
Shoot out your selves at length, as your forc't stings
Would hide themselves within his malic't sides,
To whom I shall apply you. Stay: the shine
Of this assembly here offends my sight,
I'le darken that first, and out-face their grace.
Wonder not if I stare: These fifteene weekes
(So long as since the plot was but an embrion)
Have I, with burning lights mixt vigilant thoughts,

After . . . sounding. Q omits.
Envie Q, Livor, omitting stage direction. F 1616 and 1640, print directions in margin.

In expectation of this hated play:
To which (at last) I am arriv'd as Prologue.
Nor would I, you should looke for other lookes,
Gesture, or complement from me, then what
Th'infected bulke of Envie can afford:
For I am riffe here with a covetous hope,
To blast your pleasures, and destroy your sports,
With wrestings, comments, applications,
Spie-like suggestions, privie whisperings,
And thousand such promooting sleights as these.
Marke, how I will begin: The scene is, ha!
Rome? Rome? and Rome? Cracke ey-strings, and your balles
Drop into earth; let me be ever blind.
I am prevented; all my hopes are crost,
Checkt, and abated; fie, a freezing sweate
Flowes forth at all my pores, my entrailes burne:
What should I doe? Rome? Rome? O my vext soule,
How might I force this to the present state?
Are there no players here? no poet-apes,
That come with basiliskes eyes, whose forked tongues
Are steept in venome, as their hearts in gall?
Eyther of these would helpe me; they could wrest,
Pervert, and poyson all they heare, or see,

Head-line. The folio 1616 has *Cynthias Revells* as heading instead of *Poetaster.*

With senselesse glosses, and allusions.
Now if you be good devils, flye me not.
You know what deare, and ample faculties
I have indow'd you with: Ile lend you more.
Here, take my snakes among you, come, and eate,
And while the squeez'd juice flowes in your blacke jawes,
Helpe me to damne the authour. Spit it foorth
Upon his lines, and shew your rustie teeth
At everie word, or accent: or else choose
Out of my longest vipers, to sticke downe
In your deep throats; and let the heads come forth
At your ranke mouthes; that he may see you arm'd
With triple malice, to hisse, sting, and teare
His worke, and him; to forge, and then declame,
Traduce, corrupt, apply, enforme, suggest:
O, these are gifts wherein your soules are blest.
What? doe you hide your selves? will none appeare?
None answere? what, doth this calme troupe affright you?
Nay, then I doe despaire: downe, sinke againe.
This travaile is all lost with my dead hopes.
If in such bosomes, spight have left to dwell,
Envie is not on earth, nor scarse in hell.

54 *enforme.* 1640, enforce.

The Third Sounding.

PROLOGUE.

Stay, Monster, ere thou sinke, thus on thy head
Set we our bolder foot; with which we tread
Thy malice into earth: So spight should die,
Despit'd and scorn'd by noble industrie.
If any muse why I salute the stage,
An armed Prologue; *know, 'tis a dangerous age:*
Wherein, who writes, had need present his scenes
Fortie fold-proofe against the conjuring meanes
Of base detracters, and illiterate apes,
That fill up roomes in faire and formall shapes.
'Gainst these, have we put on this forc't defence:
Whereof the allegorie *and hid fence*
Is, that a well erected confidence
Can fright their pride, and laugh their folly hence.
Here now, put case our Authour should, once more,
Sweare that his play were good; he doth implore,
You would not argue him of arrogance:
How ere that common spawne of ignorance,
Our frie of writers, may beslime his fame,
And give his action that adulterate name.
Such ful-blowne vanitie he more doth lothe,

The . . . Sounding. Q omits. *Prologue.* Q, Prologus.

Then base dejection: There's a meane 'twixt both.
Which with a constant firmenesse he pursues,
As one, that knowes the strength of his owne muse.
And this he hopes all free soules will allow,
Others, that take it with a rugged brow,
Their moods he rather pitties, then envies:
His mind it is above their injuries.

Act I. *Scene* I.

[*The House of Ovid Junior.*]

Ovid [*Junior*], *Luscus* [*enter*].

Ovid junior. Then, when this bodie falls in funerall fire,
My name shall live, and my best part aspire.
It shall goe so.

Luscus. Young master, master Ovid, doe you heare? gods a mee! away with your songs and sonnets; and on with your gowne and cappe, quickly: here, here, your father will be a man of this roome presently. Come, nay, nay, nay, nay, be briefe. These verses too, a poyson on 'hem, I cannot abide 'hem, they make mee readie to cast, by the bankes of helicon. Nay looke, what a rascally untoward thing this poetrie is; I could teare 'hem now.

Ovid. Give me, how neere's my father?

Act I. Scene I. Q, Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Ovid Junior, Luscus. F puts at beginning of each scene the names of all who take part in it.

1 *Then, when.* Q, *Ovid. Then, when.* The folio does not assign the first speech in a scene, but it always belongs to the first character named in the list at the beginning of the scene. The quarto always assigns the first speech.

Lusc. Hart a'man: get a law-booke in your hand, I will not answere you else. Why so: now there's some formalitie in you. By Jove, and three or foure of the gods more, I am right of mine olde masters humour for that; this villanous poetrie will undoe you, by the welkin.

Ovid. What, hast thou buskins on, Luscus, that thou swear'st so tragically, and high?

Lusc. No, but I have bootes on, sir, and so ha's your father too by this time: for he call'd for 'hem, ere I came from the lodging.

Ovid. Why? was he no readier?

Lusc. O no; and there was the madde skeldring captaine, with the velvet armes, readie to lay holde on him as hee comes downe: he that presses everie man he meets, with an oath, to lend him money, and cries; (Thou must doo't, old boy, as thou art a man, a man of worship.)

Ovid. Who? Pantilius Tucca?

Lusc. I, hee: and I met little master Lupus, the Tribune, going thither too.

Ovid. Nay, and he be under their arrest, I may (with safetie inough) reade over my elegie, before he come.

Lusc. Gods a mee! What'll you doe? why, young master, you are not castalian mad, lunatike, frantike, desperate? ha?

36 *and.* 1640, an'.

Ovid. What ailest thou, Luscus?

Lusc. God be with you, sir, I'le leave you to your poeticall fancies, and furies. I'le not be guiltie, I. [*Exit.*]

Ovid. Be not, good ignorance: I'm glad th'art gone:
For thus alone, our eare shall better judge
The hastie errours of our morning muse.

Ovid. Lib. 1. Amo. Ele. 15.

Envie, why twit'st thou me, my time's spent ill?
And call'st my verse, fruits of an idle quill?
Or that (unlike the line from whence I sprung)
Wars dustie honours I pursue not young?
Or that I studie not the tedious lawes;
And prostitute my voyce in everie cause?
Thy scope is mortall; mine eternall fame:
Which through the world shall ever chaunt my name.
HOMER *will live, whil'st* TENEDOS *stands, and* IDE,
Or, to the sea, fleet SIMOIS *doth slide:*
And so shall HESIOD *too, while vines doe beare,*
Or crooked sickles crop the ripened eare.
CALLIMACHUS, *though in invention lowe,*
Shall still be sung: since he in art doth flowe.
No losse shall come to SOPHOCLES *proude vaine.*
With sunne, and moone, ARATUS *shall remaine.*
Whil'st slaves be false, fathers hard, and bawdes be whorish,

45 *I.* Q, Exit.

Whil'st harlots flatter, shall Menander *flourish.*
Ennius, *though rude, and* Accius *high-reard straine,*
A fresh applause in evrie age shall gaine.
Of Varro's *name, what eare shall not be told?*
Of Jasons Argo *? and the fleece of gold?*
Then shall Lucretius loftie numbers die,
When earth, and seas in fire and flames shall frie.
Tytirus, *Tillage,* Ænee *shall be read,*
Whil'st Rome of all the conquer'd world is head.
Till Cupids *fires be out, and his bowe broken,*
Thy verses (neate Tibullus*) shall be spoken.*
Our Gallus *shall be knowne from east to west:*
So shall Lycoris, *whom he now loves best.*
The suffering plough-share, or the flint may weare:
But heavenly poesie *no death can feare.*
Kings shall give place to it, and kingly showes,
The bankes ore which gold-bearing Tagus *flowes.*
Kneele hindes to trash: me let bright Phœbus *swell,*
With cups full flowing from the Muses *well.*
Frost-fearing myrtle shall impale my head,
And of sad lovers Ile be often read.
" *Envie, the living, not the dead, doth bite:*
" *For after death all men receive their right.*
Then, when this bodie fals in funerall fire,
My name shall live, and my best part aspire.

85 *Frost-fearing.* Q, The frost-drad.

Act I. *Scene* II.

[*The Same.*]

Ovid Senior, Luscus, Tucca, Lupus, [*and*] *Pyrgus* [*enter*].

Ovid senior. Your name shall live indeed, sir; you say true: but how infamously, how scorn'd and contemn'd in the eyes and eares of the best and gravest Romanes, that you thinke not on: you never so much as dreame of that. Are these the fruits of all my travaile and expenses? is this the scope and aime of thy studies? are these the hopefull courses, wherewith I have so long flattered my expectation from thee? verses? poetrie? Ovid, whom I thought to see the pleader, become Ovid the play-maker?

Ovid junior. No, sir.

Ovid sen. Yes, sir. I heare of a tragœdie of yours comming foorth for the common players there, call'd Medea. By my houshold-gods, if I come to the acting of it, Ile adde one tragick part, more then is yet expected, to it: beleeve me when I promise it. What? shall I have my sonne a stager now? an enghle for players? a gull? a

Scene II. Q, Scena Secunda.
1 F adds *Ovid Junior.*

rooke? a shot-clogge? to make suppers, and bee laught at? Publius, I will set thee on the funerall pile, first.

Ovid jun. Sir, I beseech you to have patience.

Luscus. Nay, this tis to have your eares damm'd up to good counsell. I did augure all this to him afore-hand, without poring into an oxes panch for the matter, and yet he would not be scrupulous.

Tucca. How now, good man slave? what, rowle powle? all rivalls, rascall? why my Master, of worship, do'st heare? Are these thy best projects? is this thy desseignes and thy discipline, to suffer knaves to bee competitors with commanders and gentlemen? are wee paralells, rascall? are wee paralells.

Ovid sen. Sirrah, goe get my horses ready. You'll still be prating.

Tuc. Doe, you perpetuall stinkard, doe, goe, talke to tapsters and ostlers, you slave, they are i' your element, goe: here bee the Emperours captaines, you raggamuffin rascall; and not your cam'rades.

Lupus. Indeed, Marcus Ovid, these players are an idle generation, and doe much harme in a state, corrupt yong gentrie very much, I know

29–30 *my Master, of worship.* Q, my Knight of worshippe.
33 *gentlemen.* Q, gentmen.
41 *cam'rades.* Q, Comrades. 1616, U. of P., camrades.
42 *Marcus Ovid.* Q, Sir Marcus Ovid.

it: I have not beene a Tribune thus long, and observ'd nothing: besides, they will rob us, us, that are magistrates, of our respect, bring us upon their stages, and make us ridiculous to the plebeians; they will play you, or me, the wisest men they can come by still; me: only to bring us in contempt with the vulgar, and make us cheape.

Tuc. Th'art in the right, my venerable cropshin, they will indeede: the tongue of the oracle never twang'd truer. Your courtier cannot kisse his mistris slippers, in quiet, for 'hem: nor your white innocent gallant pawne his revelling sute, to make his punke a supper. An honest decayed commander, cannot skelder, cheat, nor be seene in a bawdie house, but he shall be straight in one of their wormewood comœdies. They are growne licentious, the rogues; libertines, flat libertines. They forget they are i' the statute, the rascals, they are blazond there, there they are trickt, they and their pedigrees; they neede no other heralds, Iwisse.

Ovid sen. Mee thinkes, if nothing else, yet this alone, the very reading of the publike edicts should fright thee from commerce with them; and give thee distaste enough of their actions. But this betrayes what a student you are: this argues your proficiencie in the law.

55 *'hem.* 1616, U. of P. and Q, 'hem with comma.
67 *alone.* Q, and 1616, U. of P., with semi-colon.

Ovid jun. They wrong mee, sir, and doe abuse you more,
That blow your eares with these untrue reports.
I am not knowne unto the open stage,
Nor doe I traffique in their theaters.
Indeed, I doe acknowledge, at request
Of some neere friends, and honorable Romanes,
I have begunne a poeme of that nature.

Ovid sen. You have, sir, a poeme? and where is't? that's the law you studie.

Ovid jun. Cornelius Gallus borrowed it to reade.

Ovid sen. Cornelius Gallus? There's another gallant, too, hath drunke of the same poison: and Tibullus, and Propertius. But these are gentlemen of meanes, and revenew now. Thou art a yonger brother, and hast nothing, but thy bare exhibition: which I protest shall bee bare indeed, if thou forsake not these unprofitable by-courses, and that timely too. Name me a profest poet, that his poetrie did ever afford him so much as a competencie. I, your god of poets there (whom all of you admire and reverence so much) Homer, he whose worme-eaten statue must not bee spewd against, but with hallowed lips, and groveling adoration, what was he? what was he?

77 *neere.* 1640, meere. 86 *revenew.* Q, Revenewes; 1640, revenews.

Tuc. Mary, I'le tell thee, old swaggrer; He was a poore, blind, riming rascall, that liv'd obscurely up and downe in boothes, and taphouses, and scarce ever made a good meale in his sleepe, the whoorson hungrie begger.

Ovid sen. He saies well: Nay, I know this nettles you now, but answere me; Is't not true? you'le tell me his name shall live; and that (now being dead) his workes have eternis'd him, and made him divine. But could this divinitie feed him, while he liv'd? Could his name feast him?

Tuc. Or purchase him a senators revenue? could it?

Ovid sen. I, or give him place in the commonwealth? worship, or attendants? make him be carried in his litter?

Tuc. Thou speakest sentences, old Bias.

Lup. All this the law will doe, yong sir, if youle follow it.

Ovid sen. If he be mine, hee shall follow and observe, what I will apt him too, or, I professe here openly, and utterly to disclaime in him.

Ovid jun. Sir, let me crave you will, forgoe these moodes;
I will be any thing, or studie any thing:

103 *Is't not true.* Q, Is't not true? Is't not true?
108–12 *Or . . . litter.* Q omits.
114–58 *All . . . old boy.* Q omits. 118 *in.* 1640 omits.

I'le prove the unfashion'd body of the law
Pure elegance, and make her ruggedst straines
Runne smoothly, as Propertius elegies.

Ovid sen. Propertius elegies? good!

Lup. Nay, you take him too quickly, Marcus.

Ovid sen. Why, he cannot speake, he cannot thinke out of poetrie, he is bewitcht with it.

Lup. Come, doe not mis-prize him.

Ovid sen. Mis-prize? I, mary, I would have him use some such wordes now: They have some touch, some taste of the law. Hee should make himselfe a stile out of these, and let his Propertius elegies goe by.

Lup. Indeed, yong Publius, he that will now hit the marke, must shoot thorough the law, we have no other planet raignes, & in that spheare, you may sit, and sing with angels. Why, the law makes a man happy, without respecting any other merit: a simple scholer, or none at all may be a lawyer.

Tuc. He tells thee true, my noble Neophyte; my little Grammaticaster, he do's: It shall never put thee to thy Mathematiques, Metaphysiques, Philosophie, and I know not what suppos'd sufficiencies; If thou canst but have the patience to plod inough, talke, and make noise inough, be impudent inough, and 'tis inough.

Lup. Three bookes will furnish you.

Tuc. And the lesse arte, the better: Besides, when it shall be in the power of thy chev'rill conscience, to doe right, or wrong, at thy pleasure, my pretty Alcibiades.

Lup. I, and to have better men then himselfe, by many thousand degrees, to observe him, and stand bare.

Tuc. True, and he to carry himselfe proud, and stately, and have the law on his side for't, old boy.

Ovid sen. Well, the day growes old, gentlemen, and I must leave you. Publius, if thou wilt hold my favour, abandon these idle fruitlesse studies that so bewitch thee. Send Janus home his back-face againe, and looke only forward to the law: Intend that. I will allow thee, what shall sute thee in the ranke of gentlemen, and maintaine thy societie with the best: and under these conditions, I leave thee. My blessings light upon thee, if thou respect them: if not, mine eyes may drop for thee, but thine owne heart wil ake for it selfe; and so farewel. What, are my horses come?

Lusc. Yes, sir, they are at the gate without.

Ovid sen. That's well. Asinius Lupus, a word. Captaine, I shall take my leave of you?

162 *bewitch.* Q, traduce.

164 *law: Intend that.* Some copies 1616 punctuate thus: law; Intend that:

Tuc. No, my little old boy, dispatch with Cothurnus there: I'le attend thee, I——

Lusc. To borrow some ten drachmes, I know his project.

Ovid sen. Sir, you shall make me beholding to you. Now Captaine Tucca, what say you.

Tuc. Why, what should I say? or what can I say, my flowre o' the order? Should I say, thou art rich? or that thou art honorable? or wise? or valiant? or learned? or liberall? Why, thou art all these, and thou knowest it (my noble Lucullus) thou knowest it: come, bee not ashamed of thy vertues, old stumpe. Honour's a good brooch to weare in a mans hat, at all times. Thou art the man of warres Mecœnas, old boy. Why shouldst not thou bee grac't then by them, as well as hee is by his poets? How now, my carrier, what newes?

Lusc. The boy has staied within for his cue, this halfe houre.

[*Enter Pyrgus.*]

Tuc. Come, doe not whisper to me, but speake it out: what? it is no treason against the state, I hope, is't?

Lusc. Yes, against the state of my masters purse.

175 *old boy.* Q, knight errant.
176 *Cothurnus.* Q, Cavalier Cothurnus.
182 *my . . . order.* Q, my most Magnanimous Mirror of Knighthood. 189 *old boy.* Q, knight.

Pyrgus. Sir, Agrippa desires you to forbeare him till the next weeke: his moyles are not yet come up.

Tuc. His moyles? now the bots, the spavin, and the glanders, and some dozen diseases more, light on him, and his moyles. What ha' they the yellowes, his moyles, that they come no faster? or are they foundred? ha? his moyles ha' the staggers belike: ha' they?

Pyrg. O no, sir: then your tongue might be suspected for one of his moyles.

Tuc. Hee owes mee almost a talent, and hee thinks to beare it away with his moyles, does hee? Sirrah, you, nut-cracker, goe your waies to him againe, and tell him I must ha' money, I: I cannot eate stones and turfes, say. What, will he clem me, and my followers? Aske him, an' he will clem me: doe, goe. He would have mee frie my jerkin, would hee? Away, setter, away. Yet, stay, my little tumbler: this old boy shall supply now. I will not trouble him, I cannot bee impportunate, I: I cannot bee impudent.

Pyrg. Alas, sir, no: you are the most maidenly blushing creature upon the earth.

Tuc. Do'st thou heare, my little sixe and fiftie, or thereabouts? Thou art not to learne the humours and tricks of that old bald cheater, Time:

219 *this old boy.* Q, the Knight.

thou hadst not this chaine for nothing. Men of worth have their chymæra's, as well as other creatures: and they doe see monsters, sometimes: they doe, they doe, brave boy.

Pyrg. Better cheape then he shall see you, I warrant him.

Tuc. Thou must let me have sixe, sixe, drachmes, I meane, old boy; thou shalt doe it: I tell thee, old boy, thou shalt, and in private too, do'st thou see? Goe, walke off: there, there. Sixe is the summe. Thy sonn's a gallant sparke, and must not be put out of a sudden: come hither, Callimachus, thy father tells me thou art too poeticall, boy, thou must not be so, thou must leave them, yong novice, thou must, they are a sort of poore starv'd rascalls; that are ever wrapt up in foule linnen; and can boast of nothing but a leane visage, peering out of a seame-rent sute; the very emblemes of beggerie. No, dost heare? turne lawyer, Thou shalt be my solicitor: Tis right, old boy, ist?

230 *brave boy.* Q omits.

239 *Callimachus, thy.* Some copies of 1616 and also Q print Callimachus. Thy

240 *boy.* Q, Slaue. *so.* Q and some copies of 1616 print colon.

241 *must, they.* Q and some copies of 1616 print Novice; thou must: They.

242 *starv'd.* Some copies of 1616, starved.

243 *linnen.* Q and some copies of 1616 with colon.

246 *No, . . . lawyer.* Q and some copies of 1616: No: . . . Lawyer. 247 *ist?* Q and some copies of 1616: Ist?

Ovid sen. You were best tell it, Captaine.

Tuc. No: fare thou well mine honest horse-man, and thou old bever. Pray thee Romane, when thou commest to towne, see me at my lodging, visit me sometimes: thou shalt be welcome, old boy. Doe not balke me, good swaggerer. Jove keepe thy chaine from pawning, goe thy waies, if thou lack money, I'le lend thee some: I'le leave thee to thy horse, now. Adieu.

Ovid sen. Farewell, good Captaine.

Tuc. Boy, you can have but halfe a share now, boy. [*Exeunt Tucca and Pyrgus.*]

Ovid sen. 'Tis a strange boldnesse, that accompanies this fellow: Come.

Ovid jun. I'le give attendance on you, to your horse, sir, please you —

Ovid sen. No: keepe your chamber, and fall to your studies; doe so: the gods of Rome blesse thee. [*Exeunt Ovid Senior, Lupus and Luscus.*]

Ovid jun. And give me stomacke to digest this law,
That should have followed sure, had I beene he.
O sacred poesie, thou spirit of artes,
The soule of science, and the queene of soules,
What prophane violence, almost sacriledge,
Hath here beene offered thy divinities!

249–50 *horse-man.* Q, Knight. 250 *Romane.* Q, Knight.
259 *now, boy.* Q, *Exit.* 266 *thee.* Q, *Exeunt.*
269 *of artes.* 1640, of *Romane* Arts, following the reading of some copies of 1616.

That thine owne guiltlesse povertie should arme
Prodigious ignorance to wound thee thus!
For thence, is all their force of argument
Drawne forth against thee; or from the abuse
Of thy great powers in adultrate braines:
When, would men learne but to distinguish spirits,
And set true difference twixt those jaded wits
That runne a broken pase for common hire,
And the high raptures of a happy muse,
Borne on the wings of her immortall thought,
That kickes at earth with a disdainefull heele,
And beats at heaven gates with her bright hooves;
They would not then with such distorted faces,
And desp'rate censures stab at poesie.
They would admire bright knowledge and their minds
Should ne're descend on so unworthy objects,
As gold, or titles: they would dread farre more,
To be thought ignorant, then be knowne poore.
" The time was once, when wit drown'd wealth: but now,
" Your onely barbarisme is t'have wit, and want.
" No matter now in vertue who excells,
" He, that hath coine, hath all perfection else.

273 *That.* Q, Hmh! that. 281 *muse.* Q, Soule.
286 *desp'rate.* Q, dudgeon.
292 *barbarisme is t'have.* Q, Barbarism's, to haue.

Act I. *Scene* III.

[*The Same.*]

Tibullus [*enters to*] *Ovid.*

Tibullus. Ovid?

Ovid. Who's there? Come in.

Tib. Good morrow, Lawyer.

Ovid. Good morrow (deare Tibullus) welcome: sit downe.

Tib. Not I. What: so hard at it? Let's see, what's here?

Nay, I will see it ——

Ovid. Pray thee away ——

Tib. If thrice in field, a man vanquish his foe,
'Tis after in his choice to serve, or no.

How now Ovid! Law-cases in verse?

Ovid. In troth, I know not: they runne from my pen

Unwittingly, if they be verse. What's the newes abroad?

Tib. Off with this gowne, I come to have thee walke.

Ovid. No, good Tibullus, I'm not now in case,

Pray' let me alone.

Scene III. Q, Scena Tertia.

3–4 *what's . . . it.* Q, Whats here? Numa in decimo nono? *Ovid.* Pray thee away.

4 *Pray thee.* 1640, pr'y thee. 12 *Pray' let.* Q, Pray thee let.

Tib. How? not in case!
S'light thou'rt in too much case, by all this law.
Ovid. Troth, if I live, I will new dresse the law,
In sprightly poesies habillaments.
Tib. The hell thou wilt. What, turne law into verse?
Thy father has school'd thee, I see. Here, reade that same.
There's subject for you: and if I mistake not,
A *Supersedeas* to your melancholy.
Ovid. How! subscrib'd Julia! ô, my life, my heaven!
Tib. Is the mood chang'd?
Ovid. Musique of wit! Note for th'harmonious spheares!
Celestiall accents, how you ravish me!
Tib. What is it, Ovid.
Ovid. That I must meete my Julia, the Princesse Julia.
Tib. Where?
Ovid. Why, at—hart, I have forgot: my passion so transports mee.
Tib. Ile save your paines: it is at Albius house, The jewellers, where the faire Lycoris lies.
Ovid. Who? Cytheris, Cornelius Gallus love?

15 *habillaments.* Q, Acoutrements.

Tib. I, heele be there too, and my Plautia.
Ovid. And why not your Delia?
Tib. Yes, and your Corinna.
Ovid. True, but my sweet Tibullus, keepe that secret:
I would not, for all Rome, it should be thought,
I vaile bright Julia underneath that name:
Julia the gemme, and jewell of my soule,
That takes her honours from the golden skie,
As beautie doth all lustre, from her eye.
The ayre respires the pure elyzian sweets,
In which she breathes: and from her lookes descend
The glories of the summer. Heaven she is,
Prays'd in her selfe above all praise: and he,
Which heares her speake, would sweare the tunefull orbes
Turn'd in his zenith onely.
Tib. Publius, thou'lt lose thy selfe.
Ovid. O, in no labyrinth, can I safelier erre,
Then when I lose my selfe in praysing her.
Hence Law, and welcome, Muses; though not rich,
Yet are you pleasing: let's be reconcilde,
And now made one. Hencefoorth, I promise faith,

40 *elyzian.* Q, 1616 U. of P., elyzium.
50 *now.* Q, and 1616, U. of P. new.

And all my serious houres to spend with you:
With you, whose musicke striketh on my heart,
And with bewitching tones steales forth my spirit,
In Julias name; faire Julia: Julias love
Shall be a law, and that sweet law I'le studie,
The law, and art of sacred Julias love:
All other objects will but abjects proove.

Tib. Come, wee shall have thee as passionate, as Propertius, anon.

Ovid. O, how does my Sextus?

Tib. Faith, full of sorrow, for his Cynthias death.

Ovid. What, still?

Tib. Still, and still more, his grieves doe grow upon him,
As doe his houres. Never did I know
An understanding spirit so take to heart
The common worke of fate.

Ovid. O my Tibullus,
Let us not blame him: for, against such chances,
The heartiest strife of vertue is not proofe.
We may read constancie, and fortitude,
To other soules: but had our selves beene strooke
With the like planet, had our loves (like his)
Beene ravisht from us, by injurious death,
And in the height, and heat of our best dayes,
It would have crackt our sinnewes, shrunke our veines,

And made our verie heart-strings jarre, like his.
Come, let's goe take him foorth, and proove, if mirth
Or companie will but abate his passion.
Tib. Content, and I implore the gods, it may.
[*Exeunt.*]

79 *it may.* Q, *Exeunt. Finis Actus Primi.*

Act II. *Scene* I.

[*A Room in the House of Albius.*]

Albius [*to him enters*] *Crispinus.*

Albius. Master Crispinus, you are welcome: Pray', use a stoole, sir. Your cousin Cytheris will come downe presently. Wee are so busie for the receiving of these courtiers here, that I can scarce be a minute with my selfe, for thinking of them: Pray you sit, sir, Pray you sit, sir.

Crispinus. I am verie well, sir. Ne're trust me, but you are most delicately seated here, full of sweet delight and blandishment! an excellent ayre, an excellent ayre!

Alb. I, sir, 'tis a prettie ayre. These courtiers runne in my minde still; I must looke out: for Jupiters sake, sit, sir. Or please you walke into the garden? There's a garden on the back-side.

Cris. I am most strenuously well, I thanke you, sir.

Alb. Much good doe you, sir. [*Exit.*]

[*Enter Chloe and two maids.*]

Chloe. Come, bring those perfumes forward a little, and strew some roses, and violets here;

Act II. Scene I. Q, Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.
Albius . . . Crispinus. F adds *Chloe, Maydes, Cytheris.*
17 *Exit.* Q.

Fye, here bee roomes savour the most pittifully ranke that ever I felt: I crie the gods mercie, my husband's in the winde of us. [*Re-enter Albius.*]

Alb. Why, this is good, excellent, excellent: well said, my sweet Chloe. Trimme up your house most obsequiously.

Chlo. For Vulcanus sake, breathe somewhere else: in troth you overcome our perfumes exceedingly, you are too predominant.

Alb. Heare but my opinion, sweet wife.

Chlo. A pinne for your pinnion. In sinceritie, if you be thus fulsome to me in everie thing, I'le bee divorc't; Gods my bodie? you know what you were, before I married you; I was a gentlewoman borne, I; I lost all my friends to be a citizens wife; because I heard indeed, they kept their wives as fine as ladies; and that wee might rule our husbands, like ladies; and doe what wee listed: doe you thinke I would have married you, else?

Alb. I acknowledge, sweet wife, she speakes the best of any woman in Italy, and mooves as mightily: which makes me, I had rather she should make bumpes on my head, as big as my two fingers, then I would offend her. But sweet wife—

Chlo. Yet againe? I'st not grace inough for

26 *Vulcanus.* Q, Vulcanes.

you, that I call you husband, and you call me wife: but you must still bee poking mee, against my will, to things?

Alb. But you know, wife; here are the greatest ladies, and gallantest gentlemen of Rome, to bee entertain'd in our house now: and I would faine advise thee, to entertaine them in the best sort, yfaith wife.

Chlo. In sinceritie, did you ever heare a man talke so idlely? You would seeme to be master? You would have your spoke in my cart? you would advise me to entertaine ladies, and gentlemen? because you can marshall your packneedles, horse-combes, hobby-horses, and wall-candlestickes in your ware-house better then I; therefore you can tell how to entertaine ladies, and gentle-folkes better then I?

Alb. O my sweet wife, upbraid me not with that: "Gaine savours sweetly from any thing; He that respects to get, must relish all commodities alike; and admit no difference betwixt oade, and frankincense; or the most precious balsamum, and a tar-barrell.

Chlo. Mary fough: You sell snuffers too, if you be remembred, but I pray you let mee buy them out of your hand; for I tell you true, I take it highly in snuffe, to learne how to entertaine gentlefolkes, of you, at these yeeres, I faith.

Alas man; there was not a gentleman came to your house i' your tother wives time, I hope? nor a ladie? nor musique? nor masques? Nor you, nor your house were so much as spoken of, before I disbast my selfe, from my hood and my fartingall, to these bumrowles, and your whale-bone-bodies.

Alb. Looke here, my sweet wife; I am mum, my deare mummia, my balsamum, my spermacete, and my verie citie of — shee has the most best, true, fæminine wit in Rome!

Cris. I have heard so, sir; and doe most vehemently desire to participate the knowledge of her faire features.

Alb. Ah, peace; you shall heare more anon: bee not seene yet, I pray you; not yet: Observe. [*Exit.*]

Chlo. 'Sbodie, give husbands the head a little more, and they'll bee nothing but head shortly; whats he there?

1st Maid. I know not forsooth.

2d Maid. Who would you speake with, sir?

Cris. I would speake with my cousin Cytheris.

2d Maid. Hee is one forsooth would speake with his cousin Cytheris.

83 *mummia.* Q, *Mumma.* *spermacete.* Q, *Sperma Cete*, &c.
90 *Observe.* Q, *Exit.* 91 *'Sbodie.* 1640 omits.

Chlo. Is she your cousin, sir?

Cris. Yes in truth, forsooth, for fault of a better.

Chlo. Shee is a gentlewoman?

Cris. Or else she should not be my cousin, I assure you.

Chlo. Are you a gentleman borne?

Cris. That I am, ladie; you shall see mine armes, if't please you.

Chlo. No, your legges doe sufficiently shew you are a gentleman borne, sir: for a man borne upon little legges, is alwayes a gentleman borne.

Cris. Yet, I pray you, vouchsafe the sight of my armes, Mistresse; for I beare them about me, to have 'hem seene: my name is Crispinus, or Cri-spinas indeed; which is well exprest in my armes, (a Face crying *in chiefe*; and beneath it a blouddie Toe, betweene three Thornes pungent.)

Chlo. Then you are welcome, sir; now you are a gentleman borne, I can find in my heart to welcome you: for I am a gentlewoman borne too; and will beare my head high inough, though 'twere my fortune to marrie a trades-man.

Cris. No doubt of that, sweet feature, your carriage shewes it in any mans eye, that is carried upon you with judgement.

123 *trades-man.* Q, Flat-cappe.
124–26 *No . . . judgement.* Q omits.

Hee is still going in and out.

Alb. Deare wife, be not angry.

Chlo. God's my passion!

Alb. Heare me but one thing; let not your maydes set cushions in the parlor windowes; nor in the dyning-chamber windowes; nor upon stooles, in eyther of them, in any case; for 'tis taverne-like; but lay them one upon another, in some out-roome, or corner of the dyning-chamber.

Chlo. Goe, goe, meddle with your bed-chamber onely, or rather with your bed in your chamber, onely; or rather with your wife in your bed onely; or on my faith, I'le not be pleas'd with you onely.

Alb. Looke here, my deare wife, entertaine that gentleman kindly, I pre'thee; — mum. [*Exit.*]

Chlo. Goe, I need your instructions indeede; anger mee no more, I advise you. Citi-sin, quoth'a! she's a wise gentlewoman yfaith, will marrie her selfe to the sinne of the citie.

Alb. But this time, and no more (by heaven) wife: hang no pictures in the hall, nor in the dyning-chamber, in any case, but in the gallerie onely, for 'tis not courtly else, o'my word, wife.

Chlo. 'Sprecious, never have done!

Alb. Wife.—— [*Exit.*]

Hee . . . out. Q, omits. 142 Q, *Exit.* 150 *o'my.* Q, on my. 152 *Wife.* Q, *Exit.*

Chlo. Doe I not beare a reasonable corrigible hand over him, Crispinus?

Cris. By this hand, ladie, you hold a most sweet hand over him.

Alb. And then for the great gilt andyrons? —

Chlo. Againe! would the andyrons were in your great guttes, for mee.

Alb. I doe vanish, wife. [*Exit.*]

Chlo. How shall I doe, Master Crispinus? here will bee all the bravest ladies in court presently, to see your cousin Cytheris: O the gods! how might I behave my selfe now, as to entertayne them most courtly?

Cris. Mary, ladie, if you will entertaine them most courtly, you must doe thus: as soone as ever your maide, or your man brings you word they are come; you must say (A poxe on 'hem, what doe they here.) And yet when they come, speake them as faire, and give them the kindest welcome in wordes, that can be.

Chlo. Is that the fashion of courtiers, Crispinus?

Cris. I assure you, it is, ladie, I have observ'd it.

Chlo. For your poxe, sir, it is easily hit on; but, 'tis not so easily to speake faire after, me thinkes?

160 *wife.* Q, *Exit* 177 *on.* Q, upon.
178 *easily.* Q, 1640, easie.

Alb. O wife, the coaches are come, on my word, a number of coaches, and courtiers.

Chlo. A poxe on them: what doe they here?

Alb. How now wife! wouldst thou not have 'hem come?

Chlo. Come? come, you are a foole, you: He knowes not the trick on't. Call Cytheris, I pray you: and good master Crispinus, you can observe, you say; let me intreat you for all the ladies behaviours, jewels, jests, and attires, that you marking as well as I, we may put both our markes together, when they are gone, and conferre of them.

Cris. I warrant you, sweet ladie; let mee alone to observe, till I turne my selfe to nothing but observation.

[*Enter Cytheris.*]

Good morrow cousin Cytheris.

Cytheris. Welcome kind cousin. What? are they come?

Alb. I, your friend Cornelius Gallus, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, with Julia the Emperors daughter, and the ladie Plautia, are lighted at the dore; and with them Hermogenes Tigellius, the excellent musician.

Cyth. Come, let us goe meet them, Chloe.

Chlo. Observe, Crispinus.

Cris. At a haires breadth, ladie, I warrant you.

Act II. *Scene* II.

[*The Same.*]

[*Enter*] *Gallus, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, Hermogenes, Julia, Plautia,* [*to*] *Cytheris, Chloe, Albius, Crispinus.*

Gallus. Health to the lovely Chloe: you must pardon me, Mistris, that I preferre this faire gentlewoman.

Cytheris. I pardon, and praise you for it, sir; and I beseech your Excellence, receive her beauties into your knowledge and favour.

Julia. Cytheris, shee hath favour, and behaviour, that commands as much of me: and sweet Chloe, know I doe exceedingly love you, and that I will approve in any grace my father the Emperour may shew you. Is this your husband?

Albius. For fault of a better, if it please your highnesse.

Chloe. Gods my life! how hee shames mee!

Cyth. Not a whit, Chloe, they all thinke you politike, and wittie; wise women choose not husbands for the eye, merit, or birth, but wealth, and soveraigntie.

Scene II. Q, Scena Secunda.

Ovid. Sir, we all come to gratulate, for the good report of you.

Tibullus. And would be glad to deserve your love, sir.

Alb. My wife will answere you all, gentlemen; I'le come to you againe presently. [*Exit.*]

Plautia. You have chosen you a most faire companion here, Cytheris, and a very faire house.

Cyth. To both which, you and all my friends, are very welcome, Plautia.

Chlo. With all my heart, I assure your ladiship.

Plau. Thankes, sweet Mistris Chloe.

Jul. You must needes come to court, ladie, yfaith, and there bee sure your welcome shall be as great to us.

Ovid. Shee will well deserve it, Madame. I see, even in her lookes, gentrie, and generall worthinesse.

Tib. I have not seene a more certaine character of an excellent disposition.

Alb. [*Re-entering.*] Wife.

Chlo. O, they doe so commend me here, the courtiers! what's the matter now?

Alb. For the banquet, sweet wife.

Chlo. Yes; and I must needs come to court, and bee welcome, the Princesse sayes. [*Exit.*]

25 *presently.* Q, *Exit.* 46 *sayes.* Q, *Exit.*

Gal. Ovid, and Tibullus, you may bee bold to welcome your Mistresses here.

Ovid. We find it so, sir.

Tib. And thanke Cornelius Gallus.

Ovid. Nay, my sweet Sextus, in faith thou art not sociable.

Propertius. Infaith, I am not, Publius; nor I cannot.
Sicke mindes, are like sicke men that burne with fevers,
Who when they drinke, please but a present tast,
And after beare a more impatient fit.
Pray, let me leave you; I offend you all,
And my selfe most.

Gal. Stay, sweet Propertius.

Tib. You yeeld too much unto your grieves, and fate,
Which never hurts, but when we say it hurts us.

Prop. O peace, Tibullus; your philosophie
Lends you too rough a hand to search my wounds.
Speake they of griefes, that know to sigh, and grieve;
The free and unconstrained spirit feeles
No weight of my oppression. [*Exit.*]

Ovid. Worthy Roman!
Me thinkes I taste his miserie; and could
Sit downe, and chide at his malignant starres.

55 *present.* Q, lingring. 65 *oppression.* Q, *Exit.*

Jul. Me thinkes I love him, that he loves so truely.

Cyth. This is the perfect'st love, lives after death.

Gal. Such is the constant ground of vertue still.

Plau. It puts on an inseparable face.

Chlo. [*Re-entering.*] Have you markt every thing, Crispinus?

Crispinus. Every thing, I warrant you.

Chlo. What gentlemen are these? doe you know them?

Cris. I, they are poets, lady.

Chlo. Poets? they did not talke of me since I went, did they?

Cris. O yes, and extold your perfections to the heavens.

Chlo. Now in sinceritie, they be the finest kind of men, that ever I knew: Poets? Could not one get the Emperour to make my husband a Poet, thinke you?

Cris. No, ladie, 'tis love, and beautie make Poets: and since you like Poets so well, your love, and beauties shall make me a Poet.

Chlo. What shall they? and such a one as these?

Cris. I, and a better then these: I would be sorry else.

Chlo. And shall your lookes change? and your haire change? and all, like these?

Cris. Why, a man may be a Poet, and yet not change his haire, lady.

Chlo. Well, wee shall see your cunning: yet if you can change your haire, I pray, doe.

Alb. [*Re-entering.*] Ladies, and lordings, there's a slight banquet staies within for you, please you draw neere, and accost it.

Jul. We thanke you, good Albius: but when shall wee see those excellent jewels you are commended to have?

Alb. At your ladiships service. I got that speech by seeing a play last day, and it did me some grace now: I see, 'tis good to collect sometimes; I'le frequent these plaies more then I have done, now I come to be familiar with courtiers.

Gal. Why, how now, Hermogenes? what ailest thou trow?

Hermogenes. A little melancholy, let me alone, pray thee.

Gal. Melancholy! how so?

Herm. With riding: a plague on all coaches for me.

Chlo. Is that hard-favour'd gentleman a poet too; Cytheris?

Cyth. No; this is Hermogenes, as humorous as a poet though: he is a Musician.

116 *pray thee.* 1640, pr'y thee.

Chlo. A Musician? then he can sing.

Cyth. That he can excellently; did you never heare him?

Chlo. O no: will he be intreated, thinke you?

Cyth. I know not. Friend, Mistresse Chloe would faine heare Hermogenes sing: are you interested in him?

Gal. No doubt, his owne humanitie will command him so farre, to the satisfaction of so faire a beautie; but rather then faile, weele all bee suiters to him.

Herm. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. Pray thee, Hermogenes.

Herm. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. For honour of this gentlewoman, to whose house, I know thou maist be ever welcome.

Chlo. That he shall in truth, sir, if he can sing.

Ovid. What's that?

Gal. This gentlewoman is wooing Hermogenes for a song.

Ovid. A song? come, he shall not denie her. Hermogenes?

Herm. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. No, the ladies must doe it, hee staies but to have their thankes acknowledg'd as a debt to his cunning.

Jul. That shall not want: our selfe will be the first shall promise to pay him more then thankes, upon a favour so worthily vouchsaf't.

[illegible]

Tib. Ist, she ever [illegible]

[illegible] intreate him.

Cri. Doe you love singing, ladye?

Chlo. O, passingly.

Cris. Intreat the ladies, to intreat [illegible]

then, I beseech you.

Chlo. I beseech your grace, intreat [illegible]

man to sing.

Jul. That we will Chloe; can he [illegible]

lently?

Chlo. I thinke so, Madame; for [illegible]

me, to intreat you, to intreat him [illegible]

Cris. Heaven, and earth! would [illegible]

Jul. Good sir, let's intreat your [illegible]

voice.

Cris. Alas, Madame, I cannot [illegible]

Plan. The gentleman is modest [illegible]

you, he sings excellently.

Ouid. Hermogenes, cleare your [illegible]

by him, here's a gentleman will [illegible]

lenge you.

Cris. Not I, sir, I'le challenge [illegible]

Tib. That's your modestie, sir, [illegible]

of an assurance of your excellencie.

him on your behalfe.

Cris. Intreat him, gentlemen, I [illegible]

Omn. Let him begin, sir [illegible]

Chlo. A Musician? then he can sing.

Cyth. That he can excellently; did you never heare him?

Chlo. O no: will he be intreated, thinke you?

Cyth. I know not. Friend, Mistresse Chloe would faine heare Hermogenes sing: are you interested in him?

Gal. No doubt, his owne humanitie will command him so farre, to the satisfaction of so faire a beautie; but rather then faile, weele all bee suiters to him.

Herm. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. Pray thee, Hermogenes.

Herm. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. For honour of this gentlewoman, to whose house, I know thou maist be ever welcome.

Chlo. That he shall in truth, sir, if he can sing.

Ovid. What's that?

Gal. This gentlewoman is wooing Hermogenes for a song.

Ovid. A song? come, he shall not denie her. Hermogenes?

Herm. 'Cannot sing.

Gal. No, the ladies must doe it, hee staies but to have their thankes acknowledg'd as a debt to his cunning.

Jul. That shall not want: our selfe will be the first shall promise to pay him more then thankes, upon a favour so worthily vouchsaf't.

Herm. Thanke you, Madame, but 'will not sing.

Tib. Tut, the onely way to winne him, is to abstaine from intreating him.

Cris. Doe you love singing, ladie?

Chlo. O, passingly.

Cris. Intreat the ladies, to intreat me to sing then, I beseech you.

Chlo. I beseech your grace, intreat this gentleman to sing.

Jul. That we will Chloe; can he sing excellently?

Chlo. I thinke so, Madame: for he intreated me, to intreat you, to intreat him to sing.

Cris. Heaven, and earth! would you tell that?

Jul. Good sir, let's intreat you to use your voice.

Cris. Alas, Madame, I cannot in truth.

Plau. The gentleman is modest: I warrant you, he sings excellently.

Ovid. Hermogenes, cleere your throat: I see by him, here's a gentleman will worthily challenge you.

Cris. Not I, sir, I'le challenge no man.

Tib. That's your modestie, sir: but wee, out of an assurance of your excellencie, challenge him in your behalfe.

Cris. I thanke you, gentlemen, I'le doe my best.

Herm. Let that best be good, sir, you were best.

Gal. O, this contention is excellent. What is't you sing, sir?

Cris. If I freely may discover, &c. Sir, I'le sing that.

Ovid. One of your owne compositions, Hermogenes. He offers you vantage enough.

Cris. Nay truely, gentlemen, I'le challenge no man —: I can sing but one staffe of the dittie neither.

Gal. The better: Hermogenes himselfe will bee intreated to sing the other.

SONG.

If I freely may discover,
What would please me in my lover:
I would have her faire, and wittie,
Savouring more of court, then cittie;
A little proud, but full of pittie:
Light, and humorous in her toying.
Oft building hopes, and soone destroying,
Long, but sweet in the enjoying,
Neither too easie, nor too hard:
All extremes I would have bard.

Gal. Beleeve me, sir, you sing most excellently.

Ovid. If there were a praise above excellence, the gentleman highly deserves it.

Herm. Sir, all this doth not yet make mee envie you: for I know I sing better then you.

Tib. Attend Hermogenes, now.

Song. Q, Cantus. 193 *may.* 1640, can. 198 *toying.* Q, with comma.

2.

Shee should be allowed her passions,
So they were but us'd as fashions;
Sometimes froward, and then frowning,
Sometimes sickish, and then swowning,
Every fit, with change, still crowning.
Purely jealous, I would have her,
Then onely constant when I crave her.
'Tis a vertue should not save her.
Thus, nor her delicates would cloy me,
Neither her peevishnesse annoy me.

Jul. Nay, Hermogenes, your merit hath long since beene both knowne, and admir'd of us.

Herm. You shall heare me sing another: now will I begin.

Gal. We shall doe this gentlemans banquet too much wrong, that staies for us, ladies.

Jul. 'Tis true: and well thought on, Cornelius Gallus.

Herm. Why 'tis but a short aire, 'twill be done presently, pray'stay; strike musique.

Ovid. No, good Hermogenes: wee'll end this difference within.

Jul. 'Tis the common disease of all your musicians, [t]hat they know no meane, to be intreated, either to begin, or end.

Alb. Please you lead the way, gentles?

233 *that*. Q, and 1616, U. of P. In other 1616 folios examined, *hat*.

All. Thankes, good Albius.

[*Exeunt all except Albius.*]

Alb. O, what a charme of thankes was here put upon me! O Jove, what a setting forth it is to a man, to have many courtiers come to his house! Sweetly was it said of a good olde house-keeper; *I had rather want meate, then want ghests:* specially, if they be courtly ghests. For, never trust me, if one of their good legges made in a house, be not worth all the good cheere, a man can make them. Hee that would have fine ghests, let him have a fine wife; he that would have a fine wife, let him come to me.

Cris. By your kind leave, Master Albius.

[*Re-entering.*]

Alb. What, you are not gone, Master Crispinus?

Cris. Yes faith, I have a desseigne drawes me hence: pray' sir, fashion me an excuse to the ladies.

Alb. Will you not stay? and see the jewels, sir? I p[r]ay you stay.

Cris. Not for a million, sir, now; Let it suffice, I must relinquish; and so in a word, please you to expiate this complement.

Alb. Mum. [*Exit.*]

236 *All.* Q, Omnes. *Albius.* Q, Exeunt.
249–50 *Crispinus.* Q, Crispine?
255 *pray.* Q is correct. 259 *Mum.* Q, *Exit.*

Cris. Ile presently goe and enghle some broker, for a Poets gowne, and bespeake a garland: and then jeweller, looke to your best jewel yfaith. [*Exit.*]

262 *yfaith.* Q. *Exit.* Finis Actus Secundi.

Act III. *Scene* I.

[*The Via Sacra.*]

Horace.

Hor. li. 1. Sat. 9.

Horace. Hmh? yes; I will begin an ode so: and it shall be to Mecœnas.

[*Enter Crispinus.*]

Crispinus. 'Slid, yonder's Horace! they say hee's an excellent poet: Mecœnas loves him. Ile fall into his acquaintance, if I can; I thinke he be composing, as he goes i' the street! ha? 'tis a good humour, and he be: Ile compose too.

Hor. Swell me a bowle with lustie wine,
Till I may see the plump Lyæus swim
Above the brim:
I drinke, as I would wright,
In flowing measure, fill'd with flame, and spright.

Cris. Sweet Horace, Minerva, and the Muses stand auspicious to thy desseignes. How far'st thou, sweete man? frolicke? rich? gallant? ha?

Hor. Not greatly gallant, sir, like my fortunes; well. I'm bold to take my leave, sir, you'ld naught else, sir, would you?

Act . . . I. Q, Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.
Horace. Q and F, *Horace, Crispinus.*
1 *Hmh.* 1640 Hah?

Cris. Troth, no, but I could wish thou did'st know us, Horace, we are a scholer, I assure thee.

Hor. A scholer, sir? I shall bee covetous of your faire knowledge.

Cris. Gramercie, good Horace. Nay, we are new turn'd Poet too, which is more; and a Satyrist too, which is more then that: I write just in thy veine, I. I am for your odes or your sermons, or any thing indeed; wee are a gentleman besides: our name is Rufus Laberius Crispinus, we are a prettie stoick too.

Hor. To the proportion of your beard, I thinke it, sir.

Cris. By Phœbus, here's a most neate fine street, is't not? I protest to thee, I am enamour'd of this street now, more then of halfe the streets of Rome, againe; 'tis so polite, and terse! There's the front of a building now. I studie architecture too: if ever I should build, I'de have a house just of that prospective.

Hor. Doubtlesse, this gallants tongue has a good turne, when hee sleepes.

Cris. I doe make verses, when I come in such a street as this: O your city-ladies, you shall ha'hem sit in every shop like the Muses — offring you the castalian dewes, and the thespian liquors, to as many as have but the sweet grace

and audacitie to — sip of their lips. Did you never heare any of my verses?

Hor. No, sir (but I am in some feare, I must, now.)

Cris. I'le tell thee some (if I can but recover 'hem) I compos'd e'en now of a dressing, I saw a jewellers wife weare, who indeede was a jewell her selfe: I preferre that kind of tire now, what's thy opinion, Horace?

Hor. With your silver bodkin, it does well, sir.

Cris. I cannot tell, but it stirres me more then all your court-curles, or your spangles, or your tricks: I affect not these high gable-ends, these tuscane-tops, nor your coronets, nor your arches, nor your pyramid's; give me a fine sweet — little delicate dressing, with a bodkin, as you say: and a mushrome, for all your other ornatures.

Hor. Is't not possible to make an escape from him?

Cris. I have remitted my verses, all this while, I thinke I ha' forgot 'hem.

Hor. Here's he, could wish you had else.

Cris. Pray Jove, I can intreat 'hem of my memorie.

Hor. You put your memorie to too much trouble, sir.

52 *dressing.* Q, velvet cap.
63 *delicate dressing.* Q, velvet Cap.

Cris. No, sweet Horace, we must not ha' thee thinke so.

Hor. I crie you mercy; then, they are my eares
That must be tortur'd: well, you must have patience, eares.

Cris. Pray thee, Horace, observe.

Hor. Yes, sir: your sattin sleeve begins to fret at the rug that is underneath it, I doe observe: And your ample velvet bases are not without evident staines of a hot disposition, naturally.

Cris. O— I'le die them into another colour, at pleasure: how many yards of velvet dost thou thinke they containe?

Hor. Hart! I have put him now in a fresh way
To vexe me more: Faith, sir, your mercers booke
Will tell you with more patience, then I can;
(For I am crost, and so's not that, I thinke.)

Cris. S'light, these verses have lost me againe: I shall not invite 'hem to mind, now.

Hor. Racke not your thoughts, good sir; rather, deferre it
To a new time; I'le meete you at your lodging,
Or where you please: Till then, Jove keepe you, sir.

81 *bases.* Q, hose.
87 *Hart!* 1640 omits.

Cris. Nay, gentle Horace, stay: I have it, now.

Hor. Yes, sir. Apollo, Hermes, Jupiter, looke down upon me.

Cris. *Rich was thy hap, sweet, deintie cap,*
There to be placed:
Where thy smooth blacke, sleeke white may smacke,
And both be graced.
white is there usurpt for her brow; her forehead: and then *sleeke*, as the paralell to *smooth*, that went before. A kind of Paranomasie, or Agnomination: doe you conceive, sir?

Hor. Excellent. Troth, sir, I must be abrupt, and leave you.

Cris. Why, what haste hast thou? pray thee, stay a little: thou shalt not goe yet, by Phœbus.

Hor. I shall not? what remedie? Fie, how I sweat with suffering!

Cris. And then ——

Hor. Pray, sir, give me leave to wipe my face a little.

Cris. Yes, doe, good Horace.

Hor. Thanke you, sir.
Death! I must crave his leave to pisse anon;
Or that I may goe hence with halfe my teeth:
I am in some such feare. This tyrannie

100 *deintie.* Q, Velvet. 119 *I.* Q omits.

Is strange, to take mine eares up by commission,
(Whether I will or no) and make them stalls
To his lewd soloecismes, and worded trash.
Happy thou, bold Bolanus, now, I say;
Whose freedome, and impatience of this fellow,
Would, long ere this, have call'd him foole, and foole,
And ranke, and tedious foole, and have slung jests
As hard as stones, till thou hadst pelted him
Out of the place: whil'st my tame modestie
Suffers my wit be made a solemne asse
To beare his fopperies ——

Cris. Horace, thou art miserably affected to be gone, I see. But — pray thee, let's prove, to enjoy thee awhile. Thou hast no businesse, I assure me. Whether is thy journey directed? ha?

Hor. Sir, I am going to visit a friend, that's sicke.

Cris. A friend? What's he? doe not I know him?

Hor. No, sir, you doe not know him; and 'tis not the worse for him.

Cris. What's his name? where's he lodg'd?

125–27 *Happy . . . foole.* Q,
Happy the bold *Bolanus*, now, I say;
Romes Common Buffon: His free Impudence
Would, long ere this, have cald this fellow, Foole;

129 *thou hadst.* Q, he had.

Hor. Where, I shall be fearefull to draw you out of your way, sir; a great way hence: Pray', sir, let's part.

Cris. Nay, but where is't? I pray thee, say.

Hor. On the farre side of all Tyber yonder, by Caesars gardens.

Cris. O, that's my course directly; I am for you. Come, goe: why stand'st thou?

Hor. Yes, sir: marry, the plague is in that part of the citie; I had almost forgot to tell you, sir.

Cris. Fow: It's no matter, I feare no pestilence, I ha' not offended Phœbus.

Hor. I have, it seemes; or else this heavie scourge
Could ne're have lighted on me ——

Cris. Come, along.

Hor. I am to goe downe some halfe mile, this way, sir, first, to speake with his physician: And from thence to his apothecary, where I shall stay the mixing of divers drugs ——

Cris. Why, it's all one. I have nothing to doe, and I love not to be idle, I'le beare thee companie. How call'st thou the pothecary?

Hor. O, that I knew a name would fright him now. Sir Rhadamanthus, Rhadamanthus, sir. There's one so cald, is a just judge, in hell,

165 *pothecary.* 1640, apothecary.
167 *Sir Rhadamanthus.* Q omits.

And doth inflict strange vengeance on all those,
That (here on earth) torment poore patient spirits.
Cris. He dwells at the three Furies, by Janus Temple?
Hor. Your pothecary does, sir.
Cris. Hart, I owe him money for sweet meates, and hee has laid to arrest me, I heare: but ——
Hor. Sir, I have made a most solemne vow: I will never baile any man.
Cris. Well then, I'le sweare, and speake him faire, if the worst come. But his name is Minos, not Rhadamanthus, Horace.
Hor. That may bee, sir: I but guest at his name by his signe. But your Minos is a judge too, sir?
Cris. I protest to thee, Horace (doe but taste mee once) if I doe know my selfe, and mine owne vertues truely, thou wilt not make that esteeme of Varius, or Virgil, or Tibullus, or any of 'hem indeed, as now in thy ignorance thou dost; which I am content to forgive: I would faine see, which of these could pen more verses in a day, or with more facilitie then I; or that could court his mistris, kisse her hand, make better sport with her fanne, or her dogge ——
Hor. I cannot baile you yet, sir.

173 *pothecary.* Q, Apothecary.

Cris. Or that could move his body more gracefully, or dance better: you shoo'd see mee, were it not i' the street ——

Hor. Nor yet.

Cris. Why, I have beene a reveller, and at my cloth of silver sute, and my long stocking, in my time, and will be againe —

Hor. If you may be trusted, sir.

Cris. And then for my singing, Hermogenes himself envies me; that is your onely master of musique you have in Rome.

Hor. Is your mother living, sir?

Cris. Au: Convert thy thoughts to somewhat else, I pray thee.

Hor. You have much of the mother in you, sir: your father is dead?

Cris. I, I thanke Jove, and my grand-father too and all my kins-folkes, and well compos'd in their urnes.

Hor. The more their happinesse; that rest in peace,
Free from th'abundant torture of thy tongue;
Would I were with them too.

Cris. What's that, Horace?

Hor. I now remember me, sir, of a sad fate
A cunning woman, one Sabella sung,
When in her urne, she cast my destinie,
I being but a child.

214 *urnes.* Q, Graves.

Cris. What was't I pray thee?

Hor. Shee told me, I should surely never perish
By famine, poyson, or the enemies sword;
The hecticke fever, cough, or pleurisie,
Should never hurt me; nor the tardie gowt:
But in my time, I should be once surpriz'd,
By a strong tedious talker, that should vexe
And almost bring me to consumption.
Therefore (if I were wise) she warn'd me shunne
All such long-winded monsters, as my bane:
For if I could but scape that one discourser,
I might (no doubt) prove an olde aged man.
By your leave, sir?

Cris. Tut, tut: abandon this idle humour, 'tis nothing but melancholy. 'Fore Jove, now I thinke ont, I am to appeare in court here, to answere to one that has me in suit; sweet Horace, goe with mee, this is my houre: if I neglect it, the law proceedes against me. Thou art familiar with these things, pray thee, if thou lov'st me, goe.

Hor. Now, let me dye, sir, if I know your lawes;
Or have the power to stand still halfe so long
In their loud courts, as while a case is argued.
Besides, you know, sir, where I am to goe,
And the necessitie. ——

243 *still.* Q omits. 244 *loud courts.* Q, ( ) Courts.

Cris. 'Tis true: ——

Hor. I hope the houre of my release be come: Hee will (upon this consideration) discharge me, sure.

Cris. Troth, I am doubtfull, what I may best doe; whether to leave thee, or my affaires, Horace?

Hor. O Jupiter, mee, sir; mee, by any meanes: I beseech you, mee, sir.

Cris. No faith, I'le venture those now: Thou shalt see I love thee, come Horace.

Hor. Nay then, I am desperate: I follow you, sir. 'Tis hard contending with a man that overcomes thus.

Cris. And how deales Mecœnas with thee? liberally? ha? Is he open-handed? bountifull?

Hor. Hee's still himselfe, sir.

Cris. Troth, Horace, thou art exceeding happy in thy friends and acquaintance; they are almost choice spirits, and of the first ranke of Romanes: I doe not know that poet, I protest, ha's us'd his fortune more prosperously, then thou hast. If thou would'st bring me knowne to Mecœnas, I should second thy desert well; thou should'st find a good sure assistant of mee: one, that would speake all good of thee in thy absence, and be content with the next place, not envying

271 *assistant.* Q, Assistance.

thy reputation with thy patron. Let me not live,
but I thinke thou and I (in a small time) should
lift them all out of favour, both Virgil, Varius,
and the best of them; and enjoy him wholy to
our selves.

Hor. Gods, you doe know it, I can hold no
longer;
This brize hath prickt my patience: Sir, your
silkenesse
Cleerely mistakes Mecœnas, and his house;
To thinke, there breathes a spirit beneath his
roofe,
Subject unto those poore affections
Of under-mining envie, and detraction,
Moodes, onely proper to base groveling minds;
That place is not in Rome, I dare affirme,
More pure, or free, from such low common evils.
There's no man greev'd, that this is thought
more rich,
Or this more learned; each man hath his place,
And to his merit, his reward of grace:
Which with a mutuall love they all embrace.

Cris. You report a wonder! 'tis scarce credible, this.

Hor. I am no torture, to enforce you to beleeve it, but 'tis so.

Cris. Why, this enflames mee with a more

294 *torture.* Q, Torturer.

ardent desire to bee his, then before: but, I doubt I shall find the entrance, to his familiaritie, somwhat more then difficult, Horace.

Hor. Tut, you'le conquer him, as you have done me; There's no standing out against you, sir, I see that. Either your importunitie, or the intimation of your good parts; or ——

Cris. Nay, I'le bribe his porter, and the groomes of his chamber; make his doores open to mee that way, first: and then I'le observe my times. Say, he should extrude mee his house to day; shall I therefore desist, or let fall my suite, to morrow? No: I'le attend him, follow him, meet him i' the street, the high waies, run by his coach, never leave him. What? Man hath nothing given him, in this life, without much labour.

Hor. And impudence.

Archer of heaven, Phœbus, take thy bow,
And with a full drawne shaft, naile to the earth
This Python; that I may yet run hence, and live:
Or brawnie Hercules, doe thou come downe,
And (though thou mak'st it up thy thirteenth labour)
Rescue me from this Hydra of discourse, here.

302 *importunitie.* Q, Importunacy.

Act III. *Scene* II.

[*The Same.*]

Aristius [*enters to*], *Horace* [*and*], *Crispinus.*

Aristius. Horace, well met.
Horace. O welcome, my releever,
Aristius, as thou lov'st me, ransome me.
Aris. What ayl'st thou, man?
Hor. 'Death, I am seaz'd on here
By a land-remora, I cannot stirre;
Not move, but as he please.
Cris. Wilt thou goe, Horace?
Hor. 'Hart! he cleaves to me like Alcides shirt,
Tearing my flesh, and sinnewes; ô, I ha' beene vext
And tortur'd with him, beyond fortie fevers.
For Joves sake, find some meanes, to take me from him.
Aris. Yes, I will: but I'le goe first, and tell Mecœnas.
Cris. Come, shall we goe?
Aris. The jest will make his eyes runne, yfaith.
Hor. Nay, Aristius?
Aris. Farewell, Horace,

Scene II. Q, Scena Secunda.
1 *releever.* Q, Redeemer.
5 *please.* 1640, pleases.
8 *beyond.* Q, worse then.

Hor. 'Death! will a'leave me? Fuscus Aristius, doe you heare? Gods of Rome! you said, you had somewhat to say to me, in private.

Aris. I, but I see, you are now imploi'd with that gentleman: 'twere offence to trouble you. I'le take some fitter oportunite, farewell. [*Exit.*]

Hor. Mischiefe, and torment! ô, my soule, and heart,
How are you crampt with anguish! Death it selfe
Brings not the like convulsions. ô, this day,
That ever I should view thy tedious face——

Cris. Horace, what passion? what humour is this?

Hor. Away, good prodigie, afflict me not.
(A friend, and mocke me thus!) never was man
So left under the axe——how now.

Act III. *Scene* III.

[*The Same.*]

Minos, Lictors, [*enter to*] *Crispinus,* [*and*] *Horace.*

Minos. That's he, in the imbrodered hat, there, with the ash-colour'd feather: his name is Laberius Crispinus.

19 *offence.* Q, sinne.
20 *farewell.* Q, adue. *Exit.*
23 *convulsions.* Q, Convulsion.
24 *face.* Q, face?
25 *humour is.* Q, Humours.
Scene III. Q, Scena Tertia.

Lictor. Laberius Crispinus; I arrest you in the Emperours name.

Crispinus. Me, sir? doe you arrest me?

Lict. I, sir, at the sute of Master Minos the pothecarie.

Horace. Thankes, Great Apollo: I will not slip thy favour offered me in my escape, for my fortunes. [*Exit.*]

Cris. Master Minos? I know no master Minos. Where's Horace? Horace? Horace?

Min. Sir, doe not you know me?

Cris. O yes; I know you, master Minos: 'crie you mercy. But Horace? Gods me, is he gone?

Min. I, and so would you too, if you knew how. Officer, looke to him.

Cris. Doe you heare, master Minos? pray' let's be us'd like a man of our owne fashion. By Janus, and Jupiter, I meant to have paied you next weeke, every drachme. Seeke not to eclipse my reputation, thus vulgarly.

Min. Sir, your oathes cannot serve you, you know I have forborne you long.

Cris. I am conscious of it, sir. Nay, I beseech you, gentlemen, doe not exhale me thus; remember 'tis but for sweet meates——

Lict. Sweet meat must have sowre sawce, sir. Come along.

8 *pothecarie.* Q, Apothecary.
11 *fortunes.* Q, *Exit.*
16 *Gods me.* Q, Gods 'Slid.

Cris. Sweet, master Minos: I am forfeited to eternall disgrace, if you doe not commiserate. Good officer, be not so officious.

Act III. *Scene* IIII.

[*The Same.*]

Tucca, [*two Pyrgi, enter to*] *Minos*, *Lictors*, [*and*] *Crispinus*.

Tucca. Why, how now, my good brace of bloud-hounds? whither doe you dragge the gent'-man? you mungrels, you curres, you ban-dogs, wee are Captaine Tucca, that talke to you, you inhumane pilchers.

Minos. Sir, he is their prisoner.

Tuc. Their pestilence. What are you, sir?

Min. A citizen of Rome, sir.

Tuc. Then you are not farre distant from a foole, sir.

Min. A pothecarie, sir.

Tuc. I knew thou wast not a physician; fough: out of my nostrils, thou stink'st of lotium, and the syringe: away, quack-salver. Follower, my sword.

Scene IV. Q, Scena Quarta.
Tucca . . . Crispinus. Q and F add *Histrio*, *Demetrius*.
two Pyrgi. Q, F 1616, F 1640: *Pyrgus*.
2–3 *gent'man.* 1640 gentleman.
12 *thou wast.* Q, that was.

[*1st*] *Pyrgus.* Here, noble leader, youle doe no harme with it: I'le trust you.

Tuc. Doe you heare, you, good-man slave? hooke, ramme, rogue, catch-pole, lose the gent'-man, or by my velvet armes ——

Lictor. What will you doe, sir?

The Officer strikes up his heeles.

Tuc. Kisse thy hand, my honourable active varlet: and imbrace thee, thus.

[*1st*] *Pyrg.* O patient metamorphosis!

Tuc. My sword, my tall rascall.

Lict. Nay, soft, sir: Some wiser then some.

Tuc. What? and a wit to! By Pluto, thou must bee cherish'd, slave; here's three drachmes for thee: hold.

[*1st*] *Pyrg.* There's halfe his lendings gone.

Tuc. Give mee.

Lict. No, sir, your first word shall stand: I'le hold all.

Tuc. Nay, but, rogue ——

Lict. You would make a rescue of our prisoner, sir, you?

Tuc. I, a rescue? away inhumane varlet. Come, come, I never relish above one jest at most; doe not disgust me: Sirra, doe not. Rogue, I tell thee, rogue, doe not.

Lict. How, sir? rogue?

1st Pyrgus. Q and F, *Pyrgus.* 39 *disgust.* Q, disgeste.

Tuc. I, why! thou art not angrie, rascall? art thou?

Lict. I cannot tell, sir, I am little better, upon these termes.

Tuc. Ha! gods, and fiends! why, do'st heare? rogue, thou, give me thy hand; I say unto thee, thy hand: rogue. What? do'st not thou know me? not me, rogue? not Captaine Tucca, rogue?

Min. Come: pra' surrender the gentleman his sword, officer; we'll have no fighting here.

Tuc. What's thy name?

Min. Minos, an't please you.

Tuc. Minos? come, hither, Minos; Thou art a wise fellow, it seemes: Let me talke with thee.

Cris. Was ever wretch so wretched, as unfortunate I?

Tuc. Thou art one of the *centum viri*, old boy, art' not?

Min. No, indeed, master Captaine.

Tuc. Goe to, thou shalt be, then: I'le ha' thee one, Minos. Take my sword from those rascals, do'st thou see? goe, doe it: I cannot attempt with patience. What does this gentleman owe thee, little Minos?

Min. Fourescore sesterties, sir.

Tuc. What? no more? Come, thou shalt release him, Minos: what, I'le bee his baile, thou

46 *fiends.* 1640, friends.

shalt take my word, old boy, and casheere these furies: thou shalt do't, I say, thou shalt, little Minos, thou shalt.

Cris. Yes, and as I am a gentleman, and a reveller, I'le make a peece of poetrie, and absolve all, within these five daies.

Tuc. Come, Minos is not to learne how to use a gent'man of qualitie, I know; My sword: If hee pay thee not, I will, and I must, old boy. Thou shalt bee my pothecary too: ha'st good eringo's, Minos?

Min. The best in Rome, sir.

Tuc. Goe too then —— Vermine, know the house.

[*1st*] *Pyrg.* I warrant you, Collonell.

Tuc. For this gentleman, Minos?

Min. I'le take your word, Captaine.

Tuc. Thou hast it, my sword ——

Min. Yes, sir: but you must discharge the arrest, Master Crispinus.

Tuc. How, Minos? looke in the gentlemans face, and but reade his silence. Pay, pay; 'tis honour, Minos.

Cris. By Jove, sweet Captaine, you doe most infinitely endeare, and oblige me to you.

Tuc. Tut, I cannot complement, by Mars: but Jupiter love me, as I love good wordes, and good clothes, and there's an end. Thou shalt

give my boy that girdle, and hangers, when thou hast worne them a little more ——

Cris. O Jupiter! Captaine, he'shall have them now, presently: please you to be acceptive, young gentleman.

[*1st*] *Pyrg.* Yes, sir, feare not; I shall accept: I have a prettie foolish humour of taking, if you knew all.

Tuc. Not now, you shall not take, boy.

Cris. By my truth, and earnest, but hee shall, Captaine, by your leave.

Tuc. Nay, and a 'sweare by his truth, and earnest, take it boy: doe not make a gent'man forsworne.

Lict. Well, sir, there is your sword; but thanke master Minos: you had not carried it as you doe, else.

Tuc. Minos is just, and you are knaves, and ——

Lict. What say you, sir?

Tuc. Passe on, my good scoundrell, passe on, I honour thee: But, that I hate to have action with such base rogues as these; you should ha'seene me unrip their noses now, and have sent 'hem to the next barbers, to stitching: for, doe you see — I am a man of humour, and I doe love the varlets, the honest varlets; they have wit, and valour:

106 *hee shall.* Q, a'shal. 108–09 *and earnest.* Q omits.

and are indeed good profitable [*Exeunt Lictors.*]
——errant rogues, as any live in an empire.
Doest thou heare, Poetaster? second me. Stand
up (Minos) close, gather, yet, so. Sir (thou shalt
have a quarter share, bee resolute) you shall, at
my request, take Minos by the hand, here, little
Minos, I will have it so; all friends, and a health:
Be not inexorable. And thou shalt impart the
wine, old boy, thou shalt do't, little Minos, thou
shalt: make us pay it in our physicke. What?
we must live, and honour the gods, sometimes;
now Bacchus, now Comus, now Priapus: every
[*Enter Histrio, followed by Demetrius.*]
god, a little. What's he, that stalkes by, there?
boy, Pyrgus, you were best let him passe, sirrah;
doe, ferret, let him passe, doe.

[*1st*] *Pyrg.* 'Tis a player, sir.

Tuc. A player? Call him, call the lowsie slave
hither: what, will he saile by, and not once
strike, or vaile to a man of warre? ha? doe you
heare? you, player, rogue, stalker, come backe
here: no respect to men of worship, you slave?
What, you are proud, you rascall, are you proud?
ha? you grow rich, doe you? and purchase, you
two-penny teare-mouth? you have fortune, and

125 *errant.* Q, Arrant.
138 *ferret.* Q, Leveret.
141 *what, will.* Q, what'l.
146–47 *you two-penny teare-mouth?* Q omits.

the good yeere on your side, you stinkard? you have? you have?

Histrio. Nay, sweet Captaine, be confin'd to some reason; I protest I saw you not, sir.

Tuc. You did not? where was your sight, Oedipus? you walke with hares eies, doe you? I'le ha' 'hem glas'd rogue; and you say the word, they shall be glaz'd for you: come, we must have you turne fiddler againe, slave, 'get a base violin at your backe, and march in a tawnie coate, with one sleeve, to Goose-faire, and then you'll know us; you'll see us then; you will, gulch, you will? Then, wil't please your worship to have any musicke, Captaine?

Hist. Nay, good Captaine.

Tuc. What, doe you laugh, Owleglas? death, you perstemptuous varlet, I am none of your fellowes: I have commanded a hundred and fiftie such rogues, I.

1st Pyr. I, and most of that hundred and fiftie, have beene leaders of a legion.

Hist. If I have exhibited wrong, I'le tender satisfaction, Captaine.

Tuc. Sai'st thou so, honest vermine? Give me thy hand, thou shalt make us a supper one of these nights.

Hist. When you please, by Jove, Captaine, most willingly.

163 *Owleglas.* Q, Howleglas.

Tuc. Doest thou 'sweare? to morrow then; say, and hold slave. There are some of you plaiers honest gent'man-like scoundrels and suspected to ha' some wit, as well as your poets; both at drinking, and breaking of jests: and are companions for gallants. A man may skelder yee, now and then, of halfe a dozen shillings, or so. Doest thou not know that Pantalabus there?

Hist. No, I assure you, Captaine.

Tuc. Goe, and bee acquainted with him, then; hee is a gent'man, parcell-poet, you slave: his father was a man of worship, I tell thee. Goe, he pens high, loftie, in a new stalking straine; bigger then halfe the rimers i' the towne, againe: he was borne to fill thy mouth, Minotaurus, he was: hee will teach thee to teare, and rand, rascall, to him, cherish his muse, goe: thou hast fortie, fortie shillings, I meane, stinkard, give him in earnest, doe, he shall write for thee, slave. If hee pen for thee once, thou shalt not need to travell, with thy pumps full of gravell, any more, after a blinde jade and a hamper: and stalke upon boords, and barrell heads, to an old crackt trumpet ——

Hist. Troth, I thinke I ha' not so much about me, Captaine.

178–81 *and suspected . . . gallants.* Q omits.
183 *Pantalabus.* Q, Caprichio.
197–99 *and stalke . . . trumpet* —— Q omits.

Tuc. It's no matter: give him what thou hast: Stiffe toe, I'le give my word for the rest: though it lacke a shilling, or two, it skils not: Goe, thou art an honest shifter, I'le ha' the statute repeal'd for thee. Minos, I must tell thee, Minos, thou hast dejected yon gent'mans spirit exceedingly: do'st observe? do'st note, little Minos?

Min. Yes, sir.

Tuc. Goe to then, raise; recover, doe. Suffer him not to droop, in prospect of a player, a rogue, a stager: put twentie into his hand, twentie, sesterces, I meane, and let no bodie see: goe, doe it, the worke shall commend it selfe, be Minos, I'le pay.

Min. Yes forsooth, Captaine.

2d Pyr. Doe not we serve a notable sharke?

Tuc. And what new matters have you now afoot, sirrah? ha? I would faine come with my cockatrice one day, and see a play; if I knew when there were a good bawdie one: but they say, you ha' nothing but humours, revells, and satyres, that girde, and fart at the time, you slave.

Hist. No, I assure you, Captaine, not wee. They are on the other side of Tyber: we have

203 *Stiffe toe.* Q, Paunch
205 *shifter.* Q, Twentie i' the hundred.
213 *Sesterces.* Q, Drachmes 218 *matters.* Q, Playes.

as much ribaldrie in our plaies, as can bee, as you would wish, Captaine: all the sinners, i' the suburbs, come, and applaud our action, daily.

Tuc. I heare, you'll bring me o' the stage there; you'll play me, they say: I shall be presented by a sort of copper-lac't scoundrels of you: life of Pluto, and you stage me, stinkard; your mansions shall sweat for't, your tabernacles, varlets, your Globes, and your Triumphs.

Hist. Not we, by Phœbus, Captaine: doe not doe us imputation without desert.

Tuc. I wu' not, my good two-penny rascall: reach mee thy neufe. Do'st heare? What wilt thou give mee a weeke, for my brace of beagles, here, my little point-trussers? you shall ha' them act among yee. Sirrah, you, pronounce. Thou shalt heare him speake, in king Darius dolefull straine.

1st Pyr. O dolefull dayes! O direfull deadly dump!
O wicked world! and worldly wickednesse!
How can I hold my fist from crying, thump,
In rue of this right rascall wretchednesse!

Tuc. In an amorous vaine now, sirrah, peace.

1st Pyr. O, shee is wilder, and more hard, withall,
Then beast, or bird, or tree, or stonie wall.

233 *life.* Q, Death.

Yet might shee love me, to upreare her state:
I, but perhaps, shee hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might shee love me, to content her sire:
I, but her reason masters her desire.
Yet might shee love me as her beauties thrall:
I, but I feare, shee cannot love at all.

Tuc. Now, the horrible fierce Souldier, you, sirrah.

1st Pyr. What? will I brave thee? I, and beard thee too.
A Roman spirit scornes to beare a braine,
So full of base pusillanimitie.

Demetrius [*and*] *Hist.* Excellent.

Tuc. Nay, thou shalt see that, shall ravish thee anon: prick up thine eares, stinkard: the Ghost, boies.

1st Pyr. Vindicta.
2d Pyr. Timoria.
1st Pyr. Vindicta.
2d Pyr. Timoria.
1st Pyr. Veni.
2d Pyr. Veni.

Tuc. Now, thunder, sirrah, you, the rumbling plaier.

2d Pyr. I, but some bodie must crie (*murder*) then, in a small voice.

Tuc. Your fellow-sharer, there, shall do't; Crie, sirrah, crie.

258 *horrible.* Q, orrible. 275 *2d Pyr.* Q and 1616, *1. Pyr.*

1st Pyr. Murder, murder.

2d Pyr. Who calls out murder? lady, was it you?

Dem. [*and*] *Hist.* O, admirable good, I protest.

Tuc. Sirrah, boy, brace your drumme a little straighter, and doe the t'other fellow there, hee in the —— what sha' call him —— and yet, stay too.

2d Pyr. Nay, and thou dalliest, then I am thy foe,
And feare shall force, what friendship cannot win;
Thy death shall burie what thy life conceales,
Villaine! thou diest, for more respecting her ——

1st Pyr. O, stay my Lord.

2d Pyr. Then me: yet speake the truth, and I will guerdon thee:
But if thou dally once againe, thou diest.

Tuc. Enough of this, boy.

2d Pyr. Why then lament therefore: damn'd be thy guts unto king Plutoes hell, and princely Erebus; for sparrowes must have foode.

Hist. 'Pray, sweet Captaine, let one of them doe a little of a ladie.

Tuc. O! he will make thee eternally enamour'd of him, there: doe, sirrah, doe: 'twill allay your fellowes furie a little.

290 *her* —— Q, her, than me. 292 *Then me:* Q omits.

1st Pyr. Master mocke on: the scorne thou
givest me,
Pray Jove, some lady may returne on thee.

2d Pyr. No: you shall see mee doe the Moore: Master, lend mee your scarfe a little.

Tuc. Here, 'tis at thy service, boy.

2d Pyr. You, master Minos, harke hither a little.

They [*2d Pyr. and Minos*] *with-draw to make themselves ready.*

Tuc. How do'st like him? art not rapt? art not tickled now? do'st not applaud, rascall? do'st not applaud?

Hist. Yes: what will you aske for 'hem a weeke, Captaine?

Tuc. No, you mangonizing slave, I will not part from 'hem: you'll sell 'hem for enghles you: let's ha' good cheere to morrow-night at supper, stalker, and then wee'll talke, good capon, and plover, doe you heare, sirrah? and doe not bring your eating plaier with you there; I cannot away with him: He will eate a legge of mutton, while I am in my porridge, the leane Poluphagus, his belly is like Barathrum, he lookes like a mid-wife in mans apparell, the slave. Nor the villanous-out-of-tune fiddler Ænobarbus, bring not him. What hast thou there? sixe and thirtie? ha?

Hist. No, here's all I have (Captaine) some

309 *little.* Q, *Exeunt.*

five and twentie. Pray, sir, will you present, and accommodate it unto the gentleman: for mine owne part, I am a meere stranger to his humour: besides, I have some businesse invites me hence, with Master Asinius Lupus, the tribune.

Tuc. Well: goe thy waies: pursue thy projects, let mee alone with this desseigne; my Poetaster shall make thee a play, and thou shalt be a man of good parts, in it. But stay, let mee see: Doe not bring your Æsope, your politician; unlesse you can ram up his mouth with cloves: the slave smells ranker then some sixteene dunghills, and is seventeene times more rotten: Mary, you may bring Frisker, my zany: Hee's a good skipping swaggerer; and your fat foole there, my Mango, bring him too: but let him not begge rapiers, nor scarfes, in his over-familiar playing face, nor rore out his barren bold jests, with a tormenting laughter, betweene drunke, and drie. Doe you heare, stiffe-toe? Give him warning, admonition, to forsake his sawcy glavering grace, and his goggle eie: it does not become him, sirrah: tell him so. I have stood up and defended you I, to gent'men, when you have beene said to prey upon pu'nees, and honest citizens, for

337 *Æsope.* Q, Father Æsope. 341 *Frisker.* Q, Friskin.
347 *stiffe-toe.* Q, Rascall.
350–58 *I have . . . you* —— Q omits.

socks, or buskins: or when they ha' call'd you usurers, or brokers, or said, you were able to helpe to a peece of flesh —— I have sworne, I did not thinke so. Nor that you were the common retreats for punkes decai'd i' their practice. I cannot beleeve it of you ——

Hist. 'Thanke you, Captaine: Jupiter, and the rest of the gods confine your moderne delights, without disgust.

Tuc. Stay, thou shalt see the Moore, ere thou goest: what's he, with the halfe-armes there, that salutes us out of his cloke, like a motion? ha?

Hist. O, sir, his dubblet's a little decaied; hee is otherwise a very simple honest fellow, sir, one Demetrius, a dresser of plaies about the towne, here; we have hir'd him to abuse Horace, and bring him in, in a play, with all his gallants: as, Tibullus, Mecœnas, Cornelius Gallus, and the rest.

Tuc. And: why so, stinkard?

Hist. O, it will get us a huge deale of money (Captaine) and wee have need on't; for this winter ha's made us all poorer, then so many starv'd snakes: No bodie comes at us; not a gentleman, nor a ——

Tuc. But, you know nothing by him, doe you, to make a play of?

359 'Thanke you. Q, Yes.

Hist. Faith, not much, Captaine: but our Author will devise, that, that shall serve in some sort.

Tuc. Why, my Parnassus, here, shall helpe him, if thou wilt: Can thy Author doe it impudently enough?

Hist. O, I warrant you, Captaine, and spitefully inough too; hee ha's one of the most overflowing ranke wits, in Rome. He will slander any man that breathes, if he disgust him.

Tuc. I'le know the poore, egregious, nitty rascall, and he have these commendable qualities, I'le cherish him (stay, here comes the Tartar) I'le make a gathering for him, I: a purse, and put the poore slave in fresh rags. Tell him so, to comfort him: well said, boy.

The boy comes in on Minos shoulders, who stalkes, as he acts.

2d Pyr. Where art thou, boy? where is Calipolis?

Fight earth-quakes, in the entrailes of the earth,
And easterne whirle-windes in the hellish shades:
Some foule contagion of th'infected heavens
Blast all the trees; and in their cursed tops
The dismall night-raven, and tragicke owle
Breed, and become fore-runners of my fall.

381–82 *devise, . . . sort.* Q, devise inough.
388 *ranke.* Q, villanous. 391 *these.* Q, such.
395 *boy . . . acts.* Q omits.

Tuc. Well, now fare thee well, my honest penny-biter: Commend me to seven-shares and a halfe, and remember to morrow —— if you lacke a service, you shall play in my name, rascalls, but you shall buy your owne cloth, and I'le ha' two shares for my countenance. Let thy author stay with mee. [*Exit Histrio.*]

Dem. Yes, sir.

Tuc. 'Twas well done, little Minos, thou didst stalke well; forgive me that I said thou stunkst, Minos: 'twas the savour of a poet, I met sweating in the street, hangs yet in my nostrills.

Cris. Who? Horace?

Tuc. I; he, do'st thou know him?

Cris. O, he forsooke me most barbarously, I protest.

Tuc. Hang him fustie satyre, he smells all goate; hee carries a ram, under his arme-holes, the slave: I am the worse when I see him. Did not Minos impart?

Cris. Yes, here are twentie drachmes, he did convey.

Tuc. Well said, keepe 'hem, wee'll share anon; come, little Minos.

Cris. Faith, Captaine, I'le be bold to shew you a mistris of mine, a jewellers wife, a gallant, as we goe along.

424 *here are.* Q, here's.

Tuc. There spoke my Genius. Minos, some of thy eringoes, little Minos; send: come hither, Parnassus, I must ha' thee familiar with my little locust, here, 'tis a good vermine, they say. See, here's Horace, and old Trebatius, the great lawier, in his companie; let's avoid him, now: He is too well seconded. [*Exeunt.*]

Act III. *Scene* V.

[*The Same.*]

Horace, Trebatius [*enter*].

Hor. Sat. 1. li. 2.

Horace. There are, to whom I seeme excessive sower;
And past a satyres law, t'extend my power:
Others, that thinke what ever I have writ
Wants pith, and matter to eternise it;
And that they could, in one daies light, disclose
A thousand verses, such as I compose.
What shall I doe, Trebatius? say.
Trebatius. Surcease.
Hor. And shall my *Muse* admit no more encrease?
Treb. So I advise.

434 *say.* Q, *Exeunt. Finis Actus Tertij.*
435–37. *See, . . . seconded.* Q omits.
Act . . . Trebatius. This scene is not in Q.

Hor. An ill death let mee die.
If 'twere not best; but sleepe avoids mine eye:
And I use these, lest nights should tedious seeme.
Treb. Rather, contend to sleepe, and live like them,
That holding golden sleepe in speciall price,
Rub'd with sweet oiles, swim silver Tyber thrice,
And every ev'en, with neat wine steeped be:
Or, if such love of writing ravish thee,
Then dare to sing unconquer'd Caesars deeds;
Who cheeres such actions, with aboundant meeds.
Hor. That, father, I desire; but when I trie,
I feele defects in every facultie:
Nor is't a labour fit for every pen,
To paint the horrid troups of armed men;
The launces burst, in Gallia's slaughtred forces;
Or wounded Parthians, tumbled from their horses:
Great Caesars warres cannot be fought with words.
Treb. Yet, what his vertue in his peace affords,
His fortitude, and justice thou canst show;
As wise Lucilius, honor'd Scipio.
Hor. Of that, my powers shall suffer no neglect,
When such sleight labours may aspire respect:
But, if I watch not a most chosen time,
The humble wordes of Flaccus cannot clime

The attentive eare of Caesar; nor must I
With lesse observance shunne grosse flatterie:
For he, reposed safe in his owne merit,
Spurnes backe the gloses of a fawning spirit.
Treb. But, how much better would such accents sound,
Then, with a sad, and serious verse to wound
Pantolabus, railing in his sawcie jests?
Or Nomentanus spent in riotous feasts?
"In satyres, each man (though untoucht) complaines
"As he were hurt; and hates such biting straines.
Hor. What shall I doe? Milonius shakes his heeles
In ceaslesse dances, when his braine once feeles
The stirring fervour of the wine ascend;
And that his eyes false number apprehend.
Castor his horse; Pollux loves handie fights:
Thousand heads, a thousand choise delights.
My pleasure is in feet, my words to close,
As, both our better, old Lucilius does:
He, as his trustie friends, his bookes did trust
With all his secrets; nor, in things unjust,
Or actions lawfull, ran to other men:
So, that the old mans life, describ'd was seene
As in a votive table in his lines;
And to his steps my Genius inclines,
Lucanian, or Apulian, I not whether;

For the Venusian colonie plowes either:
Sent thither, when the Sabines were forc'd thence
(As old fame sings) to give the place defence
'Gainst such, as seeing it emptie, might make rode
Upon the empire; or there fixe abode:
Whether th' Apulian borderer it were,
Or the Lucanian violence they feare.
But this my stile no living man shall touch,
If first I be not forc'd by base reproch;
But, like a sheathed sword, it shall defend
My innocent life; for, why should I contend
To draw it out, when no malicious thiefe
Robs my good name, the treasure of my life?
O Jupiter, let it with rust be eaten,
Before it touch, or insolently threaten
The life of any with the least disease;
So much I love, and woe a generall peace.
But, he that wrongs me (better, I proclame,
He never had assai'd to touch my fame.)
For he shall weepe, and walke with every tongue
Throughout the citie, infamously song.
Servius, the Prætor, threats the lawes, and urne,
If any at his deedes repine or spurne;
The witch, Canidia, that Albucius got,
Denounceth witch-craft, where shee loveth not:
Thurius, the judge, doth thunder worlds of ill,
To such, as strive with his judiciall will;

"All men affright their foes in what they may,
"Nature commands it, and men must obay.
Observe with me; "The wolfe his tooth doth use:
"The bull his horne. And, who doth this infuse,
"But nature? There's luxurious Scaeva; Trust
His long-liv'd mother with him; His so just
And scrupulous right hand no mischiefe will;
No more, then with his heele a wolfe will kill,
Or Oxe with jaw: Mary, let him alone
With temper'd poison to remove the croane.
But, briefly, if to age I destin'd bee,
Or that quick deaths black wings inviron me;
If rich, or poore; at Rome; or fate command
I shall be banish't to some other land;
What hiew soever, my whole state shall beare,
I will write satyres still, in spight of feare.

Treb. Horace; I feare, thou draw'st no lasting breath:
And that some great mans friend will be thy death.

Hor. What? when the man that first did satyrise,
Durst pull the skin over the eares of vice;
And make, who stood in outward fashion cleare,
Give place, as foule within; shall I forbeare?
Did Laelius, or the man, so great with fame,
That from sackt Carthage fetcht his worthy name,

Storme, that Lucilius did Metellus pierce?
Or bury Lupus quick, in famous verse?
Rulers, and subjects, by whole tribes he checkt;
But vertue, and her friends did still protect:
And when from sight, or from the judgement seat,
The vertuous Scipio, and wise Laelius met,
Unbrac't, with him in all light sports, they shar'd;
Till, their most frugall suppers were prepar'd.
What e're I am, though both for wealth, and wit;
Beneath Lucilius, I am pleas'd to sit,
Yet, envy (spight of her empoisoned brest)
Shall say, I liv'd in grace here, with the best;
And, seeking in weake trash to make her wound,
Shall find me solid, and her teeth unsound:
'Lesse, learn'd Trebatius censure disagree.

Treb. No, Horace, I of force must yeeld to thee;
Only, take heed, as being advis'd by mee,
Lest thou incurre some danger: Better pause
Then rue thy ignorance of the sacred lawes;
There's justice, and great action may be su'd
'Gainst such, as wrong mens fames with verses lewd.

Hor. I, with lewd verses; such as libels bee,
And aym'd at persons of good qualitie.
I reverence and adore that just decree:

113 *sight.* Perhaps misprint for *fight*, as Dr. Mallory suggests. All copies of 1616 and 1640 folios examined read *sight*.

But if they shall be sharp, yet modest rimes
That spare mens persons, and but taxe their crimes,
Such, shall in open court, find currant passe;
Were Caesar judge, and with the makers grace.
Treb. Nay, I'le adde more; if thou thy selfe being cleare,
Shalt taxe in person a man, fit to beare
Shame, and reproch; his sute shall quickly bee
Dissolv'd in laughter, and thou thence sit free.
[*Exeunt.*]

Act IIII. *Scene* I.

[*The House of Albius.*]

Chloe, Cytheris [*enter*].

Chloe. But, sweet ladie, say: am I well inough attir'd for the court, in sadnesse?

Cytheris. Well inough? excellent well, sweet Mistris Chloe, this straight-bodied city attire (I can tell you) will stir a courtiers bloud, more, then the finest loose sacks the ladies use to be put in; and then you are as well jewell'd as any of them, your ruffe, and linnen about you, is much more pure then theirs: And for your beautie, I can tell you, there's many of them would defie the painter, if they could change with you. Mary, the worst is, you must looke to be envied, and endure a few court-frumps for it.

Chlo. O Jove, Madam, I shall buy them too cheape! Give me my muffe, and my dogge there. And will the ladies be any thing familiar with me, thinke you?

Cyth. O Juno! why, you shall see 'hem flock about you with their puffe wings, and aske you,

Act IIII. Scene I. Q, *Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*
4 *Mistris.* Q omits. 14 *Jove.* Q, God.
18 *Juno.* Q, Hercules.

where you bought your lawne? and what you paid for it? who starches you? and entreat you to helpe 'hem to some pure landresses, out of the citie.

Chlo. O Cupid! give me my fanne, and my masque too: And will the lords, and the poets there, use one well too, ladie?

Cyth. Doubt not of that: you shall have kisses from them, goe pit-pat, pit-pat, pit-pat, upon your lips, as thick as stones out of slings, at the assault of a citie. And then your eares will be so furd with the breath of their complements, that you cannot catch cold of your head (if you would) in three winters after.

Chlo. Thanke you, sweet ladie. O heaven! And how must one behave her selfe amongst 'hem? you know all.

Cyth. Faith, impudently inough, mistris Chloe, and well inough. Carrie not too much underthought betwixt your selfe and them; nor your citie mannerly word (forsooth) use it not too often in any case; but plaine, I, Madam; and, No, Madam: Nor never say, your Lordship, nor your Honor; but, you, and you my Lord, and my Ladie: the other, they count too simple, and minsitive. And though they desire to kisse heaven with their titles, yet they will count them fooles that give them too humbly.

Chlo. O intolerable, Jupiter! By my troth, ladie, I would not for a world, but you had lyen in my house: and i' faith you shall not pay a farthing, for your boord, nor your chambers.

Cyth. O, sweet Mistresse Chloe!

Chlo. I faith, you shall not ladie, nay, good ladie, doe not offer it.

Act IIII. *Scene* II.

[*The Same.*]

Cor[*nelius*] *Gallus*, [*and*] *Tibullus* [*enter to*], *Cytheris*, [*and*] *Chloe.*

Cornelius Gallus. Come, where be these ladies? By your leave, bright starres, this gentleman and I are come to man you to court: where your late kind entertainement is now to bee requited with a heavenly banquet.

Cytheris. A heavenly banquet, Gallus?

Cor. Gall. No lesse, my deare, Cytheris.

Tibullus. That were not strange, ladie, if the epithete were onely given for the companie invited thither; your selfe, and this faire gentlewoman.

Chlo. Are we invited to court, sir?

Tib. You are, ladie, by the great Princesse,

Julia: who longs to greet you with any favours, that may worthily make you an often courtier.

Chlo. In sinceritie, I thanke her, sir. You have a coach? ha' you not?

Tib. The Princesse hath sent her owne, ladie.

Chlo. O Venus! that's well: I doe long to ride in a coach most vehemently.

Cyth. But, sweet Gallus, pray you, resolve mee, why you give that heavenly prayse, to this earthly banquet?

Cor. Gall. Because (Cytheris) it must bee celebrated by the heavenly powers: All the Gods, and Goddesses will bee there; to two of which, you two must be exalted.

Chlo. A prettie fiction in truth.

Cyth. A fiction indeed, Chloe, and fit, for the fit of a poet.

Cor. Gall. Why, Cytheris, may not poets (from whose divine spirits, all the honours of the gods have beene deduc't) intreate so much honor of the gods, to have their divine presence at a poeticall banquet?

Cyth. Suppose that no fiction: yet, where are your habilities to make us two goddesses, at your feast?

Cor. Gall. Who knowes not (Cytheris) that the sacred breath of a true poet, can blow any vertuous humanitie, up to deitie?

Tib. To tell you the femall truth (which is the simple truth) ladies; and to shew that poets (in spight of the world) are able to deifie themselves: At this banquet, to which you are invited, wee intend to assume the figures of the Gods; and to give our severall Loves the formes of Goddesses. Ovid will be Jupiter; the Princesse Julia, Juno; Gallus here Apollo; you Cytheris, Pallas; I will bee Bacchus; and my Love Plautia, Ceres: And to install you, and your husband, faire Chloe, in honours, equall with ours; you shall be a Goddesse, and your husband a God.

Chlo. A God? O my god!

Tib. A God, but a lame God, ladie: for he shall be Vulcan, and you Venus. And this will make our banquet no lesse then heavenly.

Chlo. In sinceritie, it will bee sugred. Good Jove, what a prettie foolish thing it is to be a poet! But harke you, sweet Cytheris; could they not possibly leave out my husband? mee thinkes, a bodies husband do's not so well at Court: A bodies friend, or so——but husband, 'tis like your clog to your marmaset, for all the world, and the heavens.

Cyth. Tut, never feare, Chloe: your husband will be left without in the lobby, or the great chamber, when you shall be put in, i' the closet, by this lord, and by that lady.

Chlo. Nay, then I am certified: he shall goe.

Act IIII. *Scene* III.

[*The Same.*

Enter to] *Gallus, Tibullus, Cytheris, Chloe,* [*at one door,*] *Horace,* [*at another*] *Albius, Crispinus, Tucca, Demetrius.*

Gallus. Horace! Welcome.

Horace. Gentlemen, heare you the newes?

Tibullus. What newes, my Quintus?

Hor. Our melancholike friend, Propertius,
Hath clos'd himselfe, up, in his Cynthias tombe;
And will by no intreaties be drawne thence.

Albius. Nay, good master Crispinus, pray you, bring neere the gentleman.

Hor. Crispinus? Hide mee, good Gallus: Tibullus, shelter mee.

Crispinus. Make your approch, sweet Captaine.

Tib. What meanes this, Horace?

Hor. I am surpriz'd againe, farewell.

Gall. Stay, Horace.

Hor. What, and be tir'd on, by yond' vulture? No: Phœbus defend me. [*Exit.*]

Scene III. Q, Scena Tertia.

Enter . . . Demetrius. F, Gallus, Horace, Tibullus, Albius, Crispinus, Tucca, Demetrius, Cytheris, Chloe.

17 *me.* Q, *Exit.*

Tib. 'Slight! I hold my life,
This same is he met him in holy street.

Gall. Troth, 'tis like enough. This act of Propertius relisheth very strange, with me.

Tucca. By thy leave, my neat scoundrell: what, is this the mad boy you talk't on?

Cris. I: this is master Albius, Captaine.

Tuc. Give me thy hand, Agamemnon; we heare abroad, thou art the Hector of citizens: what sayest thou? are we welcome to thee, noble Neoptolemus?

Alb. Welcome, Captaine? by Jove, and all the Gods i' the capitoll ——

Tuc. No more, we conceive thee. Which of these is thy wedlocke, Menelaus? thy Hellen? thy Lucrece? that wee may doe her honor; mad boy?

Cris. Shee i' the little fine dressing, sir, is my Mistris.

Alb. For fault of a better, sir.

Tuc. A better, prophane rascall? I crie thee mercy (my good scroile) was't thou?

Alb. No harme, Captaine.

Tuc. Shee is a Venus, a Vesta, a Melpomene: Come hither, Penelope; what's thy name, Iris?

19 *holy street* Q, Via Sacra. 28 *Neoptolemus.* Q, Pyrrhus.
35 *fine dressing.* Q, veluet Cap.

Chloe. My name is Chloe, sir; I am a gentlewoman.

Tuc. Thou art in merit to be an empresse (Chloe) for an eye, and a lip; thou hast an emperors nose: kisse me againe: 'tis a vertuous punke, so. Before Jove, the gods were a sort of goslings, when they suffred so sweet a breath, to perfume the bed of a stinkard: thou hadst ill fortune, Thisbe; the fates were infatuate; they were, punke; they were.

Chlo. That's sure, sir: let me crave your name, I pray you, sir.

Tuc. I am know'n by the name of Captaine Tucca, punke; the noble Roman, punke: a gent'man, and a commander, punke.

Chlo. In good time: a gentleman, and a commander? that's as good as a poet, me thinkes.

Cris. A prettie instrument! It's my cousin Cytheris violl, this: is't not?

Cyth. Nay, play cousin, it wants but such a voice, and hand, to grace it, as yours is.

Cris. Alas, cousin, you are merrily inspir'd.

Cyth. 'Pray you play, if you love me.

Cris. Yes, cousin: you know, I doe not hate you.

Tib. A most subtill wench! How she hath baited him with a violl yonder, for a song!

59 *me thinkes.* Q omits.

Cris. Cousin, 'pray you call mistris Chloe; shee shall heare an essay of my poetrie.

Tuc. I'le call her. Come hither, cockatrice: here's one, will set thee up, my sweet punke; set thee up.

Chlo. Are you a puet, so soone, sir?

Alb. Wife: mum.

SONG.

Love is blinde, and a wanton;
In the whole world, there is scant-
one such another:
No, not his Mother.
He hath pluckt her doves, and sparrowes,
To feather his sharpe arrowes,
And alone prevaileth,
Whilst sicke Venus waileth.
But if Cypris once recover
The wag; it shall behove her
To looke better to him:
Or shee will undoe him.

Alb. O, most odoriferous musicke!

Tuc. A, ha! stinkard. Another Orpheus, you slave, another Orpheus! an Arion, riding on the backe of a dolphin, rascall!

Gall. Have you a copy of this dittie, sir?

Cris. Master Albius ha's.

Alb. I, but in truth, they are my wives verses; I must not shew 'hem.

Tuc. Shew 'hem, bankerupt, shew 'hem; they have salt in 'hem, and will brooke the aire, stinkard.

Gall. How? to his bright mistris, Canidia?

Cris. I, sir, that's but a borrowed name; as Ovids Corinna, or Propertius his Cynthia, or your Nemesis, or Delia, Tibullus.

Gall. It's the name of Horace his witch, as I remember.

Tib. Why? the ditt'is all borrowed; 'tis Horaces: hang him plagiary.

Tuc. How? he borrow of Horace? hee shall pawne himselfe to ten brokers, first. Doe you heare, Poetasters? I know you to be men of worship —— He shall write with Horace, for a talent: and let Mecœnas, and his whole colledge of criticks take his part: thou shalt do't, young Phœbus: thou shalt, Phaeton; thou shalt.

Demetrius. Alas, sir, Horace! hee is a meere spunge; nothing but humours, and observation, he goes up and downe sucking from every societie, and when hee comes home, squeazes himselfe drie againe. I know him, I.

Tuc. Thou saiest true, my poore poeticall Furie, hee will pen all hee knowes. A sharpe thornie-tooth'd satyricall rascall, flie him; hee

110–11 *I . . . worship*. Q, I knowe you to be Knightes, and men of worshippe.

carries hey in his horne: he wil sooner lose his best friend, then his least jest. What he once drops upon paper, against a man, lives eternally to upbraid him in the mouth of every slave tankerd-bearer, or water-man; not a bawd, or a boy that comes from the bake-house, but shall point at him: 'tis all dogge and scorpion; he carries poison in his teeth, and a sting in his taile. Fough, body of Jove! I'le have the slave whipt one of these daies for his satyres, and his humours, by one casheer'd clarke, or another.

Cris. Wee'll under-take him, Captaine.

Dem. I, and tickle him i' faith, for his arrogancie, and his impudence, in commending his owne things; and for his translating: I can trace him i' faith. O, he is the most open fellow, living; I had as lieve as a new sute, I were at it.

Tuc. Say no more then, but doe it; 'tis the only way to get thee a new sute; sting him, my little neufts; I'le give you instructions: I'le bee your intelligencer, we'll all joyne, and hang upon him like so many horse-leaches, the plaiers and all. We shall sup together, soone; and then wee'll conspire, i' faith.

Gall. O, that Horace had staied still, here.

Tib. So would not I: for both these would have turn'd Pythagoreans, then.

Gall. What, mute?

Tib. I, as fishes i' faith: come, ladies, shall we goe?

Cyth. We await you, sir. But mistris Chloe askes, if you have not a god to spare, for this gentleman.

Gall. Who, Captaine Tucca?

Cyth. I; hee.

Gall. Yes, if we can invite him along, he shall be Mars.

Chlo. Ha's Mars any thing to doe with Venus?

Tib. O, most of all, ladie.

Chlo. Nay, then, I pray'let him bee invited: and what shall Crispinus be?

Tib. Mercury, mistris Chloe.

Chlo. Mercury? that's a poet? is't?

Gall. No, ladie; but somewhat inclining that way: hee is a Herald at armes.

Chlo. A Herald at armes? good: and Mercury? pretty: hee ha's to doe with Venus, too?

Tib. A little, with her face, ladie; or so.

Chlo. 'Tis very well; pray' let's goe, I long to be at it.

Cyth. Gentlemen, shall we pray your companies along?

Cris. You shall not only pray, but prevaile, ladie. Come, sweet Captaine.

Tuc. Yes, I follow: but thou must not talke of this now, my little bankerupt.

153 *await.* 1640, wait.

Alb. Captaine, looke here: mum.

Dem. I'le goe write, sir.

Tuc. Doe, doe, stay: there's a drachme, to purchase ginger-bread, for thy *muse.* [*Exeunt.*]

Act IIII. *Scene* IIII.

[*House of Lupus.*

Enter] *Lupus, Histrio, Lictor, Minos.*

Lupus. Come, let us talke, here; here we may bee private: shut the dore, Lictor. You are a plaier, you say.

Histrio. I, and't please your worship.

Lup. Good: and how are you able to give this intelligence?

Hist. Mary, sir, they directed a letter to me, and my fellow-sharers.

Lup. Speake lower, you are not now i'your theater, Stager: my sword, knave. They directed a letter to you, and your fellow-sharers: forward.

Hist. Yes, sir; to hire some of our properties; as a scepter, and a crowne, for Jove; and a caduceus for Mercury: and a petasus ——

Lup. Caduceus? and petasus? Let me see

182 *muse.* Q, *Exeunt.*
Scene IIII. Q, Scena Quarta.
Enter . . . Minos. Q and F add *Mecœnas, Horace.*
Lictor. 1640, Lictors.

your letter. This is a conjuration; a conspiracy, this. Quickly, on with my buskins: I'le act a tragœdie, i' faith. Will nothing but our gods serve these poets to prophane? dispatch. Plaier, I thanke thee. The Emperour shall take knowledge of thy good service. Who's there now? Looke, knave. A crowne, and a scepter? this is good: rebellion, now?

Lictor. 'Tis your pothecary, sir, master Minos.

Lup. What tell'st thou me of pothecaries, knave? Tell him; I have affaires of state, in hand; I can talke to no pothecaries, now. Heart of me! Stay the pothecary there.

You shall see, I have fish't out a cunning peece of plot now: They have had some intelligence, that their project is discover'd, and now have they dealt with my pothecary, to poison me; 'tis so; knowing, that I meant to take physick to day: As sure as death, 'tis there. Jupiter, I thanke thee, that thou hast yet made me so much of a politician. You are welcome, sir; take the potion from him there; I have an antidote more then you wote off, sir; throw it on the ground there: So. Now fetch in the dogge; And yet we cannot tarrie to trie experiments, now: arrest him, you shall goe with me, sir; I'le tickle you, pothecarie; I'le give you a glister, i'faith. Have I the letter? I: 'tis here.

Come, your fasces, Lictors: The halfe pikes, and the halberds, take them downe from the lares, there. Plaier, assist me.

[*Enter Mæcenas and Horace.*]

Mecænas. Whither now, Asinius Lupus, with this armorie?

Lup. I cannot talke now; I charge you, assist me: Treason, treason.

Horace. How? treason?

Lup. I: if you love the Emperour, and the state, follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

Act IIII. *Scene* V.

[*A Room in the Palace.*]

Ovid, Julia, Gallus, Cytheris, Tibullus, Plautia, Albius, Chloe, Tucca, Crispinus, Hermogenes, Pyrgus [*enter*].

Ovid. Gods, and Goddesses, take your severall seates. Now, Mercury, move your caduceus, and in Jupiters name command silence.

Crispinus. In the name of Jupiter; silence.

Hermogenes. The cryer of the court hath too clarified a voice.

Gallus. Peace, Momus.

Ovid. Oh, he is the God of reprehension; let

53 *me.* Q, *Exeunt.*
Scene V. Q, Scena Quinta.

him alone. 'Tis his office. Mercury, goe forward, and proclaime after Phœbus, our high pleasure, to all the Deities that shall partake this high banquet.

Cris. Yes, sir.

Gall. The great God, Jupiter,
Of his licentious goodnesse,
Willing to make this feast, no fast
From any manner of pleasure;
Nor to bind any God or Goddesse,
To be any thing the more god or goddess, for their names:
He gives them all free licence,
To speake no wiser, then persons of baser titles;
And to be nothing better, then common men, or women.
And therefore no God
Shall need to keep himselfe more strictly to his Goddesse,
Then any man do's to his wife.
Nor any Goddesse
Shall need to keep her selfe more strictly to her God,

Cris. The great, &c.
Of his, &c.
Willing, &c.
From any, &c.
Nor to, &c.
To be, &c.
He gives, &c.
To speake, &c.
And to, &c.
And there, &c.
Shall need, &c.
Then any, &c.
Nor any, &c.
Shall need, &c.

Then any woman do's to her husband.	Then any, &c.
But, since it is no part of wisdome,	But, since, &c.
In these daies, to come into bonds;	In these, &c.
It shall be lawfull for every lover,	It shall, &c.
To breake loving oathes,	To breake, &c.
To change their lovers, and make love to others,	To change, &c.
As the heate of every ones bloud,	As the, &c.
And the spirit of our nectar shall inspire.	And the, &c.
And Jupiter, save Jupiter.	And Jupi. &c.

Tibullus. So: now we may play the fooles, by authoritie.

Herm. To play the foole by authoritie, is wisdome.

Julia. Away with your matterie sentences, Momus; they are too grave, and wise, for this meeting.

Ovid. Mercury, give our jester a stoole, let him sit by; and reach him of our cates.

Tucca. Do'st heare, mad Jupiter? Wee'll have it enacted; He, that speakes the first wise

30 &c. Q omits.

word, shall be made cuckold. What sai'st thou? Is't not a good motion?

Ovid. Deities, are you all agreed?

All. Agreed, great Jupiter.

Albius. I have read in a booke, that to play the foole wisely, is high-wisdome.

Gal. How now, Vulcan! will you be the first wizard?

Ovid. Take his wife, Mars, and make him cuckold, quickly.

Tuc. Come, cockatrice.

Chloe. No, let me alone with him, Jupiter: I'le make you take heed, sir, while you live againe; if there be twelve in a companie, that you bee not the wisest of 'hem.

Alb. No more, I will not indeed, wife, hereafter; I'le be here: mum.

Ovid. Fill us a bowle of nectar, Ganymede: we will drinke to our daughter Venus.

Gal. Looke to your wife, Vulcan: Jupiter begins to court her.

Tib. Nay, let Mars looke to it: Vulcan must doe, as Venus doe's, beare.

Tuc. Sirrah, boy: catamite. Looke, you play Ganymede well now, you slave. Doe not spill your nectar; Carrie your cup even: so. You should have rub'd your face, with whites of egges,

51 *all.* Q, Omnes.

you rascall; till your browes had shone like our sooty brothers here, as sleeke as a horn-booke: or ha' steept your lips in wine, till you made 'hem so plump, that Juno might have beene jealous of 'hem. Punke, kisse me, punke.

Ovid. Here, daughter Venus, I drinke to thee.

Chlo. 'Thanke you, good father Jupiter.

Tuc. Why, mother Juno! gods and fiends! what, wilt thou suffer this ocular temptation?

Tib. Mars is enrag'd, hee lookes bigge, and begins to stut, for anger.

Herm. Well plaid, Captaine Mars.

Tuc. Well said, minstrell Momus: I must put you in? must I? When will you be in good fooling of your selfe, fiddler? never?

Herm. O, 'tis our fashion, to be silent, when there is a better foole in place, ever.

Tuc. 'Thanke you, rascall.

Ovid. Fill to our daughter Venus, Ganymede, who fills her father with affection.

Julia. Wilt thou be ranging, Jupiter, before my face?

Ovid. Why not, Juno? why should Jupiter stand in awe of thy face, Juno?

Jul. Because it is thy wives face, Jupiter.

Ovid. What, shall a husband be afraid of his wives face? will shee paint it so horribly? Wee

are a King, cot-queane; and we will raigne in our pleasures; and wee will cudgell thee to death, if thou finde fault with us.

Jul. I will find fault with thee, King cuckoldmaker: what, shall the King of gods turne the King of good fellowes, and have no fellow in wickednesse? This makes our poets, that know our prophanenesse, live as prophane, as we: By my god-head, Jupiter; I will joyne with all the other gods, here; bind thee hand and foot; throw thee downe into earth; and make a poore poet of thee, if thou abuse me thus.

Gal. A good smart-tongu'd Goddesse; a right Juno.

Ovid. Juno, we will cudgell thee, Juno: we told thee so yesterday, when thou wert jealous of us, for Thetis.

Pyrgus. Nay, to day shee had me in inquisition, too.

Tuc. Well said, my fine Phrygian frie, informe, informe. Give mee some wine (King of Heralds) I may drinke to my cockatrice.

Ovid. No more, Ganymede, wee will cudgell thee, Juno: by Styx, we will.

Jul. I, 'tis well, Gods may grow impudent in iniquitie, and they must not be told of it——

113 *into earth.* 1640, into the earth.
127 *I, 'tis well.* Q, I'ts well.

you rascall; till your browes had shone like our sooty brothers here, as sleeke as a horn-booke: or ha' steept your lips in wine, till you made 'hem so plump, that Juno might have beene jealous of 'hem. Punke, kisse me, punke.

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113 *into earth.* 1640, into the earth.
127 *I, 'tis well.* Q, I'ts well.

Tuc. Doe, Apollo: thou art a good musician.
Gal. What saies Jupiter?
Ovid. Ha? ha?
Gal. A song.
Ovid. Why, doe, doe, sing.
Plautia. Bacchus, what say you?
Tib. Ceres?
Plau. But, to this song?
Tib. Sing, for my part.
Jul. Your belly weighes downe your head, Bacchus: here's a song toward.
Tib. Begin, Vulcan ——
Alb. What else? what else?
Tuc. Say, Jupiter ——
Ovid. Mercury ——
Cris. I, say, say ——

SONG.

Wake, our mirth begins to die:
Quicken it with tunes, and wine:
Raise your notes, you're out: fie, fie,
This drouzinesse is an ill signe.
We banish him the queere of Gods,
That droops agen:
Then all are men,
For here's not one, but nods.

Ovid. I like not this sodaine and generall heavinesse, amongst our Godheads: 'Tis somewhat

Song. Q, Cantus.

ominous. Apollo, command us lowder musicke, and let Mercury, and Momus contend to please, and revive our senses.

SONG.

Herm. *Then, in a free and lofty straine,*
Our broken tunes we thus repaire;
Cris. *And we answere them againe,*
Running division on the panting aire:
Ambo. *To celebrate this feast of sense,*
As free from scandall, as offence.
Herm. *Here is beautie, for the eye;*
Cris. *For the eare, sweet melodie;*
Herm. *Ambrosiack odours, for the smell;*
Cris. *Delicious nectar, for the taste;*
Ambo. *For the touch, a ladies waste;*
Which doth all the rest excell!

Ovid. I: This hath wak't us. Mercury, our Herald; Goe from our selfe, the great God Jupiter, to the great Emperour, Augustus Cæsar: And command him, from us (of whose bountie he hath received his sir-name, Augustus) that for a thanke-offring to our beneficence, he presently sacrifice as a dish to this banquet, his beautifull and wanton daughter Julia. Shee's a curst queane, tell him; and plaies the scold behind his backe: Therefore, let her be sacrific'd. Command him this, Mercury, in our high name of Jupiter Altitonans.

Song. Q, Cantus. 219 *excell!* Q, with period.

Jul. Stay, feather-footed Mercury, and tell Augustus, from us, the great Juno Saturnia; if he thinke it hard to doe, as Jupiter hath commanded him, and sacrifice his daughter, that hee had better to doe so ten times, then suffer her to love the well-nos'd poet, Ovid: whom he shall doe well to whip, or cause to bee whipt, about the capitoll, for soothing her, in her follies.

Act IIII. *Scene* VI.

[*The Same.*]

Cæsar, Mecœnas, Horace, Lupus, Histrio, Minos, Lictors, [*enter to*] *Ovid, Gallus, Tibullus, Tucca, Crispinus, Albius, Hermogenes, Pyrgus, Julia, Cytheris, Plautia, Chloe.*

Cæsar. What sight is this? Mecœnas! Horace! say!
Have we our senses? Doe we heare? and see?
Or, are these but imaginarie objects
Drawne by our phantasie? Why speake you not?
Let us doe sacrifice? Are they the Gods?
Reverence, amaze, and furie fight in me.
What? doe they kneele? Nay, then I see 'tis true
I thought impossible: ô, impious sight!

Let me divert mine eyes; the very thought
Everts my soule, with passion: looke not, man.
There is a panther, whose unnaturall eyes
Will strike thee dead: turne then, and die on her
With her owne death.

He offers to kill his daughter.

Mecœnas [*and*] *Horace.* What meanes imperiall Cæsar?

Cæs. What, would you have me let the strumpet live,
That, for this pageant, earnes so many deathes?

Tucca. Boy, slinke boy.

Pyrgus. 'Pray Jupiter, we be not follow'd by the sent, Master. [*Exeunt Tucca and Pyrgus.*]

Cæs. Say, sir, what are you?

Albius. I play Vulcan, sir.

Cæs. But, what are you sir?

Alb. Your citizen, and jeweller, sir.

Cæs. And what are you, dame?

Chloe. I play Venus, forsooth.

Cæs. I aske not, what you play? but, what you are?

Chlo. Your citizen, and jewellers wife, sir.

Cæs. And you, good sir?

Crispinus. Your gentleman, parcell-poet, sir.

Cæs. O, that prophaned name!

19 *sent, Master.* Q, *Exeunt.*

And are these seemely companie for thee,
Degenerate monster? all the rest I know,
And hate all knowledge, for their hatefull sakes.
Are you, that first the deities inspir'd
With skill of their high natures, and their powers,
The first abusers of their use-full light;
Prophaning thus their dignities, in their formes:
And making them like you, but counterfeits?
O, who shall follow vertue, and embrace her,
When her false bosome is found nought but aire?
And yet, of those embraces, centaures spring,
That warre with humane peace, and poyson men.
Who shall, with greater comforts, comprehend
Her unseene being, and her excellence;
When you, that teach, and should eternize her,
Live, as shee were no law unto your lives:
Nor liv'd her selfe, but with your idle breaths?
If you thinke gods but fain'd, and vertue painted,
Know, we sustaine an actuall residence;
And, with the title of an Emperour,
Retaine his spirit, and imperiall power:
By which (in imposition too remisse,
Licentious Naso, for thy violent wrong,
In soothing the declin'd affections
Of our base daughter) we exile thy feete

56 *our.* Q, my. *we.* Q, I.

From all approch, to our imperiall court,
On paine of death: and thy mis-gotten love
Commit to patronage of iron doores;
Since her soft-hearted sire cannot containe her.
Mecæ. O, good my lord; forgive: be like the Gods.
Hor. Let royall bountie (Cæsar) mediate.
Cæs. There is no bountie to be shewed to such,
As have no reall goodnesse: Bountie is
A spice of vertue: and what vertuous act
Can take effect on them, that have no power
Of equall habitude to apprehend it,
But live in worship of that idoll vice,
As if there were no vertue, but in shade
Of strong imagination, meerely enforc't?
This shewes, their knowledge is meere ignorance;
Their farre-fetcht dignitie of soule, a phansy;
And all their square pretext of gravitie
A meere vaine glorie: hence, away with 'hem.
I will preferre for knowledge, none, but such
As rule their lives by it, and can becalme
All sea of humour, with the marble trident
Of their strong spirits: Others fight below
With gnats, and shaddowes, others nothing know. [*Exeunt.*]

79 *know.* Q, *Exeunt.*

Act IIII. *Scene* VII.

[*A Street before the Palace.*

Enter] *Tucca, Crispinus* [*and*] *Pyrgus.*

Tucca. What's become of my little punke, Venus! and the poult-foot stinkard, her husband? ha?

Crispinus. O, they are rid home i'the coach, as fast as the wheeles can runne.

Tuc. God Jupiter is banisht, I heare: and his cockatrice, Juno, lockt up. 'Hart, and and all the poetrie in Parnassus get me to bee a player againe, I'le sell 'hem my share for a sesterce. But this is humours, Horace, that goat-footed envious slave; hee's turn'd fawne now, an informer, the rogue: 'tis hee has betraid us all. Did you not see him, with the Emperour, crouching.

Cris. Yes.

Tuc. Well, follow me. Thou shalt libell, and I'le cudgell the rascall. Boy, provide me a truncheon. Revenge shall gratulate him, *tam* Marti *quàm* Mercurio.

Scene VII. Q, Scena Septima.

Tucca . . . Pyrgus. 1616 and Q Tucca, Crispinus, Pyrgus, Horace, Mecœnas, Lupus, Histrio.

7 *and and.* 1640, an'.

9 *a sesterce.* Q, six pence.

Pyrgus. I, but Master; take heed how you give this out, Horace is a man of the sword.

Cris. 'Tis true, in troth: they say, he's valiant.

Tuc. Valiant? so is mine arse; gods, and fiends! I'le blow him into aire, when I meet him next: He dares not fight with a puck-fist.

Pyrg. Master, here he comes. *Horace passes by.*

Tuc. Where? Jupiter save thee, my good poet; my noble prophet; my little fat Horace. I scorne to beate the rogue i'the court; and I saluted him, thus faire, because hee should suspect nothing, the rascall: Come, wee'll goe see how forward our journey-man is toward the untrussing of him.

Cris. Doe you heare, Captaine? I'le write nothing in it but innocence: because I may sweare I am innocent.

[*Exeunt Tucca, Crispinus, and Pyrgus. Enter Horace, Mecœnas, Lupus, Histrio and Lictors.*]

Horace. Nay, why pursue you not the Emperor for your reward, now, Lupus?

Mecœnas. Stay, Asinius;
You, and your stager, and your band of Lictors:
I hope your service merits more respect,
Then thus, without a thankes, to be sent hence?

Histrio. Well, well, jest on, jest on.

Hor. Thou base unworthy groome.

28 *noble . . . Horace.* Q, my Prophet; my Noble Horace.
36 *innocent.* Q, *Exeunt.*

Lupus. I, I, 'tis good.
Hor. Was this the treason? this, the dangerous plot,
Thy clamorous tongue so bellowed through the court?
Hadst thou no other project to encrease
Thy grace with Cæsar, but this wolvish traine;
To prey upon the life of innocent mirth,
And harmlesse pleasures, bred, of noble wit?
Away, I lothe thy presence: such as thou,
They are the moths, and scarabes of a state;
The bane of empires; and the dregs of courts;
Who (to endeare themselves to any 'employment)
Care not, whose fame they blast; whose life they endanger:
And under a disguis'd, and cob-web masque
Of love, unto their soveraigne, vomit forth
Their owne prodigious malice; and pretending
To be the props, and columnes of his safety,
The guards unto his person, and his peace,
Disturbe it most, with their false lapwing-cries.
Lup. Good. Cæsar shall know of this; beleeve it.
Mecæ. Cæsar doth know it (wolfe) and to his knowledge,

45 *I, I, 'tis.* Q, I 'tis. 54 *empires.* Q, Kingdomes.
55 *any 'employment.* Q, any 'mploiement.
63 *beleeve it.* Q, *Exeunt.*

Hee will (I hope) reward your base endevours.
" Princes that will but heare, or give accesse
" To such officious spies, can ne're be safe:
" They take in poyson, with an open eare,
" And, free from danger, become slaves to feare.
[*Exeunt.*]

Act IIII. *Scene* VIII.

[*Before the Palace.*

Enter] *Ovid.*

Ovid. Banisht the court? Let me be banisht life;
Since the chiefe end of life is there concluded:
Within the court, is all the kingdome bounded,
And as her sacred spheare doth comprehend
Ten thousand times so much, as so much place
In any part of all the empire else;
So every body, mooving in her spheare,
Containes ten thousand times as much in him,
As any other, her choice orbe excludes.
As in a circle, a magician, then
Is safe, against the spirit, he excites;
But out of it, is subject to his rage,
And loseth all the vertue of his arte:

69 *feare.* Q, *Exeunt.*
Scene VIII. Q, Scena Octava.

So I, exil'd the circle of the court,
Lose all the good gifts, that in it I joy'd.
" No vertue currant is, but with her stamp.
" And no vice vicious, blaunch't with her white hand.
The court's the abstract of all Rome's desert;
And my deare Julia, th'abstract of the court.
Mee thinkes, now I come neere her, I respire
Some aire of that late comfort, I receiv'd:
And while the evening, with her modest vaile,
Gives leave to such poore shaddowes as my selfe,
To steale abroad, I, like a heart-lesse ghost,
Without the living body of my love,
Will here walke, and attend her. For I know,
Not farre from hence, shee is imprisoned,
And hopes, of her strict guardian, to bribe
So much admittance, as to speake to me,
And cheere my fainting spirits, with her breath.

Act IIII. *Scene* IX.

[*The Same.*]

Julia, Ovid.

Shee appeareth above, as at her chamber window.

Julia. Ovid? my love?

Ovid. Here, heavenly Julia.

17 *And no vice.* Q, Nor no vice.
Scene IX. Q, Scena Nona.
Shee . . . window. Q omits.

Jul. Here? and not here? O, how that word doth play
With both our fortunes, differing, like our selves,
Both one; and yet divided, as oppos'd?
I high, thou low? ô, this our plight of place
Doubly presents the two lets of our love,
Locall, and ceremoniall height, and lownesse:
Both waies, I am too high, and thou too low.
Our mindes are even, yet: Ô, why should our bodies,
That are their slaves, be so without their rule?
I'le cast my selfe downe to thee; If I die,
I'le ever live with thee: no height of birth,
Of place, of dutie, or of cruell power,
Shall keepe mee from thee; should my father locke
This body up within a tombe of brasse,
Yet I'le be with thee. If the formes, I hold
Now in my soule, be made one substance with it;
That soule immortall; and the same 'tis now;
Death cannot raze th'affects, shee now retayneth:
And then, may shee be any where shee will.
The soules of parents rule not childrens soules,
When death sets both in their dissolv'd estates;
Then is no child, nor father: then eternitie

Frees all, from any temporall respect.
I come, my Ovid, take me in thine armes:
And let me breathe my soule into thy brest.
Ovid. O, stay, my love: the hopes thou do'st conceive
Of thy quicke death, and of thy future life,
Are not autenticall. Thou choosest death,
So thou might'st joy thy love, in th'other life.
But know (my princely love) when thou art dead,
Thou onely must survive in perfect soule;
And in the soule, are no affections:
We powre out our affections with our bloud;
And with our blouds affections, fade our loves.
" No life hath love in such sweet state, as this;
" No essence is so deare to moodie sense,
" As flesh, and bloud; whose quintessence is sense.
" Beautie, compos'd of bloud, and flesh, moves more,
" And is more plausible to bloud, and flesh,
" Then spirituall beautie can be to the spirit.
Such apprehension, as we have in dreames
(When sleepe, the bond of senses, locks them up)
Such shall we have, when death destroies them quite.
If love be then thy object, change not life;

Live high, and happy still: I still below,
Close with my fortunes, in thy height, shall joy.
Jul. Ay me, that vertue, whose brave eagles wings
With every stroke, blow starres, in burning heaven;
Should like a swallow (preying toward stormes)
Fly close to earth: and with an eager plume,
Pursue those objects, which none else can see,
But seeme to all the world, the emptie aire.
Thus thou (poore Ovid) and all vertuous men
Must prey like swallowes, on invisible foode;
Pursuing flies, or nothing: and thus love,
And every worldly phansie, is transpos'd,
By worldly tyrannie, to what plight it list.
O, father, since thou gav'st me not my mind,
Strive not to rule it: Take, but what thou gav'st
To thy disposure. Thy affections
Rule not in me; I must beare all my griefes,
Let me use all my pleasures: vertuous love
Was never scandall to a Goddesse state.
But, hee's inflexible! and, my deare love,
Thy life may chance be shortned, by the length
Of my unwilling speeches to depart.
Farewell, sweet life: though thou be yet exil'd
Th'officious court, enjoy me amply, still:
My soule, in this my breath, enters thine eares,

And on this turrets floore, will I lie dead,
Till we may meet againe. In this proud height,
I kneele beneath thee, in my prostrate love,
And kisse the happy sands, that kisse thy feet.
" Great Jove submits a scepter, to a cell;
" And lovers, ere they part, will meet in hell.
Ovid. Farewell, all companie; and if I could
All light with thee: hells shade should hide my browes,
Till thy deare beauties beames redeem'd my vowes.
Jul. Ovid, my love: alas, may we not stay
A little longer (think'st thou) undescern'd?
Ovid. For thine owne goode, faire Goddesse, doe not stay:
Who would ingage a firmament of fires,
Shining in thee, for me, a falling starre?
Be gone, sweet life-bloud: if I should descerne
Thy selfe but toucht, for my sake, I should die.
Jul. I will be gone, then; and not heaven it selfe
Shall drawe me backe.
Ovid. Yet Julia, if thou wilt,
A little longer, stay.

79 *vowes.* Some copies 1616 contain stage-direction: *Shee calls him backe.* Q and 1640 omit it.
81 *undescern'd.* U. of P. 1616, undiscern'd
85 *descerne.* U. of P. 1616, discerne.
88 *backe.* Some copies 1616 contain stage-direction: *He calls her backe.* Q and 1640 omit it.

Jul. I am content.
Ovid. O, mightie Ovid! what the sway of heaven
Could not retire, my breath hath turned back.
Jul. Who shall goe first, my love? my passionate eyes
Will not endure to see thee turne from mee.
Ovid. If thou goe first, my soule will follow thee.
Jul. Then we must stay.
Ovid. Ay me, there is no stay
In amorous pleasures: if both stay, both die.
I heare thy father, hence, my deitie.
[*Exit Julia.*]
Feare forgeth sounds in my deluded eares;
I did not heare him: I am mad with love.
There is no spirit, under heaven, that workes
With such illusion: yet such witchcraft kill mee,
Ere a sound mind, without it, save my life.
Here, on my knees, I worship the blest place
That held my goddesse; and the loving aire,
That clos'd her body in his silken arms:
Vaine Ovid! kneele not to the place, nor aire;
Shee's in thy heart: rise then, and worship there.
" The truest wisdome silly men can have,
" Is dotage, on the follies of their flesh. [*Exit.*]

97 *deitie.* Q, *Exit Julia.*
109 *flesh.* Q, *Exit. Finis Actus Quarti.*

Act V. *Scene* I.

[*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter] *Cæsar, Mecœnas, Gallus, Tibullus, Horace, Equites Ro*[*mani*].

Cæsar. We, that have conquer'd still, to save
the conquer'd,
And lov'd to make inflictions feard, not felt;
Griev'd to reprove, and joyfull to reward,
More proud of reconcilement, then revenge,
Resume into the late state of our love,
Worthy Cornelius Gallus, and Tibullus:
You both are gentlemen, you, Cornelius,
A souldier of renowne; and the first provost,
That ever let our Roman eagles flie
On swarthy Ægypt, quarried with her spoiles.
Yet (not to beare cold formes, nor mens outtermes,
Without the inward fires, and lives of men)
You both have vertues, shining through your
shapes;
To shew, your titles are not writ on posts,
Or hollow statues, which the best men are,
Without Promethean stuffings reacht from heaven!

Act V. Scene I. Q, Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.
7 *gentlemen, you.* Q, Knightes; and, you.

Sweet poesies sacred garlands crowne your gentrie:
Which is, of all the faculties on earth,
The most abstract, and perfect; if shee bee
True borne, and nurst with all the sciences.
Shee can so mould Rome, and her monuments,
Within the liquid marble of her lines,
That they shall stand fresh, and miraculous,
Even, when they mixe with innovating dust;
In her sweet streames shall our brave Roman spirits
Chace, and swim after death, with their choise deeds
Shining on their white shoulders; and therein
Shall Tyber, and our famous rivers fall
With such attraction, that th'ambitious line
Of the round world shall to her center shrinke,
To heare their musicke: And, for these high parts,
Cæsar shall reverence the Pierian artes.
Mecœnas. Your Majesties high grace to poesie,
Shall stand 'gainst all the dull detractions
Of leaden soules; who (for the vaine assumings
Of some, quite worthlesse of her soveraigne wreaths)
Containe her worthiest prophets in contempt.
Gallus. Happy is Rome of all earths other states,

17 *gentrie.* Q, Knighthoodes.

To have so true, and great a president,
For her inferiour spirits to imitate,
As Cæsar is; who addeth to the sunne,
Influence, and lustre: in encreasing thus
His inspirations, kindling fire in us.
Horace. Phœbus himself shall kneel at Cæsars shrine,
And deck it with bay-garlands dew'd with wine,
To quite the worship Cæsar does to him:
Where other Princes, hoisted to their thrones
By fortunes passionate and disordered power,
Sit in their height, like clouds, before the sunne,
Hindring his comforts; and (by their excesse
Of cold in vertue, and crosse heate in vice)
Thunder, and tempest, on those learned heads,
Whom Cæsar with such honour doth advance.
Tibullus. All humane businesse fortune doth command
Without all order; and with her blinde hand,
Shee, blinde, bestowes blinde gifts: that still have nurst
They see not who, nor how, but still, the worst.
Cæs. Cæsar, for his rule, and for so much stuffe
As fortune puts in his hand, shall dispose it
(As if his hand had eyes, and soule, in it)
With worth, and judgement. "Hands, that part with gifts,

46 *quite.* 1640, quit.

" Or will restraine their use, without desert;
" Or with a miserie, numm'd to vertues right,
" Worke, as they had no soule to governe them,
" And quite reject her: sev'ring their estates
" From humane order. Whosoever can,
" And will not cherish vertue, is no man.
Eques. Virgil is now at hand, imperiall Cæsar.
Cæs. Romes honour is at hand then. Fetch a chaire,
And set it on our right hand; where 'tis fit,
Romes honour, and our owne, should ever sit.
Now he is come out of Campania,
I doubt not, he hath finisht all his Æneids,
Which, like another soule, I long t'enjoy.
What thinke* you three, of Virgil, gentlemen,
* Viz. *Mecœnas, Gallus, Tibullus.*
(That are of his profession, though rankt higher)
Or Horace, what saist thou, that art the poorest,
And likeliest to envy, or to detract?
Hor. Cæsar speakes after common men, in this,
To make a difference of me, for my poorenesse:
As if the filth of povertie sunke as deepe
Into a knowing spirit, as the bane
Of riches doth, into an ignorant soule.
No, Cæsar, they be path-lesse, moorish minds,
That being once made rotten with the dung
* *Viz. . . . Tibullus.* Q omits.

Of damned riches, ever after sinke
Beneath the steps of any villanie.
But knowledge is the nectar, that keepes sweet
A perfect soule, even in this grave of sinne;
And for my soule, it is as free, as Cæsars:
For, what I know is due, I'le give to all.
" He that detracts, or envies vertuous merit,
" Is still the covetous, and the ignorant spirit.
Cæs. Thankes, Horace, for thy free, and holsome sharpnesse:
Which pleaseth Cæsar more, then servile fawnes.
" A flatterd prince soone turnes the prince of fooles.
And for thy sake, wee'll put no difference more
Betweene the great, and good, for being poore.
Say then, lov'd Horace, thy true thought of Virgil.
Hor. I judge him of a rectified spirit,
By many revolutions of discourse
(In his bright reason[s] influence) refin'd
From all the tartarous moodes of common men;
Bearing the nature, and similitude
Of a right heavenly bodie; most severe
In fashion, and collection of himselfe:
And then as cleare, and confident, as Jove.

98 *Betweene the great, and good.* Q, 'Twixt Knights and Knightly Spirits.

102 *reason.* Some copies 1616 read reasons.

105 *bodie.* Some copies 1616 fol. with colon.

106 *himselfe.* Q with semicolon, and some copies 1616 fol. with comma.

Gall. And yet so chaste, and tender is his eare,
In suffering any syllable to passe,
That, he thinkes, may become the honour'd name
Of issue to his so examin'd selfe;
That all the lasting fruits of his full merit
In his owne poemes, he doth still distaste:
As if his mindes peece, which he strove to paint,
Could not with fleshly pencils have her right.
Tib. But, to approve his workes of soveraigne worth,
This observation (me thinkes) more then serves:
And is not vulgar. That, which he hath writ,
Is with such judgement, labour'd and distill'd
Through all the needfull uses of our lives,
That could a man remember but his lines,
He should not touch at any serious point,
But he might breathe his spirit out of him.
Cæs. You meane, he might repeat part of his workes,
As fit for any conference, he can use?
Tib. True, royall Cæsar.
Cæs. Worthily observ'd:
And a most worthie vertue in his workes.
What thinks materiall Horace, of his learning?
Hor. His learning labours not the schoole-like glosse,

126 *Worthily.* Q, 'Tis worthily.
129 *labours* 1640, savours.

That most consists in ecchoing wordes, and termes,
And soonest wins a man an empty name:
Nor any long, or far-fetcht circumstance,
Wrapt in the curious generalties of artes:
But a direct, and analyticke summe
Of all the worth and first effects of artes.
And for his poesie, 'tis so ramm'd with life,
That it shall gather strength of life, with being,
And live hereafter, more admir'd, then now.

Cæs. This one consent, in all your doomes of him,
And mutuall loves of all your severall merits,
Argues a trueth of merit in you all.

Act V. *Scene* II.

[*The Same.*

Enter Virgil to] *Cæsar, Mecœnas, Gallus, Tibullus, Horace,* [*and*] *Equites Ro*[*mani*].

Cæsar. See, here comes Virgil; we will rise and greet him:
Welcome to Cæsar, Virgil. Cæsar, and Virgil
Shall differ but in sound; to Cæsar, Virgil

Scene II. Q, Scena Secunda.
Enter . . . Romani. F, *Cæsar, Virgil, Mecœnas, Gallus, Tibullus, Horace, Equites Ro.*

(Of his expressed greatnesse) shall be made
A second sur-name, and to Virgil, Cæsar.
Where are thy famous Æneids? doe us grace
To let us see, and surfet on their sight.
Virgil. Worthlesse they are of Cæsars gracious eyes,
If they were perfect; much more with their wants:
Which yet are more, then my time could supply.
And, could great Cæsars expectation
Be satisfied with any other service,
I would not shew them.
Cæs. Virgil is too modest;
Or seekes, in vaine, to make our longings more.
Shew them, sweet Virgil.
Virg. Then, in such due feare,
As fits presenters of great workes, to Cæsar,
I humbly shew them.
Cæs. Let us now behold
A humane soule made visible in life;
And more refulgent in a senselesse paper,
Then in the sensuall complement of Kings.
Read, read, thy selfe, deare Virgil, let not me
Prophane one accent, with an untun'd tongue:
"Best matter, badly showne, shewes worse, then bad.
See then, this chaire, of purpose set for thee

To reade thy poeme in: refuse it not.
" Vertue, without presumption, place may take
" Aboue best Kings, whom onely she should make.
Virg. It will be thought a thing ridiculous
To present eyes, and to all future times
A grosse untruth; that any poet (void
Of birth, or wealth, or temporall dignity)
Should, with decorum, transcend Cæsars chaire.
" Poore vertue rais'd, high birth and wealth set under,
" Crosseth heav'ns courses, and makes worldlings wonder.
Cæs. The course of heaven, and fate it selfe, in this
Will Cæsar crosse; much more all worldly custome.
Horace. " Custome, in course of honour, ever erres:
" And they are best, whom fortune least preferres.
Cæs. Horace hath (but more strictly) spoke our thoughts.
The vast rude swinge of generall confluence
Is, in particular ends, exempt from sense:
And therefore reason (which in right should be
The speciall rector of all harmonie)
Shall shew we are a man, distinct by it,

From those, whom custome rapteth in her preasse.
Ascend then, Virgil: and where first by chance
We here have turn'd thy booke, doe thou first reade.

Virg. Great Cæsar hath his will: I will ascend.
'Twere simple injurie to his free hand,
That sweepes the cobwebs, from un-used vertue,
And makes her shine proportion'd, to her worth,
To be more nice to entertaine his grace;
Then he is choise, and liberall to afford it.

Cæs. Gentlemen of our chamber, guard the doores,
And let none enter, peace. Begin, good Virgil.

Virg. lib. 4. Æneid.

Virg. Meane while, the skies 'gan thunder; and in taile
Of that, fell powring stormes of sleet, and haile:
The Tyrian lords, and Trojan youth, each where
With Venus Dardane nephew, now, in feare*

* Iulus.

Seeke out for severall shelter through the plaine;
Whil'st flouds come rowling from the hills amaine.
Dido a cave, the Trojan Prince the same*

*Æneas.

Lighted upon. There, earth, and heavens great dame,*

* Juno.

45 *whom.* Q, that.

That hath the charge of marriage, first gave signe
Unto this contract; fire, and aire did shine,
As guiltie of the match; and from the hill
The nymphs, with shreekings, doe the region fill.
Here first began their bane; This day was ground
Of all their ills: For now, nor rumours sound,
Nor nice respect of state mooves Dido ought;
Her love, no longer now, by stealth is sought:
Shee calls this wedlocke, and with that faire name
Covers her fault. Forth-with the bruit, and fame,
Through all the greatest Lybian townes, is gone;
Fame, a fleet evill, then which is swifter none:
That moving growes, and flying gathers strength;
Little at first, and fearefull; but at length
Shee dares attempt the skies, and stalking proud
With feet on ground, her head doth pierce a cloud!
This child, our parent earth, stird up with spight
Of all the gods, brought forth; and, as some wright,
Shee was last sister of that Giant race,*

* Cœus, Enceladus, &c.

That thought to scale Joves court; right swift of pase,
And swifter, far, of wing: a monster vast,
And dreadfull. Looke, how many plumes are plac't
On her huge corps, so many waking eyes
Sticke underneath: and (which may stranger rise
In the report) as many tongues shee beares,
As many mouthes, as many listning eares.

Nightly, in midst of all the heaven, shee flies,
And through the earths darke shaddow, shreeking, cries;
Nor doe her eyes once bend, to taste sweet sleepe:
By day, on tops of houses, shee doth keepe,
Or on high towers; and doth thence affright
Cities, and townes of most conspicuous site.
As covetous shee is of tales, and lies,
As prodigall of truth: This monster, &c.

Act V. *Scene* III.

[*The Same.*

Enter] *Lupus, Tucca, Crispinus, Demetrius, Histrio, Lictors,* [*to*] *Cæsar, Virgil, Mecænas, Gallus, Tibullus, Horace,* [*and*] *Equites Ro*[*mani.*]

Lupus. Come, follow me, assist me, second me: where's the Emperour?

Eques 1. Sir, you must pardon us.

Eques 2. Cæsar is private now, you may not enter.

Tucca. Not enter? Charge 'hem, upon their allegeance, crop-shin.

Eques 1. We have a charge to the contrary, sir.

Lup. I pronounce you all traytors, horrible traytors:

What? doe you know my affaires?
I have matter of danger, and state, to impart to Cæsar.

Cæsar. What noise is there? who's that names Cæsar?

Lup. A friend to Cæsar. One that for Cæsars good, would speake with Cæsar.

Cæs. Who is't? looke, Cornelius.

Eques 1. Asinius Lupus.

Cæs. O, bid the turbulent informer hence;
We have no vacant eare, now, to receive
The unseason'd fruits of his officious tongue.

Mecœnas. You must avoid him there.

Lup. I conjure thee, as thou art Cæsar, or respect'st thine owne safetie; or the safetie of the state, Cæsar: Heare mee, speake with mee, Cæsar; 'tis no common businesse, I come about; but such as, being neglected, may concerne the life of Cæsar.

Cæs. The life of Cæsar? Let him enter. Virgil, keepe thy seat.

Equites. Beare back there: whither will you? keepe backe.

Tuc. By thy leave good man usher: mend thy perruke, so.

Lup. Lay hold on Horace there; and on Mecœnas, Lictors. Romans, offer no rescue, upon

34 *perruke.* Q, periwig.

your allegeance: Reade, royall Cæsar; I'le tickle you, Satyre.

Tuc. He will, humours, he will: He will squeeze you, Poet puckfist.

Lup. I'le lop you off, for an unprofitable branch, you satyricall varlet.

Tuc. I, and Epaminondas your patron, here, with his flaggon chaine; Come, resigne: Though 'twere your great grand-fathers, the law ha's made it mine now, sir. Looke to him, my party-colour'd rascalls; looke to him.

Cæs. What is this, Asinius Lupus? I understand it not.

Lup. Not understand it? A libell, Cæsar. A dangerous, seditious libell. A libell in picture.

Cæs. A libell?

Lup. I, I found it in this Horace his studie, in Mecœnas his house, here; I challenge the penaltie of the lawes against 'hem.

Tuc. I, and remember to begge their land betimes; before some of these hungrie court-hounds sent it out.

Cæs. Shew it to Horace: Aske him, if he know it.

Lup. Know it? His hand is at it, Cæsar.

Cæs. Then, 'tis no libell.

Horace. It is the imperfect body of an embleme, Cæsar, I began for Mecœnas.

Lup. An embleme? right: That's greeke for a libell.
Doe but marke, how confident he is.
Hor. A just man cannot feare, thou foolish Tribune;
Not, though the malice of traducing tongues,
The open vastnesse of a tyrannes eare,
The senselesse rigour of the wrested lawes,
Or the red eyes of strain'd authoritie
Should, in a point, meet all to take his life.
His innocence is armour 'gainst all these.
Lup. Innocence? Ô, impudence! Let mee see, let mee see. Is not here an Eagle? And is not that Eagle meant by Cæsar? ha? Do's not Cæsar give the eagle? Answere me; what saist thou?
Tuc. Hast thou any evasion, stinkard?
Lup. Now hee's turn'd dumbe. I'le tickle you, Satyre.
Hor. Pish. Ha, ha.
Lup. Dost thou pish me? Give me my long-sword.
Hor. With reverence to great Cæsar, worthy Romans,
Observe but this ridiculous commenter:
The soule to my device, was in this distich.
Thus, oft, the base and ravenous multitude
Survive, to share the spoiles of fortitude.

69 *tyrannes.* Q, Tyrants. 88 *Survive.* 1640, Survives.

Which in this body, I have figur'd here,
A Vulture ——

Lup. A Vulture? I; now, 'tis a Vulture. O, abominable! monstrous! monstrous! ha's not your Vulture a beake? ha's it not legges? and tallons? and wings? and feathers?

Tuc. Touch him, old Buskins.

Hor. And therefore must it be an Eagle?

Mecæ. Respect him not, good Horace: Say your device.

Hor. A Vulture, and a Wolfe ——

Lup. A Wolfe? good. That's I; I am the wolfe. My name's Lupus, I am meant by the wolfe. On, on, a Vulture, and a Wolfe ——

Hor. Preying upon the carcasse of an Asse ——

Lup. An Asse? Good still: That's I, too. I am the asse. You meane me by the asse ——

Mecæ. 'Pray thee, leave braying then.

Hor. If you will needes take it, I cannot with modestie give it from you.

Mecæ. But, by that beast, the old Ægyptians
Were wont to figure in their hieroglyphicks,
Patience, frugalitie, and fortitude;
For none of which, we can suspect you, Tribune.

Cæs. Who was it, Lupus, that inform'd you first,

This should be meant by us? or was't your comment?

Lup. No, Cæsar: A player gave mee the first light of it, indeede.

Tuc. I, an honest sycophant-like slave, and a politician, besides.

Cæs. Where is that player?

Tuc. He is without, here.

Cæs. Call him in.

Tuc. Call in the player, there: Master Æsope, call him.

Equites. Player? where is the player? Beare backe: None, but the player, enter.

Tuc. Yes: this gent'man, and his Achates must.

Cris. 'Pray you, master usher; wee'll stand close, here.

Tuc. 'Tis a gent'man of qualitie, this; though he be somewhat out of clothes, I tell yee. Come Æsope: hast a bay-leafe i'thy mouth? Well said, be not out, stinkard. Thou shalt have a monopoly of playing, confirm'd to thee and thy covey, under the Emperours broad seale, for this service.

Cæs. Is this hee?

Lup. I, Cæsar: this is hee.

127 *gent'man.* 1640, gentleman.
131 *gent'man.* 1640, gentleman. 136 *covey.* 1640, convey.

Cæs. Let him be whipt. Lictors, goe take him hence.
And Lupus, for your fierce credulitie,
One fit him with a paire of larger eares:
'Tis Cæsars doome, and must not be revok't.
We hate, to have our court, and peace disturb'd
With these quotidian clamours. See it done.
Lup. Cæsar.
Cæs. Gag him, we may have his silence.
Virg. Cæsar hath done like Cæsar. Faire, and just
Is his award, against these brainelesse creatures.
'Tis not the wholesome sharpe moralitie,
Or modest anger of a satyricke spirit,
That hurts, or wounds the bodie of a state;
But the sinister application
Of the malicious, ignorant, and base
Interpreter: who will distort, and straine
The generall scope and purpose of an authour,
To his particular, and private spleene.
Cæs. We know it, our deare Virgil, and esteeme it
A most dishonest practice, in that man,
Will seeme too wittie in anothers worke.
What would Cornelius Gallus, and Tibullus?
This while the rest whisper Cæsar.

This . . . Cæsar. Q omits.

Tuc. Nay, but as thou art a man, do'st heare? a man of worship; and honourable: Holde, here, take thy chaine againe. Resume, mad Mecœnas. What? do'st thou thinke, I meant t'have kept it, bold boy? No; I did it but to fright thee, I, to try how thou would'st take it. What? will I turne sharke, upon my friends? or my friends friends? I scorne it with my three soules. Come, I love bully Horace, as well as thou do'st, I: 'tis an honest hieroglyphick. Give mee thy wrist, Helicon. Do'st thou thinke, I'le second e're a rhinoceros of them all, against thee? ha? or thy noble Hippocrene, here? I'le turne stager first, and be whipt too: do'st thou see, bully?

Cæs. You have your will of Cæsar: use it Romanes.
Virgil shall be your Prætor; and our selfe
Will here sit by, spectator of your sports;
And thinke it no impeach of royaltie.
Our eare is now too much prophan'd (grave Maro)
With these distastes, to take thy sacred lines:
Put up thy booke, till both the time and wee
Be fitted with more hallowed circumstance
For the receiving so divine a worke.
Proceede with your desseigne.

Mecæ. Gal. Tib. Thankes, to great Cæsar.

184 *works.* Q, Labour.

Gal. Tibullus, draw you the inditement then, whil'st Horace arrests them, on the statute of Calumny: Mecœnas, and I, will take our places here. Lictors, assist him.

Hor. I am the worst accuser, under heaven.

Gal. Tut, you must do't: 'Twill be noble mirth.

Hor. I take no knowledge, that they doe maligne me.

Tib. I, but the world takes knowledge.

Hor. 'Would the world knew,
How heartily I wish, a foole should hate me.

Tuc. Body of Jupiter! What? Will they arraigne my briske Poetaster, and his poore journey-man, ha? Would I were abroad skeldring for a drachme, so I were out of this labyrinth againe: I doe feele my selfe turne stinkard, already. But I must set the best face I have, upon't now: well said, my divine, deft Horace, bring the whorson detracting slaves to the barre, doe. Make 'hem hold up their spread golls: I'le give in evidence for thee, if thou wilt. Take courage, Crispinus, would thy man had a cleane band.

Cris. What must we doe, Captaine?

Tuc. Thou shalt see anon: Doe not make division with thy legs, so.

202 *drachme.* Q, Twopence. *this.* 1640, his.

Cæs. What's he, Horace?

Hor. I only know him for a motion, Cæsar.

Tuc. I am one of thy Commanders, Cæsar; A man of service, and action; My name is Pantilius Tucca: I have serv'd i' thy warres against Marke Antony, I.

Cæs. Doe you know him, Cornelius?

Gal. Hee's one, that hath had the mustring, or convoy of a companie, now, and then: I never noted him by any other imployment.

Cæs. We will observe him better.

Tib. Lictor, proclaime silence, in the court.

Lictor. In the name of Cæsar, silence.

Tib. Let the parties, the accuser, and the accused, present themselves.

Lict. The accuser, and the accused; present your selves in court.

Cris. Demetrius. Here.

Virg. Reade the inditement.

Tib. Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius, hold up your hands. You are, before this time, joyntly and seuerally indited, and here presently to be arraigned, upon the Statute of Calumny, or Lex Remmia (The one by the name of Rufus Laberius Crispinus, aliàs Crispinas, Poetaster, and plagiary: the other, by the name of Demetrius Fannius, play dresser, and plagiary) That you (not having the feare of Phœbus, or his shafts, before your eyes)

contrary to the peace of our liege lord, Augustus Cæsar, his crowne and dignitie, and against the forme of a Statute, in that case made, and provided; have most ignorantly, foolishly, and (more like your selves) maliciously, gone about to deprave, and calumniate the person and writings of Quintus Horacius Flaccus, here present, poet, and priest to the Muses: and to that end have mutually conspir'd, and plotted, at sundry times, as by severall meanes, and in sundry places, for the better accomplishing your base and envious purpose; taxing him, falsly, of selfe-love, arrogancy, impudence, rayling, filching by translation, &c. Of all which calumnies, and every of them, in manner and forme aforesaid, what answere you? Are you guiltie, or not guiltie?

— *Tuc.* Not guiltie, say.

— *Cris. Dem.* Not guiltie.

Tib. How will you be tryed?

— *Tuc.* By the Romane Gods, and the noblest Romanes.

— *Cris. Dem.* By the Romane Gods, and the noblest Romanes.

Virg. Here sits Mecœnas, and Cornelius Gallus: Are you contented to be tryed by these?

— *Tuc.* I, so the noble Captaine may bee joyn'd with them in commission, say.

— *Cris. Dem.* I, so the noble Captaine may bee joyn'd with them in commission.

Virg. What sayes the plaintife?

Hor. I am content.

Virg. Captaine, then take your place.

Tuc. Alas, my worshipfull Prætor! 'tis more of thy gent'nesse, then of my deserving, Iwusse. But, since it hath pleas'd the court to make choice of my wisdome, and gravitie, come, my calumnious varlets: Let's heare you talke for your selves, now, an houre or two. What can you say? Make a noise. Act, act.

Virg. Stay, turne, and take an oath first. *You shall sweare,*

By thunder-darting Jove, the King of gods;
And by the Genius of Augustus Cæsar;
By your owne white, and uncorrupted soules;
And the deepe reverence of our Romane justice;
To judge this case, with truth and equitie:
As bound, by your religion, and your lawes.
Now reade the evidence: But first demand
Of either prisoner, if that writ be theirs.

Tib. Shew this unto Crispinus. Is it yours?

Tuc. Say I: what? dost thou stand upon it, pimpe? Doe not denie thine owne Minerva, thy Pallas, the issue of thy braine.

Cris. Yes, it is mine.

Tib. Shew that unto Demetrius. Is it yours?

Dem. It is.

Tuc. There's a father, will not denie his owne bastard, now, I warrant thee.

Virg. Reade them aloud.

Tib. Rampe up, my genius; be not retrogade:
But boldly nominate a spade, a spade.
What, shall thy lubricall and glibberie Muse
Live, as shee were defunct, like punke in stewes?
(*Tuc.* Excellent!)
Alas! That were no moderne consequence,
To have cothurnall buskins frighted hence.
No; teach thy incubus to poetize;
And throw abroad thy spurious snotteries,
Upon that puft-up lumpe of barmy froth,
(*Tuc.* Ah, ha!)
Or clumsie chil-blain'd judgement; that, with oath,
Magnificates his merit; and bespawles
The conscious time, with humorous fome, and brawles.
As if his organons of sense would crack
The sinewes of my patience. Breake his back,
O Poets all, and some: For now we list
Of strenuous venge-ance to clutch the fist.
Subscri[bit] *Cris*[*pinus*].

Tuc. I mary, this was written like a Hercules in *poetrie*, now.

Cæs. Excellently well threatned!

Virg. I, and as strangely worded, Cæsar.

Cæs. We observe it.

Virg. The other, now.

Cris. Q, Cris: aliàs, Innocence.

Tuc. This's a fellow of a good prodigall tongue too; this'll doe wel.

Tib. Our Muse is in mind for th'untrussing a poet:
I slip by his name; for most men doe know it:
A critick, that all the world bescumbers
With satyricall humours, and lyricall numbers:
(*Tuc.* Art thou there, boy?)
And for the most part, himselfe doth advance
With much selfe-love, and more arrogance:
(*Tuc.* Good againe.)
And (but that I would not be thought a prater)
I could tell you, he were a translater.
I know the authors from whence he ha's stole,
And could trace him too, but that I understand 'hem not full and whole.
(*Tuc.* That line is broke loose from all his fellowes: chaine him up shorter, doe.)
The best note I can give you to know him by,
Is, that he keepes gallants company;
Whom I would wish, in time should him feare,
Lest after they buy repentance too deare.
Subscri[bit] *Deme*[*trius*] *Fan*[*nius*].

Tuc. Well said. This carries palme with it.

Hor. And why, thou motly gull? why should they feare?
When hast thou knowne us wrong, or taxe a friend?

Deme. Fan. Q. De. Fannius.

I dare thy malice, to betray it. Speake.
Now thou curl'st up, thou poore, and nasty snake;
And shrink'st thy poys'nous head into thy bosome:
Out viper, thou that eat'st thy parents, hence.
Rather, such speckled creatures, as thy selfe,
Should be eschew'd, and shund: such, as will bite
And gnaw their absent friends, not cure their fame,
Catch at the loosest laughters, and affect
To be thought jesters, such, as can devise
Things never seene, or heard, t'impaire mens names,
And gratifie their credulous adversaries,
Will carrie tales, doe basest offices,
Cherish divided fires, and still increase
New flames, out of old embers, will reveale
Each secret that's committed to their trust,
These be black slaves: Romans, take heed of these.

Tuc. Thou twang'st right, little Horace, they be indeed:
A couple of chap-falne curres. Come, We of the bench,
Let's rise to the urne, and condemne 'hem, quickly.

357 *still.* Q omits.

Virg. Before you goe together (worthy Romans)
We are to tender our opinion;
And give you those instructions, that may adde
Unto your even judgement in the cause:
Which thus we doe commence. First you must know
That where there is a true and perfect merit,
There can bee no dejection; and the scorne
Of humble basenesse, oftentimes, so workes
In a high soule upon the grosser spirit,
That to his bleared, and offended sense,
There seemes a hideous fault blaz'd in the object;
When only the disease is in his eyes.
Here-hence it comes, our Horace now stands taxt
Of impudence, selfe-love, and arrogance,
By these, who share no merit in themselves;
And therefore, thinke his portion is as small.
For they, from their owne guilt, assure their soules,
If they should confidently praise their workes,
In them it would appeare inflation:
Which, in a full, and wel-digested man,
Cannot receive that foule abusive name,
But the faire title of erection.
And, for his true use of translating men,

It still hath bin a worke of as much palme
In cleerest judgements, as t'invent, or make.
His sharpenesse, that is most excusable;
As being forc't out of a suffering vertue,
Oppressed with the licence of the time:
And howsoever fooles, or jerking pedants,
Players, or such like buffon, barking wits,
May with their beggerly, and barren trash,
Tickle base vulgar eares, in their despight;
This (like Joves thunder) shall their pride controule,
"The honest Satyre hath the happiest soule.
Now, Romans, you have heard our thoughts.
With-draw, when you please.

Tib. Remove the accused from the barre.

Tuc. Who holds the urne to us? ha? Feare nothing: I'le quit you, mine honest pittifull stinkards. I'll do't.

Cris. Captaine, you shall eternally girt me to you, as I am generous.

Tuc. Goe to.

Cæs. Tibullus, let there be a case of vizards privately provided: we have found a subject to bestow them on.

Tib. It shall be done, Cæsar.

Cæs. Here be wordes, Horace, able to bastinado a mans eares.

393 *buffon, barking.* Q, Buffonary.

Hor. I. Please it great Cæsar, I have pills about me
(Mixt with the whitest kind of ellebore)
Would give him a light vomit; that should purge
His braine, and stomack of those tumorous heates:
Might I have leave to minister unto him.
Cæs. O! be his Æsculapius, gentle Horace;
You shall have leave, and he shall be your patient.
Virgil, use your authoritie, command him forth.
Virg. Cæsar is carefull of your health, Crispinus;
And hath himselfe chose a physitian
To minister unto you: take his pills.
Hor. They are somewhat bitter, sir, but very wholsome;
Take yet another, so: Stand by, they'll worke anon.
Tib. Romans, returne to your severall seates:
Lictors, bring forward the urne; and set the accused at the barre.
Tuc. Quickly, you whorson egregious varlets;
Come forward. What? shall we sit all day upon you? you make no more haste, now, then a begger upon pattins: or a physitian to a patient that ha's no money, you pilchers.

424 *sir.* Q omits. *very.* Q omits.
425 *Take yet another, so.* Q, Take another, yet; so.

Tib. Rufus Laberius Crispinus and Demetrius Fannius, hold up your hands. You have (accord-
ing to the Roman custome) put your selves upon triall to the urne, for divers and sundrie calumnies, whereof, you have before this time beene indited, and are now presently arraigned: Prepare your selves to harken to the verdict of your Tryers. Caius Cilnius Mecœnas pronounceth you, by this hand-writing, Guiltie. Cornelius Gallus, Guiltie. Pantilius Tucca ——

Tuc. Parcell-guiltie, I.

Dem. He meanes himselfe: for it was he indeed,
Suborn'd us to the calumnie.

Tuc. I, you whorson cantharides? was't I?

Dem. I appeale to your conscience, Captaine.

Tib. Then, you confesse it, now.

Dem. I doe, and crave the mercy of the court.

Tib. What saith Crispinus?

Cris. O, the Captaine, the Captaine ——

Hor. My physicke begins to worke with my patient, I see.

Virg. Captaine; stand forth and answere.

Tuc. Hold thy peace, Poet Prætor: I appeale from thee, to Cæsar, I. Doe me right, royall Cæsar.

Cæs. Mary, and I will, sir. Lictors, gag him:

455 *Captaine.* The large paper 1616 fol. with comma.
459 *gag him.* The large paper 1616 folio and 1640, gag him: doe.

And put a case of vizards o're his head,
That he may looke bi-fronted, as he speakes.

Tuc. Gods, and fiends. Cæsar! thou wilt not, Cæsar? wilt thou? Away, you whorson vultures; away. You thinke I am a dead corps now; because Cæsar is dispos'd to jest with a man of marke, or so. Hold your hook't talons out of my flesh, you inhumane Harpies. Goe to, do't. What? will the royall Augustus cast away a gent'man of worship, a Captaine, and a Commander; for a couple of condemn'd caitive cal-umnious Cargo's?

Cæs. Dispatch, Lictors.

Tuc. Cæsar.

Cæs. Forward, Tibullus.

Virg. Demand, what cause they had to ma-ligne Horace.

Dem. In troth, no great cause, not I; I must confesse: but that hee kept better company (for the most part) then I: and that better men lov'd him, then lov'd me: and that his writings thriv'd better then mine, and were better lik't, and grac't: nothing else.

Virg. Thus, envious soules repine at others good.

462 *fiends.* Large paper 1616 fol. fiends! 1640, friends!
467 *Harpies.* Q, Gorboduckes.
469–70 *Commander.* Large paper 1616 fol. and 1640, with comma.

Hor. If this be all; faith, I forgive thee freely.
Envy me still; so long as Virgil loves me,
Gallus, Tibullus, and the best-best Cæsar,
My deare Mecœnas: while these, with many more
(Whose names I wisely slip) shall thinke me worthy
Their honour'd, and ador'd societie,
And reade, and love, prove, and applaud my poemes;
I would not wish but such as you should spight them.
Cris. O ——
Tib. How now, Crispinus?
Cris. O, I am sicke ——
Hor. A bason, a bason, quickly; our physick works. Faint not, man.
Cris. O —— *retrograde* —— *reciprocall* —— *incubus.*
Cæs. What's that, Horace?
Hor. *Retrograde*, and *reciprocall*, *Incubus* are come up.
Gal. Thankes be to Jupiter.
Cris. O —— *glibbery* —— *lubricall* —— *defunct* —— ô ——

486 *still.* Large paper 1616 folio with comma.

501 *Retrograde, and reciprocall, Incubus.* Q, Retrograde, Reciprocall, and Incubus. Large paper 1616 fol. and 1640, Retrograde, and reciprocall Incubus.

Hor. Well said: here's some store.
Virg. What are they?
Hor. *Glibbery*, *lubricall*, and *defunct.*
Gal. O, they came up easie.
Cris. O —— O ——
Tib. What's that?
Hor. Nothing, yet.
Cris. *Magnificate.*
Mecæ. *Magnificate?* that came up somewhat hard.
Hor. I. What cheere, Crispinus?
Cris. O, I shall cast up my —— *spurious* —— *snotteries* ——
Hor. Good. Againe.
Cris. *Chilblaind* ——O——O——*clumsie*——
Hor. That *clumsie* stucke terribly.
Mecæ. What's all that, Horace?
Hor. *Spurious snotteries*, *chilblain'd*, *clumsie.*
Tib. O Jupiter!
Gal. Who would have thought, there should ha' beene such a deale of filth in a poet?
Cris. O —— *barmy froth* ——
Cæs. What's that?
Cris. —— *Puffy* —— *inflate* —— *turgidous* —— *ventositous.*
Hor. *Barmy froth*, *puffy*, *inflate*, *turgidous*, and *ventositous* are come up.

523 *Spurious snotteries.* Q, Spurious, Snotteries.
530 *ventositous.* Q, ventosity. 532 *ventositous.* Q, ventosity.

Tib. O, terrible, windie wordes!

Gal. A signe of a windie braine.

Cris. O —— *oblatrant* —— *furibund* —— *fatuate* —— *strenuous* ——

Hor. Here's a deale: *oblatrant*, *furibund*, *fatuate*, *strenuous*.

Cæs. Now, all's come up, I trow. What a tumult hee had in his belly!

Hor. No: there's the often *conscious dampe* behind, still.

Cris. O —— *conscious* —— *dampe*.

Hor. It's come up, thankes to Apollo, and Æsculapius: Yet, there's another; you were best take a pill more?

Cris. O, no: ô —— ô —— ô —— ô.

Hor. Force your selfe then, a little with your finger.

Cris. O —— ô —— *prorumped*.

Tib. *Prorumped?* What a noise it made! as if his spirit would have prorumpt with it.

Cris. O —— ô —— ô.

Virg. Helpe him: it stickes strangely, what ever it is.

Cris. O —— *clutcht*.

Hor. Now it's come: *clutcht*.

535 *oblatrant* —— *furibund*. Q, Oblatrant, Obcæcate, Furibund.

537 *oblatrant*, *furibund*. Q, Oblatrant, Obcaecate, Furibund.

541 *dampe*. Q omits. 543 *dampe*. Q omits.

Cæs. Clutcht? It's well, that's come up! It had but a narrow passage.

Cris. O ——

Virg. Againe, hold him: hold his head there.

Cris. Snarling gusts —— quaking custard.

Hor. How now, Crispinus?

Cris. O —— *obstupefact.*

Tib. Nay: that are all we, I assure you.

Hor. How doe you feele your selfe?

Cris. Pretty, and well, I thanke you.

Virg. These pills can but restore him for a time;
Not cure him quite of such a maladie,
Caught by so many surfets; which have fill'd
His bloud, and braine, thus full of crudities:
'Tis necessary, therefore, he observe
A strict and holsome dyet. Looke, you take
Each morning, of old Catoes principles
A good draught, next your heart; that walke upon,
Till it be well digested: Then come home,
And taste a piece of Terence, sucke his phrase
In stead of lycorice; and, at any hand,
Shun Plautus, and old Ennius, they are meates
Too harsh for a weake stomacke. Use to reade

562 *Snarling gusts —— quaking custard.* Q, *Tropologicall —— Anagogicall —— Loquacity —— Pinnosity.*

575 *that walke upon.* 1640, and walk upon't.

(But not without a tutor) the best Greekes:
As Orpheus, Musaeus, Pindarus,
Hesiod, Callimachus, and Theocrite,
High Homer, but beware of Lycophron:
He is too darke, and dangerous a dish.
You must not hunt for wild, out-landish termes,
To stuffe out a peculiar dialect;
But let you matter runne before your words:
And if, at any time, you chaunce to meet
Some Gallo-belgick phrase, you shall not straight
Racke your poore verse to give it entertainement;
But let it passe: and doe not thinke your selfe
Much damnified, if you doe leave it out;
When, nor your understanding, nor the sense
Could well receive it. This faire abstinence,
In time, will render you more sound, and cleere;
And this have I prescrib'd to you, in place
Of a strict sentence: which till he performe,
Attire him in that robe. And hence-forth, learne
To beare your selfe more humbly; not to swell,
Or breathe your insolent, and idle spight,
On him, whose laughter, can your worst affright.

Tib. Take him away.

Cris. Jupiter guard Cæsar.

Virg. And, for a weeke, or two, see him lockt up.

603 *Cæsar.* 1616, U. of P. copy, *Cæ.*

In some darke place, remoov'd from companie:
He will talke idly else after his physicke.
Now, to you, sir. Th'extremitie of law
Awards you to be branded in the front,
For this your calumny; But, since it pleaseth
Horace (the partie wrong'd) t'intreat, of Cæsar,
A mitigation of that juster doome;
With Cæsars tongue, thus we pronounce your sentence.
Demetrius Fannius, thou shalt here put on
That coate, and cap; and henceforth, thinke thy selfe
No other, then they make thee: vow to weare them
In every faire, and generous assembly,
Till the best sort of minds shall take to knowledge
As well thy satisfaction, as thy wrongs.
Hor. Only (grave Prætor) here, in open court,
I crave the oath, for good behaviour,
May be administred unto them both.
Virg. Horace, it shall: Tibullus, give it them.
Tib. Rufus Laberius Crispinus, and Demetrius Fannius, Lay your hands on your hearts. You shall here solemnely attest, and sweare; That never (after this instant) either, at Booke-sellers stalls, in tavernes, two-penny roomes, 'tyring houses, noble-mens

625 *attest.* Q, contest.

buttries, puisne's chambers (the best, and farthest places, where you are admitted to come) you shall once offer, or dare (thereby to endeare your selfe the more to any player, enghle, or guiltie gull, in your companie) to maligne, traduce, or detract the person, *or writings of Quintus Horacius Flaccus; or any other eminent man, transcending you in merit, whom your envy shall find cause to worke upon, either, for that, or for keeping himselfe in better acquaintance, or enjoying better friends: Or if (transported by any sodaine and desperate resolution) you doe; That then, you shall not under the bastoun, or in the next presence, being an honorable assembly of his favourers, bee brought as voluntary gent. to undertake the for-swearing of it. Neither shall you at any time (ambitiously, affecting the title of the untrussers, or whippers of the age) suffer the itch of writing to over-run your performance in libell; upon paine of being taken up for lepers in wit, and (losing both your time, and your papers) bee irrecoverably forfeited to the hospitall of Fooles. So helpe you our Roman gods, and the Genius of great Cæsar.*

Virg. So: now dissolve the court.

Hor. Tib. Gal. Mecæ. Virg. And thankes to Cæsar,
That thus hath exercis'd his patience.

Cæs. We have, indeed, you worthiest friends of Cæsar.

It is the bane, and torment of our eares,
To heare the discords of those jangling rimers,
That, with their bad and scandalous practices,
Bring all true arts, and learning in contempt.
But let not your high thoughts descend so low,
As these despised objects; Let them fall,
With their flat groveling soules: Be you your selves.
And as with our best favours you stand crown'd:
So let your mutuall loves be still renown'd.
Envy will dwell, where there is want of merit,
Though the deserving man should cracke his spirit.

SONG.

Blush, folly, blush: here's none that feares
The wagging of an asses eares,
Although a woolvish case he weares.
Detraction is but basenesse varlet;
And apes are apes, though cloth'd in scarlet.

[Exeunt.]

THE END.

Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidia.

Song. Q, Cantus.
The End. Q, *Finis Actus quinti & ultimi.* | *Exeunt.*

TO THE READER.

If, by looking on what is past, thou hast deserv'd that name, I am willing thou should'st yet know more, by that which followes; an apologeticall Dialogue: *which was only once spoken upon the stage, and all the answere I ever gave, to sundry impotent libells then cast out (and some yet remayning) against me, and this Play. Wherein I take no pleasure to revive the times, but that Posteritie may make a difference, betweene their manners that provok'd me then, and mine that neglected them ever. For, in these strifes, and on such persons, were as wretched to affect a victorie, as it is unhappy to be committed with them.* Non annorum canicies est laudanda, sed morum.

To the Reader. Appended to *Poetaster* in the quarto, 1602, is the following which does not appear in the folio of 1616:

TO THE READER.

Here (Reader) in place of the Epilogue, was meant to thee an Apology from the Author, with his reasons for the publishing of this booke: but (since he is no lesse restrain'd, then thou depriv'd of it, by Authoritie) hee praies thee to thinke charitably of what thou hast read, till thou maist heare him speake what hee hath written.

FINIS.

The Persons.

Nasutus, Polyposus, Author.

Nasutus. I pray you let's goe see him, how he lookes
After these libells.
Polyposus. O, vex'd, vex'd, I warrant you.
Nas. Doe you thinke so? I should be sorry for him,
If I found that.
Pol. O, they are such bitter things,
He cannot choose.
Nas. But, is he guilty of 'hem?
Pol. Fuh! that's no matter.
Nas. No?
Pol. No. Here's his lodging;
Wee'll steale upon him: or, let's listen, stay.
He has a humor oft t' talke t' himselfe.
Nas. They are your manners lead me, not mine owne.
Author. The Fates have not spun him the coursest thred
That (free from knots of perturbation)
Doth yet so live, although but to himselfe,
As he can safely scorne the tongues of slaves;
And neglect Fortune, more then she can him.

It is the happiest thing, this not to be
Within the reach of malice; It provides
A man so well, to laugh of injuries:
And never sends him farder for his vengeance
Then the vex'd bosome of his enemy.
I, now, but thinke, how poore their spight sets off,
Who, after all their waste of sulphurous tearmes,
And burst-out thunder of their charged mouthes,
Have nothing left, but the unsav'ry smoake
Of their blacke vomit, to upbrayd themselves:
Whilst I, at whom they shot, sit here shot-free,
And as unhurt of envy, as unhit.
Pol. I, but the Multitude, they thinke not so, sir,
They thinke you hit, and hurt: and dare give out
Your silence argues it, in not rejoyning
To this, or that late libell?
Aut. 'Lasse, good rout!
I can affoord them leave, to erre so still:
And, like the barking students of Beares-Colledge,
To swallow up the garbadge of the time
With greedy gullets, whilst my selfe sit by
Pleas'd, and yet tortur'd, with their beastly feeding.

17 *of.* 1640, off.

'Tis a sweet madnesse runnes along with them,
To thinke, all that are aym'd at, still are strooke:
Then, where the shaft still lights, make that the marke,
And so, each feare, or feaver-shaken foole
May challenge Teucers hand in archery.
Good troth, if I knew any man so vile,
To act the crimes, these whippers reprehend,
Or what their servile apes gesticulate,
I should not then much muse, their shreds were lik'd;
Since ill men have a lust t'heare others sinnes,
And good men have a zeale to heare sinne sham'd.
But when it is all excrement, they vent,
Base filth, and offall: or thefts, notable
As Ocean pyracies, or high-way stands:
And not a crime there tax'd, but is their owne,
Or what their owne foule thoughts suggested to them,
And, that in all their heat of taxing others,
Not one of them, but lives himselfe (if knowne)
Improbior satyram scribente cinædo.
What should I say, more? then turne stone with wonder!
Nas. I never saw this play bred all this tumult.
What was there in it could so deeply offend?
And stirre so many hornets?

Aut. Shall I tell you?
Nas. Yes, and ingenuously.
Aut. Then, by the hope,
Which I preferre unto all other objects,
I can professe, I never writ that peece
More innocent, or empty of offence.
Some salt it had, but neyther tooth, nor gall,
Nor was there in it any circumstance,
Which, in the setting downe, I could suspect
Might be perverted by an enemies tongue.
Onely, it had the fault to be call'd mine.
That was the crime.
Pol. No? why they, say you tax'd
The Law, and Lawyers; Captaines; and the Players
By their particular names.
Aut. It is not so.
I us'd no name. My Bookes have still beene taught
To spare the persons, and to speake the vices.
These are meere slanders, and enforc'd by such
As have no safer wayes to mens disgraces,
But their owne lyes, and losse of honesty.
Fellowes of practis'd, and most laxative tongues,
Whose empty and eager bellies, i' the yeere,
Compell their braynes to many desp'rate shifts,
(I spare to name 'hem: for, their wretchednesse,

Fury it selfe would pardon.) These, or such
Whether of malice, or of ignorance,
Or itch, t'have me their adversary (I know not)
Or all these mixt; but sure I am, three yeeres,
They did provoke me with their petulant stiles
On every stage: And I at last, unwilling,
But weary, I confesse, of so much trouble,
Thought, I would try, if shame could winne upon 'hem.
And therefore chose Augustus Caesars times,
When wit, and artes were at their height in Rome,
To shew that Virgil, Horace, and the rest
Of those great master-spirits did not want
Detractors, then, or practisers against them:
And by this line (although no paralel)
I hop'd at last they would sit downe, and blush.
But nothing could I finde more contrary.
And though the impudence of flyes be great,
Yet this hath so provok'd the angry waspes,
Or as you sayd, of the next nest, the hornets;
That they fly buzzing, mad, about my nostrills:
And like so many screaming grasse-hoppers,
Held by the wings, fill every eare with noyse.
And what? those former calumnies you mention'd.
First, of the Law. Indeed, I brought in Ovid,
Chid by his angry father, for neglecting

The study of their lawes, for poetry:
And I am warranted by his owne wordes.

Sape pater dixit, studium quid inutile tentas?
Mœonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.
Trist. lib. 4. Eleg. 10.

And in farre harsher termes elsewhere, as these:

Non me verbosas leges ediscere, non me
Ingrato voces prostituisse foro.
Amo. lib. 1. Eleg. 15

But how this should relate, unto our lawes,
Or their just ministers, with least abuse,
I reverence both too much, to understand!
Then, for the Captaine; I will onely speake
An Epigramme I here have made: It is
Unto true Souldiers. That's the lemma. Marke it.

Strength of my Countrey, whilst I bring to view
Such as are misse-call'd Captaines, and wrong you,
And your high names; I doe desire, that thence,
Be nor put on you, nor you take offence:
I sweare by your true friend, my Muse, I love
Your great profession, which I once did prove;
And did not shame it with my actions, then,
No more then I dare, now, doe with my pen.
He that not trusts me, having vow'd thus much,
But's angry for the Captaine, still: is such.

Now for the Players, it is true, I tax'd 'hem,
And yet, but some; and those so sparingly,

As all the rest might have sate still, unquestion'd,
Had they but had the wit, or conscience,
To thinke well of themselves. But, impotent they
Thought each mans vice belong'd to their whole tribe:
And much good doo't 'hem. What th'have done 'gainst me,
I am not mov'd with. If it gave 'hem meat,
Or got 'hem clothes. 'Tis well. That was their end.
Onely amongst them, I am sorry for
Some better natures, by the rest so drawne,
To run in that vile line.
Pol. And is this all?
Will you not answere then the libells?
Aut. No.
Pol. Nor the untrussers?
Aut. Neither.
Pol. Y'are undone then.
Aut. With whom?
Pol. The world.
Aut. The baud!
Pol. It wil be taken
To be stupidity, or tamenesse in you.
Aut. But, they that have incens'd me, can in soule

Acquit me of that guilt. They know, I dare
To spurne, or baffull 'hem; or squirt their eyes
With inke, or urine: or I could doe worse,
Arm'd with Archilochus fury, write Iambicks,
Should make the desperate lashers hang themselves.
Rime 'hem to death, as they doe Irish rats
In drumming tunes. Or, living, I could stampe
Their foreheads with those deepe, and publike brands
That the whole company of Barber-Surgeons
Should not take off, with all their art, and playsters.
And these my prints should last, still to be read
In their pale fronts: when, what they write 'gainst me,
Shall like a figure, drawne in water, fleete,
And the poore wretched papers be employed
To cloth tabacco, or some cheaper drug.
This I could doe, and make them infamous.
But, to what end? when their owne deedes have mark'd 'hem,
And, that I know, within his guilty brest
Each slanderer beares a whip, that shall torment him,
Worse, then a million of these temporall plagues:
Which to pursue, were but a feminine humour,
And, farre beneath the dignitie of a man.

166 *a.* 1640 omits.

Nas. 'Tis true: for to revenge their injuries,
Were to confesse you felt 'hem. Let 'hem goe,
And use the treasure of the foole, their tongues,
Who makes his gayne, by speaking worst, of best.
Pol. O, but they lay particular imputations——
Aut. As what?
Pol. That all your writing, is meere rayling.
Aut. Ha! If all the salt in the old comœdy
Should be so censur'd, or the sharper wit
Of the bold satyre, termed scolding rage,
What age could then compare with those, for buffons?
What should be sayd of Aristophanes?
Persius? or Juvenal? whose names we now
So glorifie in schooles, at least pretend it.
Ha' they no other?
Pol. Yes: they say you are slow,
And scarse bring forth a play a yeere.
Aut. 'Tis true.
I would, they could not say that I did that,
There's all the joy that I take i'their trade,
Unlesse such Scribes as they might be proscrib'd
Th'abused theaters. They would thinke it strange, now,
A man should take but colts-foote, for one day,
And, betweene whiles, spit out a better poeme

Then e're the master of art, or giver of wit,
Their belly made. Yet, this is possible,
If a free minde had but the patience,
To thinke so much, together, and so vile.
But, that these base, and beggerly conceipts
Should carry it, by the multitude of voices,
Against the most abstracted worke, oppos'd
To the stuff'd nostrills of the drunken rout!
O, this would make a learn'd, and liberall soule,
To rive his stayned quill, up to the back,
And damne his long-watch'd labours to the fire;
Things, that were borne, when none but the still night,
And his dumbe candle saw his pinching throes:
Were not his owne free merit a more crowne
Unto his travailes, then their reeling claps.
This 'tis, that strikes me silent, seales my lips,
And apts me, rather to sleepe out my time,
Then I would waste it in contemned strifes,
With these vile Ibides, these uncleane birds,
That make their mouthes their clysters, and still purge
From their hot entrailes. But, I leave the monsters
To their owne fate. And, since the Comick Muse
Hath prou'd so ominous to me, I will trie
If Tragœdie have a more kind aspect.

Her favours in my next I will pursue,
Where, if I prove the pleasure but of one,
So he judicious be; He shall b'alone
A Theatre unto me: Once, I'le say,
To strike the eare of time, in those fresh straines,
As shall, beside the cunning of their ground,
Give cause to some of wonder, some despight,
And unto more, despaire, to imitate their sound.
I, that spend halfe my nights, and all my dayes,
Here in a cell, to get a darke, pale face,
To come forth worth the ivy, or the bayes,
And in this age can hope no other grace ——
Leave me. There's something come into my thought,
That must, and shall be sung, high, and aloofe,
Safe from the wolves black jaw, and the dull asses hoofe.
Nas. I reverence these raptures, and obey 'hem.

This Comicall Satyre vvas firſt

acted, in the yeere

1601.

By the then Children of Queene

ELIZABETHS

Chappell.

The principall Comœdians were,

NAT. FIELD.	IOH. VNDERWOOD.
SAL. PAVY.	WILL. OSTLER.
THO. DAY.	THO. MARTON.

With the allowance of the Maſter of REVELLS.

This . . . Revells. 1640 omits this page, but the list of actors is given on the page containing the list of *Persons of the Play*.

Notes to Poetaster

Title-Page: Poetaster. This, not *The Poetaster* (Gifford, Nicholson, etc.), is the title of the play as given in the quarto, 1602, and the folios 1616, 1640. The word is used a number of times in the play, and occurs also in *Cynthia's Revels*, II, 1, "ignorant poetasters." On the title-pages of the 1616 folio of *Every Man out of his Humour*, *Cynthia's Revels*, and *Poetaster* appear the words "A Comicall Satyre." *Every Man in his Humour* and *The Case is Altered* are each described in the title as "a Comoedie."

Title-Page: Children of . . . Chappel. See *The Children of the Chapel at Blackfriars 1597–1603*, by C. W. Wallace, *University Studies*, University of Nebraska, vol. VIII, nos. 2 and 3, 1908. This company after 1603–04 was known as the "Children of the Queen's Revels."

Title-Page: Et mihi . . . placet. Martial *Epig.* 7, 12, 4:

> To me from no one's blush is reputation pleasing.

Title-Page: William Stansby. A printer and publisher, admitted to the Stationers' Company Jan. 7, 1597 (Arber's *Transcript of the Stationers' Registers* 1554–1640, 2, 717. See also, 2, 173 for notice of his apprenticing to "John Wyndet citizen and Stacioner of London.") He published from 1597 to 1639. See D. N. B.

Title-Page: Matthew Lownes. Admitted to the Stationers' Company Oct. 1591. (Arber's *Transcript*, 2, 710. See also 2, 115.) He published from 1595 to 1627. See D. N. B.

3. Mr. Richard Martin. "This gentleman [Richard Martin], who was bred a lawyer, and recorder of the city of London, was himself a man of parts, and a poet, and much respected by the learned and ingenious of his own age. See a more particular account of him in *Wood's Athenae Oxon.* 1 vol. col. 441." Whalley. See also *D. N. B.*

3. Dedication. This is the only evidence that Jonson became involved in legal difficulties for his play. In the "Apologeticall Dialogue, which was only once spoken upon the stage, and all the answere I ever gave, to sundry impotent libells then cast out (and some yet remayning) against me and this play," Jonson admits having "tax'd" the players, but denies the accusation that he had tax'd "The Law, and Lawyers" and "Captaines" as well as Players "by their particular names."

We know nothing of the "sundry impotent libells" to which Jonson refers, unless indeed he means *Satiromastix*, and the charges for which Mr. Richard Martin answered. If Jonson was actually brought into court, there probably exists in London an official record of the fact and the specific charges against him, which up to the present time no one has yet discovered. The intention was to prevent the printing of the play, and the result of the action may be stated in the note appended to the Quarto, in which Jonson says that he had intended to give his reasons for the publishing of this book but was "restrained" from doing so "by authority." Collier (*Annals* 1, p. 314 note) has the following: 10 May 1601. Letter from the Privy Council bidding the Justices of the Peace to restrain plays at the Curtain in which the "players . . . do represent upon the stage in their interludes the persons of some gent. of good desert and quality, that are yet alive, under obscene manner but yet in such sorte as all the hearers may take notice both of the matter and the persons that are meant thereby," etc.

4. The Persons of the Play. Trebatius appears only in the folio, which like the quarto omits Luscus, Tibullus and Æsop.

5. After the Second Sounding. Three flourishes of a trumpet announced a play, after which appeared the Prologue. *Cynthia's Revels* and *Every Man out of his Humour* have a preliminary passage "after the Second Sounding."

5. Envie. Envy is frequently referred to and personified in Elizabethan plays. "Enter Envy his arms naked, besmeared with blood." Lodge's *Mucedorus*, Induction, 1598.

5. Arising in . . . stage. Probably a trap-door was used as in *Catiline* 1, 1. "The ghost of Sylla" "rises" and "sinks."

5, 3. Th' Arraignment. The title of the play as given on the board, which in Elizabethan times was placed on the stage where

the audience could read it. The same method was employed to indicate scenes and changes of scene. This is referred to by Envy, who at line 27 says, The scene is, ha! Rome? Sidney refers to this custom in his *Apologie for Poetrie* (Arber's Reprint of the 1595 edition): "What childe is there, that comming to a Play, and seeing *Thebes* written in great Letters upon an olde doore, doth beleeve that it is *Thebes?*" (p. 52). There are numerous references in plays to similar indications of scenes. For a discussion of the mode of presenting Elizabethan plays see "Some Principles of Elizabethan Staging," G. F. Reynolds, *Modern Philology*, II, 582, also *Elizabethan Drama*, F. E. Schelling, I, chap. IV.

5, 3. I "appears suddenly about 1575 and is exceedingly common about 1600; origin unknown. The suggestion that it is the same Ay, *adv.*, 'ever, always,' seems set aside by the fact that it was at first always written I, a spelling never found with Ay. But it may have been a dialect form of that word. . . ." *N. E. D.*

Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, III, 2:

> "Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but I,
> And that bare vowel I shall poison more
> Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice," etc.

5, 6. **wormes.** "*Wormes*, the generic English word for snake, is very common in our ancient writers." Gifford.

5, 14. **These fifteene weekes.** It was evidently a common thing to accuse Jonson of slowness. Tucca does so in *Satiromastix* (see 297, 447–449; 385, 217). Jonson mentions here the time in which he wrote *Poetaster*, and in the Prologue to *Volpone*, in which he probably refers to the accusations of *Satiromastix*, he states that he wrote the play in five weeks.

6, 20. **Then.** The form used in the folio 1616 and in the quarto 1602, except 3, 4, 292, where the word is spelled "than." The folio of 1640 uses "than." Dr. Mallory.

6, 27–28. **The Scene is.** See 5, 3.

6, 28. **Cracke ey-strings.** There was an old idea that the optic nerves and the muscles which retain the eyes break with the shock of grief or at death. There are a number of allusions to it. Cf. Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, I, 3, 17; Chaucer's *Man of Lawes Tale*, l. 669; Marston's *Antonio and Mellida* I, 1, 1, 3–4.

6, 30. I am prevented. The old meaning of the word was to go before; hence the later idea, obstruct. Here the meaning is that the author, in making his scene Rome instead of London, has anticipated criticism and made it more difficult for players and "poet-apes" to "poison all they hear or see with senseless glosses and allusions," etc. The Prologue speaks of the necessity of the author's presenting "his scenes fortie-fold proofe against the conjuring meanes of base detractors and illiterate apes," etc.

6, 34. Present State: i.e. London instead of Rome.

6, 35. Players. . . . Poet Apes. Jonson's Epigram 56 is "On Poet-Ape." See *Satiromastix*, 313, 54–56. The players intended were doubtless those of some other company. See 73, 177–181, where they are again referred to, and also the *Apologetical Dialogue*, where Jonson admits having taxed them. *Satiromastix*, 392, 393, is Dekker's reply: "All shall be Poet-apes but you."

6, 36. Basiliskes eyes. A fabulous serpent which derived its name from a spot on its head resembling a crown. Another story is that it sprang from a cock's egg; hence the name "cockatrice."

6, 38–39. Wrest, pervert, and poyson, etc. These lines spoken by Envy show that Jonson anticipated exactly what happened and was not ingenuous in insisting that only perversion of his meaning could make it personal and individual satire. Some persons he admitted having satirized, but many others evidently thought they too were assailed. Marston had written a similar warning against the mis-applying of his satires, which he appended to the *Scourge of Villanie* (1598).

8, 6. Armed Prologue. Critics have noticed the following facts: The Epilogue to *Cynthia's Revels* closes with the line —

"By —— 'tis good, and if you like't, you may."

Marston's *Antonio and Mellida* which followed soon after contained the following apparent allusion to Jonson's line:

Andrugio. Gentlemen, though I remain, An *Armed Epilogue*, [he had been in armour in the previous scene], I stand not as a peremptory challenger of desert, either for him that composed the Comedy, or for us that acted it. . . .

In *Poetaster* Jonson has "an armed Prologue" because "'tis a dangerous age." Shakespeare has an "armed Prologue" in *Troi-*

lus and Cressida and apparently glances at Jonson's Prologue in the lines

hither am I come
A *Prologue Arm'd*, but not in confidence
Of author's pen —

Those who, like Dr. Small (*Stage Quarrel*, p. 142), believe that *Troilus and Cressida* was "the purge" administered to Jonson by Shakespeare (mentioned in *The Return from Parnassus*, 11) accept the "armed Prologue" as part of the ridicule. Mr. Sidney Lee, however (*Life of Shakespeare*, 1899, pp. 228–229 note), takes the lines as a definite statement that Shakespeare had no share in the "war of the theatres."

8, 15–16. once more, sweare that his play were good. The Epilogue to *Cynthia's Revels*, 1600, closed with the lines,

I'll only speak what I have heard him say
"By —— 'tis good, and if you like't, you may."

In the same play Arete says of Crites (Jonson), 5.–3.

"And who, though all were wanting to reward
Yet to himself he would not wanting be."

9, 27. envies. Accent on last syllable to suit the metre.

10, 4. Master Ovid. The original of this character is the Roman Ovid, as Jonson tells us in the *Apologetical Dialogue* ll. 103–6. Dr. Grosart remarks: "Of course Ovid, Jr. was not Marston any more than Ovid, Sr. was his father. Yet it is just possible that preliminary to bringing Crispinus [Marston] on the stage, Jonson hit at him through this Ovid, Jr." "It may be noted . . . that Edward Knowell, in *Every Man in his Humour*, neglected other pursuits and gave his time to poetry contrary to the wishes of his father; and also that Fungoso in *Every Man out of his Humour*, neglected his study of law." See . . . *The War of the Theatres*, p. 108. While none of these characters is Marston, it is interesting to note that in the will of Marston's father is the following passage: "to sd. son John my furniture etc. in my chambers in the Middle Temple my law books etc. to my sd. son whom I hoped would have profited by them in the study of the law but man proposeth and God disposeth . . ." This will was proved Nov. 29, 1599, and is printed in *Marston's Poems* ed. Grosart, Introduction.

10, 5–6. **songs and sonnets.** This was the title of Surrey's Poems 1557. Nashe appears to have first brought the term into vulgar, slangy use, and later it is common amongst the dramatists, cf. *Anatomie of Absurdities*, 1589; Grosart, *Nashe*, 1, 34. See also *Notes and Queries*, 9, xii, p. 405, H. E. Hart.

10, 6. **Gowne and cappe:** i.e. of lawyers and members of the Inns of Court, also of University students.

10, 12. **untoward thing this poetrie is.** In the quarto of *Every Man in his Humour* is a defense of poetry, omitted from the folio. The situations in the two plays are somewhat similar.

11, 19. **humour.** See the definition of "humour" given by Jonson in the Induction to *Every Man out of his Humour*,

> . . . when some one peculiar quality
> Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
> All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
> In their confluctions, all to run one way,
> This may be truly said to be a humour.

11, 27–8. **the mad skeldring captaine.** "Skeldring" was swindling, especially begging under pretense of being a soldier. See 16, 58.

11, 28. **velvet armes.** See also 67, 20. "The English and French have one peculiar fashion, which I never observed in any other part, namely to weare scabbards and sheaths of velvet upon their rapiers and daggers: For in *France* very Notaries use them in the Cities, and ride upon their footecloaths, or in Coaches (both hired), and in *England* men of meane sort use them." *An Itinerary*, Fynes Moryson, London, 1617, Part III, Book 4, ch. 2, 178.

11, 33. **Pantilius Tucca.** The name was derived perhaps from Horace (*Sat.* 1, 10, 78) Cimex Pantilius, a term of contempt and (*Sat.* 1, 5, 40, and 1, 10, 81) Plotius Tucca. In Guilpin's *Skialetheia*, 1598, Satyre Preludium, appears "Captaine Tucca" similar to Jonson's. He is the same general character as Bobadil of *Every Man in his Humour*, and Shift of *Every Man out of his Humour*, the braggart soldier. Dekker says in the dedication of *Satiromastix* that the original of Jonson's Tucca was a "Capten Hannam."

11, 39. **Gods a mee.** A short form of God save me.

11, 40. **castalian mad.** Castalia was a spring on Mt. Parnassus sacred to the muses. Poets were regarded as mad or inspired.

12, 43. **God be with you.** Shortened to "Good bye," the common expression in taking leave.

12, 44. **poeticall . . . furies.** These allusions to Castalia, furies, muses, etc. are part of Jonson's genuine classicism of expression. Cf. Cicero, *Leg.* 1, 14, 40, *ut eos agitent insectenturque Furiae*, etc.

12, 49–13, 90. **Envie . . . aspire.** There are two versions of this Elegy of Ovid (*Lib.* 1. *Amor. El.* 15) so similar that the question of authorship is raised. Among the translations of Ovid's Elegies published in 1599 as by Christopher Marlowe is one of these versions. In the third edition of this work (2nd Middleburgh, see Fleay, *Biog. Chron.* 1, 367) are two versions, the first as by Marlowe, and the second as "by B. I." The second version differs in only one line (l. 37) from the translation in *Poetaster* by the substitution of "The frost-drad myrtle" for "Frost-fearing myrtle." The version attributed to Marlowe differs in many particulars from that of "B. I." but in none which is not easily accounted for by the polishing or rewriting of his first version by a careful scholar like Jonson. The fact that a version, as by Marlowe, appeared among the translations published in 1599 does not necessarily prove that Marlowe was the author. This translation, in both versions, is so much more accurate than the earliest, attributed to Marlowe, that it would seem likely that a more scholarly person than Marlowe was the translator, even though we did not possess the version in *Poetaster*. Dr. Mallory has discussed at length the authorship of this translation (*Poetaster*, ed. Mallory, p. xcvi–ciii), but there is no evidence on which to base a decision, except what is stated above. Jonson's abilities as a scholar and his many translations, taken with his general reputation for "honesty," make it improbable that he used the work of another man without giving credit. As Marlowe had been dead for six years before the volume of translations appeared, Jonson may have contributed the translation to the volume which was to be published in Marlowe's name, and then afterwards claimed his own work, or the version published in 1599 may have been Marlowe's and the two other versions Jonson's, the similarity being due to the fact that all were translations of the same original. There

is no reasonable doubt that Jonson used in *Poetaster* a translation of his own.

12, 51. **the line from whence I sprung.** Ovid tells us (*Trist.* 2, 111) that his family, though humble, was in nobility inferior to none — "It was remarkable for neither wealth nor poverty," and was of Equestrian rank.

12, 57. **Homer will live.** Ovid wrote *vivet Maeonides*, using a name applied to Homer on the assumption that he was born in Maeonia, a part of Lydia. Hesiod (l. 59) is called by Ovid *Ascraeus*, from Ascra, the town in which Hesiod lived. The 1599 version of the translation, attributed to Marlowe, has "Ascraeus."

12, 65. **Whil'st slaves be false.** In the *Apology for Actors*, 1612? (Sh. Soc. 1841, p. 57) Thomas Heywood translates this passage:

> While ther's false servant, or obdurate sire
> Sly baud, smoot whore, Menandros wee'l admire.

13, 73. **Tytirus, Tillage, Ænee.** The reference is to the *Eclogues*, *Georgics* and *Æneid* of Virgil. Ovid used *fruges* to indicate the Georgics. Jonson does not translate *fruges* by "Tillage," but uses that word to mean the Georgics, for which it is quite as good as Ovid's word.

13, 83–84. **me let bright Phœbus swell, with cups.** Cf. 50, III, 1, 8, when Horace writes, "Swell me a bowl with lustie wine," in some verses which are parodied in *Satiromastix*, 280, 1–20.

13, 87. **"Envie, the living,** etc. The quotation marks here and elsewhere in Jonson's works are used to call attention to lines or ideas which he regarded as important. They do not indicate lines taken from the writings of others. Almost all allusions to Envy, in this play, have reference to Jonson's relations to his contemporaries, though here he is, of course, translating from Ovid.

14, 9–11. **poetrie? . . . play-maker?** A number of important treatises antagonistic to the popular stage appeared during the latter part of the 16th century, and Jonson in *Every Man in his Humour*, *Cynthia's Revels*, and *Poetaster* is perhaps replying in a manner to these attacks.

14, 13–15. **a tragoedie . . . call'd Medea.** Ovid wrote

a tragedy called *Medea*, to which Quintilian refers (x, 1, 98). Ovid also refers to it (*Am.* 2, 18, 13), though not by name, and states that love caused him to abandon tragedy. The play has not come down to us.

15, 20. **shot-clogge.** Explained by the words, "to make suppers and bee laught at," i.e. one who pays the "shot" or tavern charge.

15, 21–22. **set thee on the funerall pile.** Cf. Cicero, *Tusc.* 1, 35. Aliquem in rogum imponere.

15, 29–30. **Master, of worship.** Q. "Knight of worshippe." The word "Knight" was changed to something else in the folio in every instance in which it occurs. Jonson may have been rebuked for satirizing "Knights." Cf. *Satiromastix*, 391, 363–371. See also *Ben Jonson*, H. C. Hart, vol. 1, p. xlii.

15, 38–39. **i' your element.** *Satiromastix*, 286, 165–166, ridicule Jonson's use of the word. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, III, 1, 58, "I might say Element but the word is overworn."

15, 42 and 16, 62. **these players . . . they are i' the statute.** The statutes of 14 Eliz. C. 5 and 39 Eliz. C. 4. regulate theatres and actors. The latter (1597–8) is entitled "An Acte for punyshment of Rogues Vagabondes and Sturdy Beggars," among which classes it includes players who are not under the protection of a nobleman. It says: 'All Fencers Bearewardes common Players of Enterludes and Minstrelles wandring abroade, (other then Players of Enterludes belonging to any Baron of the Realme, or any other honorable Personage of greater Degree, to be auctoryzed to play under the Hand and Seale of Armes of Such Baron or Personage)' shall be stripped whipped and imprisoned or returned to their own parishes." Cf. also: "The rogue that liveth idly is restrained, the fidler and plaier that is maisterlesse is in the same predicament, both these by the law are burned in the eare, and shall men more odious scape unpunished?" Chettle, *Kind-Harts Dreame*, 1592, Percy Society, 1842, p. 16, ed. by E. F. Rimbault. Jonson's attack on lawyers and players was intended only for those who disgraced these professions. See his dedication of *Every Man out of his Humour* to the Inns of Court, and his tribute to Coke, *Underwoods*, LXV.

16, 57–58. **honest decayed commander.** Cf. Jon-

son's Epigrams 108 and 115 for further ridicule of pretended soldiers and assumed "honesty."

16, 60. **wormewood comoedies.** Cf. *Satiromastix*, 314, 76 and 347, 73–82.

16, 64. **heralds:** i.e. The Statute describes players so clearly that no other description or announcement concerning their low position is needed.

16, 65. **Iwisse.** This expression (see 150, 274) is an adverb "iwis," = surely. It is printed variously: Iwis, I wis, I wisse, I wusse. The initial letter is apparently mistaken for the pronoun I, but the word is from O. E. Gewis; M. E. iwisse. See *N. E. D.*

16, 67. **edicts:** really proclamations of Roman magistrates; but Jonson means the *statute* concerning players, etc., 16, 62. The edict of Salvius Julianus classes Roman actors with criminals.

16, 70. **what a student you are.** This has reference to the rebuke of the Roman Ovid by his father, of which Jonson speaks in the *Apol. Dialogue*, 172, 103, 111:

> I brought in Ovid,
> Chid by his angry father, for neglecting
> The study of their lawes for poetry:
> And I am warranted by his owne wordes.
> *Saepe pater dixit, studium quid inutile tentas?*
> *Maeonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.*
> (*Trist.* lib. IV, Eleg. 10.)

> And in farre harsher termes elsewhere as these:
> *Non me verbosas leges ediscere, non me*
> *Ingrato voces prostituisse foro.*
> (*Amo.* lib. I, Eleg. 15.)

17, 73. **blow your eares.** Cf. *Every Man in his Humour*, II, 1.

> "He would be ready
> To blow the ears of his familiars
> With the false breath of telling what disgraces, etc."

17, 78. **a poeme:** i. e. the play *Medea*, see 14, 13–15.

17, 85. **Tibullus, and Propertius.** This passage is an

amplification of the idea contained in Ovid's lines quoted by Jonson in the *Apol. Dialogue*, (quoted above, 17, 70). The meaning is — If Maeonides (Homer) himself left no wealth (*nullas opes*) what chance have you, who possess only an allowance (exhibition), to earn "a competencie." Tibullus and Propertius "are gentlemen of meanes and revenew now," and are not dependent on their poetry.

The poets mentioned by Ovid, Sen. are thus referred to by Quintilian in a classic passage. Elegia quoque Graecos provocamus, cujus mihi tersus atque elegans maxime videtur auctor *Tibullus*. Sunt qui Propertium malint. *Ovidius* utroque lascivor: sicut durior *Gallus*. *Quintilian*, x, 1, 93.

17, 94. **worme-eaten statue.** Juvenal, *Sat.* 1, 131, says of a statue *cujus ad effigiem non tantum meiere fas est*. Persius has a passage, *Sat.* 1–114, *pueri, tacer est locus, extra meiite!*

17, 95. **but with hallowed lips.** The context requires some word after "but" to complete the sense. Dr. Mallory rejects the suggestion of Nicholson (Mermaid Series) that we must supply "approached" or "worshipped," and says, "However incongruous the ideas as given in folio 1616, we are hardly to suppose an implied interpolation." If we connect the phrase beginning with "but" with the question "what was he?" there is still the implication of some verb or participle, like "speaking."

18, 100–101. **in his sleepe:** i.e. he was so mean and unaccustomed to "a good meale" that he scarcely ever even dreamed of one. In the *Staple of News* II, 1, 15 is a similar expression concerning Pennyboy, "a sordid rascal one that never made good meal in his sleep, but sells the acates are sent him." Cunningham writes "Archdeacon Nares. . . . suggests that the second line should be altered by transposing the word *but*, making it read "good meal but in his sleep, sells," etc. Dr. Mallory is probably right in thinking the suggestion unnecessary.

18, 106. **made him divine:** referring to the words immediately preceding "have eternis'd him."

18, 108. **senators revenue.** It was required by Roman law that a senator must possess a large fortune. Suetonius (*Augustus* 41) states that Augustus increased the amount from 800,000 to 1,200,000 sesterces = about $60,000.

18, 110–112. **place . . . litter.** All marks of distinction due to wealth, cf. Juvenal, *Sat.* III, 239–242.

> Si vocat officium, turba cedente vehetur
> Dives et ingenti curret super ora Liburno,
> Atque obiter leget aut scribet vel dormiet intus.
> Namque facit somnum clausa lectica fenestra.

18, 113. **old Bias.** "Bias was one of the seven sages of Greece. Immortality was cheaply purchased in his days, for, to speak tenderly, there is no 'great matter' in such of his sentences as have come down to us." Gifford. Bias lived about 600 B.C. at Priene in Ionia.

18, 118. **disclaime in him:** i.e. relinquish claim in him. We omit the preposition.

19, 121. **unfashion'd body of the law:** i.e. not expressed in poetic form.

19, 123. **Runne smoothly . . . elegies.** Although Ovid sen. is not a punster, he evidently amuses the audience by the pun on *elegies* and l e gs which "runne."

19, 125. **take him too quickly:** i.e. interrupt him, are not patient enough with him.

19, 136. **planet . . . spheare.** The idea that life is controlled by the influence of the stars and planets is common in Elizabethan literature. Jonson is using here a figure drawn from the Ptolemaic system, in which each heavenly body was supposed to be fixed in a transparent spherical surface which revolved with other similar "spheres" about a common centre. Our expression "sphere of activity" is derived from the old idea of the "spheres."

19, 137–8. **the law . . . happy,** etc. Gifford thinks that Jonson had in mind the Latin *beatus* when he used the word "happy," and that "happy" here means, as *beatus* often did, "rich."

19, 138–9. **any other merit:** i.e. any other advantage to be derived from the law.

19, 139. **simple scholer:** i. e. dull or stupid scholar, dunce.

19, 140. **be a lawyer.** "These and what follow, are probably the passages which gave offence to the professors of the law. Jonson's old antagonist thus alludes to them, 'Thou hast entered actions of assault and battery against a company of honourable and

worshipful fathers of the law, thou wrangling rascal: law is one of the pillars of the land.' *Satiromastix*" [362, 227–231]. Gifford.

19, 142. **my little Grammaticaster.** "The earliest known use of 'Grammaticaster' is in *Poetaster* (I, 1), where Tucca calls Ovid 'my little grammaticaster,' and the use of 'little' is to be observed. [Drayton was a short man.] Drayton has the word about the same time in his Preface to the *Baron's Wars*: 'Grammaticasters have quarrelled at the title of Mortimeriados'; a challenge which Jonson notices in his *Conversations*" (H. C. Hart, *Ben Jonson*, II, xxii). The word *grammaticaster*, meaning an inferior grammarian, is mediaeval Latin. *N. E. D.*

19, 143. **Mathematiques,** etc. Overbury's *Characters* is the source of much information concerning Elizabethan times and manners. He says on 'A meere Common Lawyer' "*Grammar* hee hath enough to make termination of those words which his authority hath endenizon'd. *Rhetoricke* some; but so little, that its thought a concealement. *Logicke* enough to wrangle. *Arithmeticke* enough for the ordinals of his yeare books: and number-roles: but he goes not to multiplication; there's a statute against it."

19, 148. **Three books.** Possibly the three mentioned by Sir John Davies, *Epigram*, In Publium.

> Which for such filthie sports [i.e. bear-baiting] his books forsakes
> Leaving old Plowden, Dyer and Brooke alone,
> To see old Harry Hunks and Sacarson [bears].

Cf. also *Every Man out of his Humour*, II, 1.

> "There's Plowden, Dyar, Brooke and Fitz-Herbert."

Judge J. M. Gest of Philadelphia writes: "I think it worth noting that William Fulbeck, who wrote 1599–1600, in his *Direction or Preparation for the Study of Law*, expressly intended for the guidance of law students . . . does not make it appear that three books, or, indeed, any special books were considered to constitute a recognized curriculum for the student." Jonson is simply ridiculing the small amount of learning apparently needed by a lawyer.

20, 150. **when.** The relative is used for the demonstrative "then," indicating a transition in thought, or there is an ellipsis, "When you are a lawyer."

20, 150–151. **chev'rill conscience.** Like leather made

from the skin of a kid (Fr. *chevreau*), pliable, easily stretched. Cf. Jonson's Epigram 37 *On Cheveril the Lawyer* and 54 *On Cheveril*, and Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*, II, 3, "Your soft chevril conscience."

20, 152. Alcibiades: 21, 186, Lucullus. Both appear in *Timon of Athens* (c. 1606, Fleay). Allusions to them are frequent. They were noted for their wealth and luxurious living.

20, 158. old boy. The actors were actually boys of the Chapel Children Company. This may explain the use of "little old boy," etc., **21, 175.**

20, 162–163. Janus . . . his back-face. Janus was an old Italian deity, the sun-god, and was represented with two faces, one in the front and the other in the back of his head. Cf. Ovid F. I, 245.

20, 164. Intend that: i.e. attend to, devote yourself to that.

20, 164. I will allow thee. The "allowance" of Ovid jr. is referred to, **17, 88,** as his "exhibition."

20, 169. mine eyes may drop: i.e. shed tears.

20, 173–174. Asinius Lupus, a word. Ovid sen. walks aside with Lupus, and does not attend to Tucca's remark although he hears it. After speaking with Lupus, he returns and addresses Tucca.

21, 176. Cothurnus there: i.e. Ovid jr., who is here called "Cothurnus." The Cothurnus was a kind of buskin or Greek boot worn in acting tragedies. The reference is to Ovid's play *Medea*. Or Tucca may refer to Lupus the Tribune.

21, 177. To borrow some ten drachmes. A Greek coin of different value at different times and in different places. The Attic drachma was worth usually about a franc or twenty cents. The Roman silver denarius was of about the same value as the Attic drachma. Jonson uses the name of the Greek coin in a Roman play.

21, 179–180. Sir . . . to you (to Lupus). This is the conclusion of the private conversation with Lupus. Lupus was aiding Ovid sen. in his efforts to induce Ovid jr. to give up poetry for law, and for this assistance Ovid sen. would be "beholding" to him.

21, 182. my flowre o' the order. In the quarto Tucca

had addressed Ovid sen. as my "little Knight Errant" at line 175. As all references to "Knights" were omitted from the folio, the reading was changed to "my little old boy." "Flowre o' the order," a reference to knighthood, was not changed. The Ovids were, as Dr. Mallory remarks, "an ancient equestrian family," so that references to knighthood were correct in a Roman play.

21, 185–186. my noble Lucullus. L. Licinius Lucullus, the conqueror of Mithridates, was famous for his wealth and luxury. Hence the appropriateness of the next title by which Tucca addresses Ovid sen. (l. 189), "the man of warres Mecœnas." Lucullus, wealthy and generous, was to be to soldiers what Mecœnas was to poets.

21, 187. old stumpe. Is this an allusion to the fact that the character was acted by a boy? (Cf. *The First Part of Jeronimo*, II, 3, 65, "little Jeronimo" and also III, 1, 33–38) or to the fact that Ovid walked "stiffly as an old man" as Dr. Mallory suggests in his Glossary.

21, 187–188. Honour's a good brooch. "The fashion of wearing some kind of ornament in the front of the hat is noticed by all our old poets. These *brooches* were sometimes of great value, and formed of jewels set in gold or silver (see Massinger, vol. IV, p. 213) and sometimes of copper, lead, etc., nay, so universal was the mode, that to accommodate the poor, it was found necessary to form them, like the boss of the Romans, of yet ruder materials, pasteboard and leather. The last is mentioned by Dekker, 'Thou shalt wear her glove in thy worshipful hat, like to a leather brooch.' *Satiromastix*" [321, 164], Gifford.

21, 191. hee: meaning the Roman Mecœnas.

21, 193. has staied within: i.e. within the tiring house.

21, 195–196. speake it out: In order that all might hear and believe Tucca to be an important person, from his association with Agrippa. Dr. Nicholson suggests that M. Vipsanius Agrippa is meant. He was the second husband of the Julia who appears in *Poetaster*, and was a man of great prominence. Tucca might have boasted of his acquaintance. We do not know who the Agrippa here mentioned was, or even that any actual person was intended.

22, 208–209. staggers . . . your tongue. Tucca was a stutterer, a fact which is referred to in several passages. Cf. *Poetaster*,

108, 86, he "begins to *stut* for anger," also *Satiromastix*, **286,** 164; **303,** 78.

22, 211. **a talent.** Tucca is merely mentioning a large sum to impress his hearers. The "talent" differed in value in different Greek States, the Attic talent being worth about $1200. The Romans had two "talents," worth respectively $500 and $375.

22, 213. **nut-cracker.** A term applied by Tucca to his boy. The eating of nuts was a common practice in the Elizabethan theatre. "Nucis emptor (Horace, *Ars P.* 249). . . . Jonson translates *nutcracker*." Mallory. We have kept both the thing and the name in our "*peanut-gallery*" of a theatre.

22, 216. **my followers.** Tucca had only the two Pyrgi, but spoke in lofty terms to appear important. "There is some pleasantry in making Agrippa, the first man in the State, indebted to this beggarly captain." Gifford.

22, 218. **my jerkin.** Tucca wore a leather jerkin which is alluded to several times in *Satiromastix*, **286,** 165, "poor greasie buffe Jerkin," **299,** 501, "scurvy leather captaine."

22, 218–219. **Away, setter . . . my little tumbler.** "Setter" is used of a man who is considered as performing the office of a setter — that is, one who indicates to his confederates persons whom they can rob. Halliwell (*Arch. and Prov. Dict.* 1847) defines *Tumbler* as "A kind of dog formerly employed for taking rabbits. This it effected by tumbling itself about in a careless manner till within reach of the prey, and then seizing it by a sudden spring."

22, 219–220. **this old boy . . . him.** Ovid sen. . . . Agrippa.

22, 224. **my little sixe and fiftie.** The play was performed by boys, hence perhaps the term "little" and the term "boy," so much used by Tucca (see above, **20,** 158). Dr. Mallory notes as "an interesting coincidence," *Simon Eyre*, My Liege I am six and fifty yeare old. (*The Shoemakers Holiday*, Dekker, Pearson reprint, vol. 1, p. 73.)

23, 227. **thou hadst not this chaine for nothing.** This refers to a *torquis* (or *torques*) or twisted gold chain presented to a Roman soldier for bravery or worn by men for ornament. Dr. Mallory quotes the passage from Nares, which refers to the chain

worn by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. Ovid sen. was a Roman, and the passage from Nares is perhaps not applicable to him, though it is applicable to the passage in *Satiromastix*, where Dekker's Tucca deprives Sir Quintilian of his chain, for he was not a Roman.

23, 228–229. chymaera's . . . monsters. Idle delusions. The original "Chimaera" was a monster slain by Bellerophon.

23, 230. brave boy: alluding to the deed for which Ovid sen. had received the neck chain (?).

23, 231. Better cheape. "At a less price. *Cheap* is market, and the adjective *good*, with its comparatives, is often joined with it by our old writers; thus we have continually good cheap, *better cheap*, etc. for cheap, cheaper, and cheapest." Gifford.

23, 237–238. sparke . . . put out. Cf. *Satiromastix*, **317**, 44–45, for similar puns.

23, 238–9. come hither, Callimachus, etc. This is addressed to Ovid jr. while Ovid sen. is getting out the "six drachmes" to give to Tucca. At line 247 Ovid sen. hands Tucca the money and is asked, "'Tis right, old boy, ist?" to which Ovid sen., who is disgusted with Tucca, replies, "You were best tell it (i.e. count it) Captaine." As Ovid jr. appears as a writer of elegies, the allusion to Callimachus is appropriate.

23, 241–245. they are . . . seame-rent sute. Perhaps Dekker may have had this passage in mind when he wrote, "Good Pagans, well said, they have sowed up that broken seame-rent lye of thine, that Demetrius is out at elbowes and Crispinus is falne out with Sattin heere," *Satiromastix*, **364**, 282. Of course Dekker had especial reference to *Poetaster*, **80**, 365 and **53**, 79–83.

23, 245. emblemes of beggerie. An "emblem" was a picture, or symbol, often accompanied by verses or a motto.

24, 249–50. honest horse-man. Referring to **20**, 171, "are my horses come? . . . they are at the gate . . ." and also to the fact that Ovid sen. was *eques*, "a horseman," and also "a knight."

24, 250. and thou old bever. Addressed to Lupus, who was a Tribune and wore a helmet with a "beaver." (?)

24, 250–251. Romane, when . . . to town. Romans liked to be addressed as such. Ovid sen. had come from his country place to visit his son, who was in Rome supposedly studying law.

24, 258. halfe a share. A share was a portion of the receipts of the theatre. Actors might become, as some did, "sharers," as distinguished from "journeymen," see note **80, 367**. There are numerous references to "shares" and "sharers." Cf. **71, 128**, "a quarter share," and **82, 405**. "Seven-shares and a halfe" was probably the manager or chief owner. Cf. also *The Guls Horn-Booke* (Temple classics, p. 48) "the covetousnes of sharers," (p. 53) "curse the sharers." Jonson was a "sharer" in 1597, as noted by Henslowe (*Diary*, ed. Greg, 1, 47): "R of Bengemenes Johnsones Share as ffoloweth 1597 R the 28 of July 1597 iij li ix.s."

24, 265–267. the gods of Rome blesse thee, . . . And give me stomacke to digest this Law. Dr. Mallory suggests that this is a sort of parody or reminiscence of the response in the *Book of Common Prayer* (1552, etc.), which follows the reading of each of the Commandments, "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this Law." Line 268 makes it almost certain that the suggestion is correct.

24, 269. O sacred poesie, thou spirit of artes. The 1640 folio and some copies of the 1616 folio read "Romane artes." Whalley mentioned *Romane* as making the verse "too long by a foot" and as being "an unmeaning epithet." He evidently did not know of the differences in reading. Q. omits *Romane*. This passage is practically a repetition of the defence of poetry made by Lorenzo, Jr., in the quarto form of *Every Man in his Humour*, omitted in the folio. It repeats also the ideas of the Prologue to *Cynthia's Revels*, and of *Every Man out of his Humour* (Induction).

25, 273. guiltlesse povertie. There are other allusions to Jonson's poverty in his plays. Drummond (1619) wrote: "Sundry tymes he hath devoured his bookes, [i.e.] *sold them all for necessity*" (*Conv.* p. 22). "Of all his Playes he never gained two hundreth pounds" (p. 35). "He dissuaded me from Poetrie, for that she had beggered him, when he might have been a rich lawer, physitian, or marchant" (p. 37). In *Discoveries* Jonson wrote: "Poetry, in this latter age, hath proved but a mean mistress to such as have wholly addicted themselves to her, or given their names up to her family." Dekker referred to Jonson's poverty in *Satiromastix*, **293, 332; 294, 373**, etc.

25, 281. a happy muse. Q. *soule.* The figure used by Jonson suggests the story of Pegasus, from whose hoofprint sprang the fountain Hippocrene.

25, 284. heaven gates. Used as a compound noun. See *N. E. D.* s. v. Heaven-gate.

25, 286. desp'rate censures. Q. *dudgeon censures*, which suits better the use of "stab," as a "dudgeon" was a kind of dagger. Cf. *Satiromastix*, 286, 167.

25, 291–295. The time was once, etc. As Gifford noted, from Ovid, *Amor.* 3, 8, 2–4.

> Ingenium quondam fuerat pretiosius auro ;
> At nunc barbaria est grandis, habere nihil.

26, 1. Lawyer. "Ovid is still in the cap and gown which he had assumed upon the entrance of his father." Gifford.

26, 3. What's here? Q. inserts *Numa in decimo nono*, which folio 1616 and folio 1640 omit. Whalley and Gifford retain the quarto reading. "Numa Pompilius was the author of the Roman ceremonial law. . . . The sacred books of Numa, in which he prescribed all the religious rites and ceremonies, were said to have been buried near him in a separate tomb and to have been discovered by accident, five hundred years afterwards, by one Terentius in the consulship of Cornelius and Baebius, B.C. 181." (Smith's *Dict. Gr. and Rom. Biog. and Myth.*, 1870, s. v. Numa Pompilius.) "The story of the discovery of these books is evidently a forgery; and the books, which were ascribed to Numa, and which were extant at a later time, were evidently nothing more than ancient works containing an account of the ceremonial of the Roman religion" Jonson "had discovered, I imagine, the impropriety of attributing regulations of a warlike nature to Numa, and therefore omitted the title upon a revision of the play." Gifford.

26, 7. Law-cases in verse? Gifford quotes as "a poor specimen of it" :

> *Sponte tamen numeros carmen veniebat ad aptos,*
> *Et quod conabar scribere, versus erat.*

Cf. *Quint.* 9. 4. 147, *Ut numeri sponte fluxisse videantur.* As Gifford remarks, Lord Hardwicke was not the first who thought of putting the Common Law into verse.

26, 11, 27, 13, 14. in case . . . in too much case . . . new dresse the law. Pun on "case" in law, and "case," a covering or clothing; here his gown.

27, 19. **A Supersedeas.** "A writ relieving a party from the operation of another writ which has been, or may be, issued against him." Burrill.

27, 20. **Julia.** See "The Persons of the Play." George Sandys in his *Life of Ovid*, prefixed to his translation of the *Metamorphoses*, 1640, gives the story of Ovid and Julia as related in *Poetaster* and as generally accepted at that time. Julia, the daughter of Augustus, is represented in the play as the person with whom Ovid had his dealings. The opinion to-day is that her daughter Julia is the person on whose account Ovid was banished. Both Julias were women of disreputable character.

27, 22. harmonious spheares. The Harmony or Music of the Spheres was, according to the fancy of Pythagoras and his school, a music, imperceptible to human ears, produced by the movement of the heavenly bodies. . . . The seven planets produced severally the seven notes of the gamut." *C. D.* s. v. Harmony.

27, 27. at . . . hart. God's heart.

27, 29. the faire Lycoris. Also called Cytheris, the mistress of Cornelius Gallus, and afterward of Marc Antony. Mentioned by Ovid *A. A.* 3, 537; *Trist.* 2, 445.

28, 31–2. Plautia, Delia. "An edition of Tibullus by J. J. Scaliger was published in Paris in 1577 (containing also Catullus and Propertius). Complete editions of Apuleius were published by Beroaldus at Bologna in 1500, by P. Colvius at Leyden in 1558, and by Vulcanius at Leyden in 1594. There was a second edition of the last in 1600. The *Apologia* was also published separately by Casaubon at Heidlberg in 1594. In the *Apologia*, 10, Apuleius makes a statement about the identity of Delia and Plania. On account of the rarity of the latter name Casaubon conjectured Flavia, and others have thought of Plautia, but Plania is generally accepted. Nemesis and Neaera are not identical with Plania, but the former was a later love of Tibullus's, while the latter was the sweetheart of one Lygdamus, a member apparently of Messala's literary coterie, by whom a number of the elegies of book III were written. Only books I and

II are now accepted as the work of Tibullus, although some of the individual elegies of III and IV are doubtless from his hand."

I am indebted to my colleague Professor Rolfe for the foregoing information. The name Delia caused Mr. Fleay (*Chron.* I, 367) to suggest that Tibullus was Samuel Daniel, who addressed his Sonnets to *Delia*.

28, 33. Corinna. A name given by Ovid to his mistress, whose identity was thus concealed. See *Am.* 3, 1, 49: 3, 12, 16: 2, 17, 29: *Trist.* 4, 10, 60. Dr. Mallory's note in regard to a passage *Amor.* 2, 27, 27–30 is, "This passage makes against the view that Corinna represented Julia, daughter of the Emperor [see note **27**, 20]: had Corinna been known to be Julia, no other woman would have dared pretend to be Corinna." It was perhaps because no one knew who Corinna really was (she might have been the daughter of the Emperor) that another dared pretend to be Corinna.

28, 37–44. Julia the gemme . . . zenith onely. Daniel's Sonnet XIX to Delia contains lines and ideas similar to this description of Julia, as do also other poems of the period.

28, 38. That takes . . . skie. Cf. "Bequeath the heavens the starres that I adore," Daniel, *Delia*, XIX, l. 3.

28, 40. The ayre . . . sweets. Cf. "T' Arabian odors give thy breathing sweete," *ibid.* l. 6.

28, 43–44. he which . . . tune-full orbes. Cf. "And thy sweet voice give back unto the spheres," *ibid.* l. 10.

28, 48. Hence Law. "We hear no more of Ovid's law; yet he was somewhat farther advanced in it than Jonson seems to admit: he was apparently a very respectable advocate." Gifford, who quotes Ovid, *Trist.* II, V, 93.

> *Nec male commissa est nobis fortuna reorum,*
> *Lisque etc. . . .*

28, 50. now made one. Q. *new*. Whalley's note is, "The first folio has 'And new made one.' And so reads the quarto 1602. On their authority I have given the present text." His text gives *new*, but his note is on *now*, the reading of the folio 1640 and most copies of 1616. There are several varieties of the 1616 folio with differences in the names of the printer as given on the title-page and differences in readings, of which this is an instance.

29, 57. objects, abjects. Pronounced alike, or nearly alike; hence the pun.

29, 65. houres. "A dissyllable." Nicholson.

29, 71–72. strooke with the like planet. Affected by the supposed influence of the planets.

31, 15. strenuously well. Crispinus is Jonson's representation of John Marston (see *Introduction*), whose vocabulary is especially ridiculed in this play and elsewhere. "Strenuous" is one of the words disgorged later by Crispinus-Marston, see **161, 536.**

31, 16. much good . . . sir. Gifford: "Enter Chloe, with two maids." In a passage, in which the original acting of Jonson's plays is mentioned, the author of *Historia Histrionica* 1699 (reprinted in Dodsley's *Old English Plays*, 1744, Ed. W. C. Hazlitt, 1876, vol. xv, p. 404) speaks of the female parts as played by boys at Blackfriars, the theater at which *Poetaster* was presented by "The Children of Queene Elizabeths Chappel." "*True.* 'Tis very true Hart and Clun were bred up boys at Blackfriars, and acted women's parts. Hart was Robinson's boy or apprentice; he acted the Duchess in the tragedy of the 'Cardinal,' which was the first part that gave him reputation. Cartwright and Wintershal belonged to the Private House in Salisbury Court. Burt was a boy, first under Shank at the Blackfriars, then under Buston at the Cockpit; and Mohun and Shatterel were in the same condition with him at the last place. There Burt used to play the principal women's parts, in particular Clariana, in 'Love's Cruelty,' and at the same time Mohun acted Bellamente, which part he retained after the Restoration." For a detailed account of the history of the *Children of the Chapel at Blackfriars* see the article with that title by Professor C. W. Wallace, of the University of Nebraska, *University Studies*, vol. VIII, nos. 2 and 3; also *History of the London Stage 1559–1642*, F. G. Fleay.

31, 18. Chloe. Albius and Chloe, the citizen and his wife, are similar to Deliro and Fallace in *Every Man out of his Humour*, Cornutus and the cittie wife in *Every Woman in her Humour* (*circa* 1600). Horace writes of an Albius in *Sat.* 1, 4, 28 and a Chloe in *Carm.* 1, 23, and 3, 9. These are not, however, the characters in the play.

31, 18. bring . . . violets. The walls of houses were

covered with hangings or tapestries (arras) and the floors strewn with rushes. The perfuming of rooms with flowers or by burning sweet smelling herbs or incense was necessary, as in this case, to overcome "most pittifully ranke" odours. Flowers were strewn at weddings and funerals also.

32, 21. that ever I felt: To feel a smell, "To perceive by smell or taste. *Obs.* exc. *dial.*" *N.E.D.*

32, 25. obsequiously; 28, predominant. Albius and Chloe use such words in order that they may appear like courtiers. The situation is explained by Albius at line 50.

32, 35. citizen's wife. Johnson defined a "citizen" as "a man of trade, not a gentleman." In *Historia Histrionica* 1699 James Wright says of the "Fortune" and "Red Bull" playhouses "before the wars," "The two last were mostly frequented by citizens, and the meaner sort of people."

32, 40–44. she — her: addressed to Crispinus.

32, 41–43. mooves as mightily . . . bumps on my head: "I suspect a pun, and that the doting Albius would embrace his wife, but that she pushes away his arm, and hits him on the head. Otherwise, the 'bumps on the head' are dragged in apropos of nothing." Nicholson.

33, 48. poking mee. Play on the meaning of the word. See *Satiromastix*, 303, 86–88.

33, 53. advise thee to entertaine. Explained by lines 72–81, which give the reason for Chloe's rejection of advice. Albius was a "citizen," while she was "a gentlewoman borne."

33, 60. hobby-horses. "In the morris dance, and on the stage (in burlesques, pantomimes, etc.), a figure of a horse, made of wickerwork, or other light material, furnished with a deep housing, and fastened about the waist of one of the performers, who executed various antics in imitation of the movements of a skittish or spirited horse; also, the name of this performer in a morris-dance." *N. E. D.*

33, 65. Gaine savours sweetly . . . "When Jonson thus gave us the meaning of the Latin saying, *Dulcis odor lucri ex re qualibet*, he forgot that the occasion from which it took its rise, was much posterior to the age in which the persons of his drama lived. Tho' possibly Vespasian might not have been the author of it, but

only made it more memorable by the application to which he put it." Whalley. Gifford, who gives the Latin as *Lucri bonus est odor ex re qualibet*, remarks: "Whalley alludes to the well-known anecdote of Vespasian: the words of the text, however, are a proverbial sentence as old in the world as the love of gain."

33, 66. **respects to get.** The Romans used *respicere* with the meaning "to care for," "to be mindful of"; and *acquirere*, to get, with the meaning "to amass wealth." Many words and expressions of Latin origin were used by the Elizabethans in a sense more nearly Latin than is the case to-day.

33, 73. **take in snuffe.** To be angry.

34, 77. **musique . . . masques.** The meaning is that Albius as a citizen, with his first wife, never had at his house entertainment, musique and masques, such as were given in the houses of the nobility. His second wife, Chloe, "a gentlewoman born," had however made such things possible.

34, 79. **disbast myself:** debased myself, a gentlewoman, by marrying a citizen. (See above, 32, 35.) The allusion to clothes indicates, as Dr. Mallory notes, a pun on the old word "base," meaning a short skirt.

34, 79–81. **hood, fartingall, bumrowles, whalebone-bodies.** Cf. Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday* (Pearson reprint, I, p. 62). Simon Eyre (who has become Sheriff of London) to his wife. "Lady *Madgy*, thou hadst never covered thy Saracens head with this French flappe, nor loaded thy bumme with this farthingale," etc., unless Eyre had been raised to the rank of sheriff. Cf. (*ibid.* p. 39) *Wife*. "Art thou acquainted with never a Fardingale maker, nor a French-hood maker, I must enlarge my bumme," etc. The hood, and farthingale (similar to crinoline or hoop-skirts of great size) were worn by "ladies"; but cf. *London Prodigal*, III, I, 243 (1605): "I'll have thee go like a citizen, in a guarded gown and a French hood."

34, 83–4. **spermacete . . . citie.** Albius makes a bad pun, "citie of ——," which is clearer in the quarto, which prints "sperma Cete." "Spermacete" was used as a term of endearment because the substance was very valuable.

34, 84. **most best.** "The inflections *-er* and *-est*, which represent the comparative and superlative degrees of adjectives,

though retained [in Elizabethan English], yet lost some of their force, and sometimes received the addition of *more*, *most*, for the purpose of greater emphasis. Ben Jonson speaks of this as 'a certain kind of English atticism, imitating the manner of the *most ancientest and finest* Grecians.' . . . But there is no ground for thinking that this idiom was the result of imitating Greek." (Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, 1870, p. 22, section 11.)

34, 87. **participate the knowledge.** The verb used now with "in" was used transitively in Jonson's time.

35, 116. **A Face.** Critics have differed as to the meaning of this passage as describing the arms of Marston-Crispinus. See *Shakespeare Manual*, F. G. Fleay, p. 312; *Notes and Queries*, 4, VII, 469, Brinsley Nicholson; *Marston's Poems*, Introduction, v. note, A. B. Grosart; *Poetaster*, note on 2. 1. 98, H. S. Mallory; *Heralds and Heraldry in Ben Jonson's Plays*, 99–104, A. H. Nason. The latest opinion on the subject is expressed in *The Athenæum* (Aug. 15, 1908, p. 190), in a review of Mr. Nason's book: "The Marston arms were sable, a fesse dancettée ermine between three fleurs-de-lis argent. Mr. Nason can see no resemblance between this coat and Jonson's caricature; but surely the matter admits of no doubt. A toe, especially with the foot attached, is no bad parody of a fesse dancettée, while the resemblance between three fleurs-de-lis argent and 'three thorns pungent' is strong enough to appeal to any one. The crying face in chief seems to have puzzled not only Mr. Nason, but all the other commentators, none of whom appears to have noticed the explanation, which any one who looks up the visitations of Shropshire can see for himself. Marston was the grandson of Ralph Marston of Heyton. Now Marston of Heyton, as cadet branch of Marston of Marston, bore the Marston arms *with a crescent for difference*. This difference clearly gave Jonson the suggestion of the crying face, with which he burlesques the crescent."

36, 128. **God's my passion.** Many such expressions are elliptical, but we cannot always be sure what the omitted words, if any, are. See 11, 39. Cf. Passion-a-me, *The Heir*, Act. 1, Thomas May, 1620; God's passion, etc.

36, 144. **citi-sin.** Cf. the same pun in Dekker's *Lanthorne and Candle Light* (1608), Temple Classics, p. 191, "The citizen is sued here and condemned for the city-sins."

36, 152. **Wife.** "She makes some sudden sign of anger." Nicholson.

38, 180. **coaches.** Cf. Stowe's *Annales*, 1615, fol. 867. "In the yeare 1564 Guylliam Boonen, a Dutchman, became the queene's coachmanne, and was the first that brought the use of coaches into England. And after a while, divers great ladies, with great jealousie of the queene's displeasure, made them coaches, and rid in them up and downe the countries to the great admiration of all beholders; but then by little and little, they grew usual among the nobility and others of sort, and within twenty years began a great trade of coachmaking."

41, 50. **And thanke Cornelius Gallus.** Cytheris, the mistress of Gallus, lived at the house of Albius (see 27, 30) and, through her, Gallus arranged that the poets should meet their mistresses at that house. Albius and Chloe are simply used by the courtiers, who in reality care nothing for them.

41, 65. **Worthy Roman!** "Ovid and his friends seem to have taken Propertius at his word, and given him credit for more affliction than he really suffered. Cynthia's own opinion of the matter is not quite so favourable to the feelings of her quondam lover." Gifford: who quotes from *Eleg.* 4, 7, in support of his opinion.

42, 96. **your lookes change . . . your hair change.** The attack on Marston as Crispinus was referred to by Dekker in *The Guls Hornbook* (see Introduction to this volume, p. xiii, and 35, 110–11, above). The name Crispinus (above, 35, 116, note) was connected by Jonson with the arms of Marston. "Rufus" in the light of Dekker's statement refers evidently to the color of his hair (red), and Laberius (qy. fr. *labeo* blob-lipped?) may refer to his general appearance or "looks" here mentioned. Dekker speaks of "your red-beard." While Jonson does not say specifically that the hair of Crispinus was red, yet there seems no doubt that such was the case. The *beard* of Crispinus is mentioned, 51, 31, in a connection which would have no special significance unless it had been red, as Dr. Nicholson said, "Being rufus or red, it was the reverse of a stoic's temperament."

43, 106. **commended to have.** "Recommend" (*N. E. D.* 2) as "collect" is used for "recollect." (See l. 109.)

43, 107. **At your ladiships service.** Albius remarks,

"I got that speech by seeing a play last day." This is an instance (though Albius is not here an "ignorant poetaster") of what Jonson meant in general by the passage in *Cyn. Rev.* 2, 4, ". . . ignorant poetasters of the time, who, when they have got acquainted with a strange word, never rest till they have wrung it in, though it loosen the whole fabric of their sense." Jonson ridiculed courtiers and their imitators, as here, for the same thing.

43, 109. **did me . . . grace.** Was creditable to me.

43, 110. **good to collect.** This may mean "'tis good to make a collection of phrases," etc. or "'tis good to collect, i.e recollect, phrases heard.'

43, 120. **hard favour'd.** Referring here probably to his being melancholy and therefore perhaps wearing a scowling face. If Hermogenes was a representation of any actual person this may be a reference to his customary appearance.

43, 124. **he can sing.** Jonson liked to ridicule the singing courtier poets. Cf. Horace, *Sat.* 1, 3, 1–8.

> Omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus, inter amicos
> Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati;
> Injussi nunquam desistant. Sardus habebat
> Ille Tigellius hoc, etc.

Jonson has borrowed Hermogenes [Tigellius] character and all, as Gifford says, from Horace. Hermogenes is at first unwilling to sing, and then (47, 222) wishes to continue when others wish to attend the banquet. Julia translates the lines of Horace (47, 232), "'Tis the common disease, etc."

44, 131. **his owne humanitie :** i.e. courtesy. The word "humanity" was used in several senses, and may have other implications here. Cf. Humane, the humanities, humanitian (*Cynthia's Revels*, 3, 5).

45, 181. **you were best:** ". . . the old '(to) me (it) were better,' being misunderstood, was sometimes replaced by 'I were better.' '*I were better* to be eaten to death' *2 Hen. IV.* 1, 2, 245. '*I were best* to leave him,' *1 Hen. VI.* v, 3, 82. . . . And when the old idiom is retained, it is generally in instances like the following: 'Answer truly, *you were best*,' *J. C.* III, 3, 15, where *you* may represent either nominative or dative, but was al-

most certainly used by Shakespeare as nominative." E. A. Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, ¶ 230.

46, 193–202. If I freely . . . bard. The outline of this song, as Whalley states, is from Martial, *Epigram* 1, 57.

> Qualem, Flacce, velim quaeris, nolimve puellam?
> Nolo nimis facilem, difficilemve nimis:
> Illud quod medium est, atque inter utrumque probamus,
> Nec volo quod cruciat, nec volo quod satiat.

48, 243. good legges. To make a leg was to bow drawing the leg back.

48, 258. Expiate this complement. In *Lear* 1, 1, 306, we have the expression "complement of leave taking," that is, ceremony or formality. Nicholson interprets "expiate" to mean "be satisfied with." Shakespeare uses "expiate" in the sense of "bring to a close," which is probably the meaning here.

49, 260. Enghle. The derivation of *Enghle* is not known. It is spelled in several ways, and is used as noun and as verb. *Ingle* and *ningle* mean familiar friend, male favorite, often in a bad sense. As a verb the word means to coax or to swindle.

49, 260. broker. Pawn-broker. Then as now pawn-brokers were often in league with thieves and sold stolen goods.

49, 261. garland. Many of the pictures of Elizabethan poets represent them as wearing garlands. Horace-Jonson is crowned with nettles in *Satiromastix*, 392, 394.

50, 1. Hor. li. 1. Sat. 9. Jonson has made this satire the basis of a scene into which he has introduced much that is not in Horace, including the name of Crispinus. The original *Satire 9* contains only 78 lines.

50, 1. Horace. This is the first appearance of Horace, the character in which Jonson depicted himself and in so doing gave offense.

50, 1. I will begin an ode. Deliberation in selecting his subject and in "composing" were characteristic of Jonson, one of whose most famous criticisms of Shakespeare was "I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand, which they thought a malevolent speech." *Timber*.

50, 4. **Mecœnas loves him.** Crispinus (Marston) at once refers to the "company" kept by Jonson. This was one of Jonson's replies to his enemies as to the cause of their hatred of him.

50, 8. **Swell me a bowle.** This ode and Jonson's slowness in composing are ridiculed by Dekker, who quotes, not exactly, the last line of the ode. See *Satiromastix*, 280, 19 and 293, 340. Mr. H. C. Hart shows that Drayton rather than Jonson may be the one attacked by Dekker (*Ben Jonson*, vol. II, p. xix.)

50, 9. **plump Lyaeus.** Bacchus, Λυαῖος, the looser from care, is represented as fat and thick-lipped. Marston (*Antonio's Revenge*, 5, 4), Chapman (*May Day*) and the author of the old *Timon* all wrote songs similar to this, the relation of which we do not know. For a discussion of them see Fleay, *Biog. Chron.* I, 57; Bullen, *Marston*, I, 183; Small, *Stage Quarrel*, 55–56 note.

50, 12. **flowing measure.** The only line quoted by Dekker (*Satiromastix*), who ridicules "flowing" by making Horace hesitate whether to use "swimming" instead ("swims" is the word in the song in *Timon*), and substitutes "numbers" for measure. Dekker, to make his rhyme, writes "spright and flame."

50, 13–14. **the Muses stand auspicious.** Dekker in his parody (*Satiromastix*, 280, 1–281, 25) makes Asinius say, "The nine Muses be his midwives."

50, 15. **sweete man.** "Sweet" is a word used by courtiers, and ridiculed in *Cynthia's Revels*, and elsewhere.

50, 15. **frolicke? rich? gallant?** *Frolicks* means given to pleasure, and *gallant* refers to apparel and manners. As Jonson dressed plainly and regarded himself as superior to courtiers, the question of Crispinus was intended to be offensive to Horace.

50, 16. **my fortunes.** As Dr. Mallory remarks, the fortunes of the father of the Roman Horace had been considerable, but were confiscated under Augustus for the part the poet took with Brutus. The poet, through friendship of Virgil and Mecœnas, prospered.

51, 20. **a scholer.** Marston was a student at Brasenose College, Oxford, from Feb. 4, 1591–2 to Feb. 6, 1593–4, when he was admitted B.A. *D. N. B.* Jonson is here translating Horace's *Docti Sumus. Sat.* I, 9, 7.

51, 25. **new turn'd Poet . . . and a Satyrist too.** Marston's earliest work was *Pygmalion*, *Satires*, *Scourge of Villanie*

in 1598. *Antonio and Mellida*, I and II, 1599 late, or 1600. His share in *Histriomastix* is earlier than *Antonio and Mellida*, being referred to in *Every Man out of his Humour*, 1599. Henslowe mentions "Mr. Maxton, the new poete (Mr. Mastone)," "28 of September 1599," *Henslowe's Diary*, ed. W. W. Greg, 1908, Part I, p. 112. Mr. Greg says (Part II, p. 297), "The interlinear gloss 'Mr. Mastone' is probably a forgery inserted in order to connect the entry with John Marston."

51, 27. **thy veine.** Jonson called his plays *Every Man out of his Humour*, *Cynthia's Revels*, and *Poetaster* by the characteristic and unusual name "Comical Satires." He speaks of himself as a satirist in a number of passages, and is introduced wearing a "Satyres coate" and "horns" in *Satiromastix*, the title of which refers to Jonson.

51, 27. **odes or your sermons.** Horace had said, "I will begin an *ode* so," and was engaged in composing an ode, when interrupted. "Sermons" is here a transfer to English of the *Sermones* of Horace, a general term applied by Horace to his Satires. *Sermo* means a discourse, or conversation.

51, 28. **a gentleman.** Marston is satirized for his allusions to his birth, but this Satire is also general, as many references to "gentleman" show.

51, 29. **Rufus.** This name refers evidently to the color of the hair and beard of Crispinus-Marston (see note 42, 96) which was red, "the reverse of a stoic's temperament," as Nicholson noted, hence the remark of Horace "To the proportion of your beard," 51, 31.

51, 30. **a prettie stoick too.** Jonson here refers to the Roman Crispinus, mentioned in Horace (*Sat.* I, 1, 120). He was "according to the statement of the Scholiasts on that passage, a bad poet and philosopher, who was surnamed Aretalogus, and wrote verses on the Stoics. This is all that is known about him, and it is not improbable that the name may be a fictitious one, under which Horace intended to ridicule some philosophical Poetaster." *Dict. Greek and Roman Biog. and Myth.* Smith. 1870.

51, 34. **street.** The *Via Sacra. Ibam forte Via Sacra.* Hor. *Sat.* I, 9.

51, 34. **I protest.** This cant expression, used by courtiers gen-

erally and ridiculed by Jonson here and elsewhere, is the subject of a note by Dr. Mallory, in which he calls attention to the fact that "protest" is not used by Horace or the graver characters, but is used a number of times by Crispinus Demetrius and Histrio. Dr. Mallory says, "This point is not so trivial when we consider that in *What You Will*, which seems to have been acted before *Poetaster* (cf. Small, *Stage Quarrel*, 101 ff.; though Fleay, *Chr.* 2, 76, dates it 1601, 'after Poetaster'), Marston makes Lampatho, who represents Jonson, continually reiterate *I protest:* note particularly Act. 2, Sc. 1." This statement of Dr. Mallory, based on Dr. Small's identification of Lampatho with Jonson, is evidence against such identification. The fact that "protest" is never used by Horace-Jonson but is used frequently by Crispinus-Marston would connect Lampatho with Crispinus, which is, I believe, the correct interpretation, since Lampatho is addressed directly as "Don Kinsayder," the name signed by Marston at the end of his prefatory note to *The Scourge of Villanie* and used of him in *The Return from Parnassus*. (See *The War of Theatres*, pp. 138–140.)

51, 36. polite and terse. These words both mean *polished, smooth*, but are not commonly used except in a transferred sense. "Terse" (like "neate" and "fine," l. 33 above) is used affectedly by Crispinus. It refers probably to the appearance of the houses, to which reference is immediately made, and means elegantly compact.

51, 43. city-ladies. The wives of citizens (merchants and shopkeepers) used to sit in the shops or before them in fine apparel to attract customers. Young gallants frequented the streets where these shops were. The absurd headdresses worn by these city-ladies are described by Crispinus, who contrasts them with "court curles . . . spangles or tricks," evidently terms applied to the hair-dressing of court-ladies. The silver bodkin was peculiar to city-ladies; hence the remark of Horace.

52, 58. I cannot tell. "I know not what to say of it. Another example of that mode of speech, which the commentators have so unaccountably overlooked." Gifford.

52, 60. gable-ends. . . . "In the reign of Henry VII. a new head-dress makes its appearance, partaking more of the hood than the cap, and suggesting the idea of the spire having

been taken down from the church, leaving the gable end of the roof with its barge boards untampered with." (Planché, *Cyclopedia of Costume*, 1876, vol. 1, p. 275.)

52, 61–62. coronets . . . arches . . . pyramids. Cf. "But oh her silver framed coronet with lowe downe dangling spangles all beset." 1599, *Microcynicon* (Fairholt). "Wearing of perriwigs, and other hair coronets and top gallants." 1601, Dent, *Pathw. Heaven* (1831), 38. Stephen Gosson wrote in 1595:

> These flaming heads with staring haire,
> These wyers turnde like hornes of ram;
> These painted faces which they weare,
> Can any tell from whence they cam?
> . . . . . .
> These glittering cawles of golden plate,
> Wherewith their heads are richly dect,
> Make them to seeme an Angels mate
> In judgment of the simple sect.
> To Peacockes I compare them right,
> That glorieth in their feathers bright.
> These perriwigges, ruffes, armed with pinnes,
> These spangles, chaine and laces all. . . .
> *Pleasant Quippes for Upstart Newfangled Gentlewomen.*

52, 64. care a mushrome. "Mushroom" is frequently used as a term of contempt; hence, "to care a mushroom" is to care nothing.

52, 69. had else. Something else, "never written them," "never met me," etc., etc. "Had else" may mean "had some one else to recite them to."

53, 78. observe. Crispinus means "listen, attend." Horace understands the word as meaning "look," in order to change the subject. This reference to the clothes of Crispinus-Marston, and a similar passage, **80**, 365, concerning Demetrius-Dekker, are mentioned in *Satiromastix*, **295**, 395, and **364**, 282.

53, 81. velvet bases. 'In the quarto it is *hose*; from which it appears that Jonson, as was sometimes the case with the writers of his age, uses the word for breeches. Strictly speaking, however, *bases* were a kind of short petticoat, somewhat like the phillibegs of

the Highlanders, and were probably suggested by the military dress of the Romans." Gifford.

53, 88. **your mercers booke.** The indebtedness of courtiers and gallants to their tailors and to "mercers" or dealers in cloth, was a matter of common reference. This reference to Crispinus is answered by Dekker in *Satiromastix*, 365, 296.

53, 90. **I am crost, and so's not that.** There is a play here on three meanings of cross: to hinder, to cancel a debt by crossing off the account, a coin stamped with a cross.

54, 113. **how I sweat with suffering.** See 82, 414. Horace wrote *quum sudor ad imos manaret talos. Sat.* 1, 9, 10.

54, 120. **with halfe my teeth.** Gifford says: "In this speech, Horace has taken a line, by anticipation, from Juvenal:

Ut liceat paucis cum dentibus inde reverti. *Sat.* 3, 301.

Juvenal is speaking of an attack made with fists."

55, 122. **by commission.** Authority, warrant or instrument conferring authority. Cf. 149, 267, *in commission*, in the exercise of delegated authority.

55, 124. **lewd solœcismes.** See *Satiromastix*, 348, 94, note. Dekker replies to this attack on the poetry of Crispinus-Marston.

55, 125. **Bolanus.** Horace wrote *O te, Bolane, cerebri felicem! Sat.* 1, 9, 11.

55, 131. **made a solemne asse.** Horace wrote—

Demitto auriculas, ut iniquae mentis asellus,
Quum gravius dorso subiit onus. *Sat.* 1, 9, 21–22.

55, 133. **affected to be gone.** Disposed to be gone.

55, 134. **let's prove, to enjoy thee:** "i.e. let us *try* — let us put it to the trial." Gifford–Cunningham.

55, 137–138. **that's sicke.** The illness of the friend, the existence of plague and the introduction of the physician and apothecary, are Jonson's additions to Horace.

56, 148. **farre side of all Tyber . . . Caesars gardens.** Horace said: *Trans Tiberim . . . prope Caesaris hortos.* "Had Shakespeare forgotten this when, in *Julius Caesar*, he placed the gardens *on this Side Tyber?* or did he prefer the authority of North, to that of his old acquaintance." Gifford. "His old

acquaintance" is of course Jonson. For interesting theories concerning Jonson's influence in *Julius Caesar* see Fleay, *Shakespeare Manual*, 1878, p. 262–270.

56, 154–155. I feare . . . Phoebus. "Alluding to the plague sent by Apollo among the Grecians, on account of the insult offered to his priest.— *Hom. Il.* lib. 1, 10." Whalley (quoted by Gifford). Jonson here refers also to what was common in London, and is frequently mentioned in the literature of the time. Theatres were closed during the plague, and houses in which were victims were marked with a cross. Jonson tells (in *Conversations*, pp. 19, 20) of the death of his son from the plague in 1603. For plague regulations see Malone Society *Collections*, Part II, (1908) p. 202, *Dramatic Records Lansdowne MSS.* See also Dekker, *A Rod for Runawayes*, 1625, ed. Grosart, 4, 281.

56, 166–167. O, that . . . sir. Blank verse, though not so printed in folio 1616.

57, 171. three Furies. The sign of a tavern at which Minos the apothecary dwelt. Horace "guest at his name by his signe" (l. 182) and called him Rhadamanthus the brother of Minos. *Iliad*, 14, 322. Rhadamanthus was made judge in the lower world.

57, 171–172. Janus Temple. The temple of Janus was near the Forum, to which Crispinius was going; see l. 236.

57, 175. laid to arrest me: i.e. plotted, or laid a plan, to arrest me.

57, 179–180. speake him faire. Faire, adv., means courteously, kindly.

57, 185–186. taste mee. Try me. Taste and feel (**32**, 21, note) were used somewhat generally of the senses. "[Taste] is still noticeable in Devonshire and was perhaps brought thence (with others) by Raleigh and became a fashionable word." Nicholson.

57, 188. Varius, Virgil, Tibullus. Horace (*Sat.* 1, 9, 22–3) mentions Varius and Viscus. Virgil and Varius are mentioned together by Horace, *Sat.* 1, 5, 40; 1, 6, 55; 1, 10, 44 and 81; *Epist.* 2, 1, 247; *A. P.* 55. Tibullus is mentioned by Horace, *Carm.* 1, 33, and *Epis.* 1, 4.

57, 191. could pen more verses. Horace has:

> nam quis me scribere plures
> Aut citius possit versus? *Sat.* 1, 9, 23–24.

58, 200. **I have beene a reveller.** See also 69, 72, "a gentleman and a reveller."

58, 201. **Cloth of silver sute.** Cloth woven wholly or in part of silver thread.

58, 201. **My long stocking.** "In this age, the breeches, or, more properly the drawers, with men of fashion, fell short of the knees, and the defect was supplied by *long stockings*, the tops of which were fastened under the drawers. This is Whalley's note: he could scarcely be mistaken in what he represents as so common to be seen; and yet, before I read it, I always supposed the allusion to be that kind of stocking which was drawn up very high, and then rolled back over the breeches, till it nearly touched the knee." Gifford.

58, 203. **If you may be trusted, sir:** "i.e. By his tailor." Nicholson.

58, 204–205. **Hermogenes himself envies me.** *Invideat quod et Hermogenes, ego canto.* Hor. *Sat.* 1, 9, 25.

58, 205. **your onely master of musique:** *quamvis tacet Hermogenes, cantor tamen atque optimus est modulator.* Hor. *Sat.* 1, 3, 129–30.

58, 207: **Is your mother living, sir?** Jonson follows Horace in this question addressed to Crispinus (*Est tibi mater? Cognati, queis te salvo est opus? Sat.* 1, 9, 26), but not in the reply of Crispinus, in which it is Marston that speaks. Marston's father died in 1599, and his will was proved Nov. 29, 1599. Marston's mother was evidently living, and the reply of Crispinus-Marston was a sharp one.

58, 208. **Au. Qy. Ay = Yes?**

58, 210. **mother.** Womanish qualities inherited from the mother: also hysteria.

58, 211. **your father is dead.** Not in Horace. Marston's father was dead.

58, 213. **well compos'd:** *omnes composui*, Hor. *Sat.* 1, 9, 28. Cf. *compositus prope cineres cognatos*, Catull. 68, 98.

58, 218. **remember me . . . of.** The old reflexive use of this verb.

58, 219. **cunning woman.** A fortune-teller. "Cunning" was used in early times for occult art, magic. *N. E. D.*

58, 219. Sabella. The Sabines or Sabellians were expert in magic, hence this and other references to them in Horace.

58, 218–59, 232. I now . . . aged man. Jonson translates and adds to Hor. *Sat.* 1, 9, 29–34,

> namque instat fatum mihi triste Sabella
> Quod puero cecinit divina mota anus urna:
> Hunc neque dira venena nec hosticus auferet ensis,
> Nec laterum dolor aut tussis nec tarda podagra;
> Garrulus hunc quando consumet cunque: loquaces,
> Si sapiat, vitet, simul atque adoleverit aetas.

59, 236. I am . . . here. Horace wrote, *Sat.* 1, 9, 35, *Ventum erat ad Vestae.* The temple of Vesta was at the south end of the Forum, near the *Puteal Libonis* where money matters were adjusted.

59, 238. If I neglect. Hor. *Sat.* 1, 9, 36–7:

> et casu tunc respondere vadato
> Debebat; quod ni fecisset, perdere litem.

60, 251–261. Troth . . . with thee. Hor. *Sat.* 1, 9, 40–43:

> Dubius sum quid faciam, inquit;
> Tene relinquam an rem. Me, sodes. Non faciam, ille,
> Et praecedere coepit. Ego, ut contendere durum est
> Cum victore, sequor. Maecenas quomodo tecum.

60, 264–266. thou art . . . Romanes. Jonson's evident boasting of his friends is referred to and satirized by Dekker in *Satiromastix*, **363, 262.** See Fleay, *Biog. Chron.* 1, 337 for a list of distinguished persons referred to by Jonson.

61, 279. this brize. Gadfly, which is often mentioned as stinging cattle. Gifford quotes Dryden, *Georgics*, 3, 241, "a fierce loud-buzzing *breeze:* their stings draw blood."

61, 280. your silkenesse. This word occurs apparently only in Jonson. The *Century Dictionary* says: "Silkiness; used humorously, simulating such titles as 'your highness,' to imply luxuriousness, etc." There is of course a contrast with Jonson's "rug" or "perpetuana" clothes.

61, 284. envie and detraction. These are terms used in

the formal arraignment of Crispinus-Marston and Demetrius-Dekker (165, 632 and 635.) Dekker did not forget these words, and in *Satiromastix* they occur in the reply to Horace-Jonson. See 364, 269 and 276; 386, 236.

61, 288. **There's.** "There" is demonstrative = "in that place."

62, 314. **And impudence.** This term, applied by Jonson to his foes, occurs in several significant passages. Anaides in *Cynthia's Revels* is referred to (II, 2) by Mercury as "Impudence, itself Anaides." This merely substitutes a Latin for a Greek name. Anaides is, I believe, Marston (see *Introduction*, p. lx). Envy, detraction, impudence and ignorance are all charged against Crispinus-Marston and Demetrius-Dekker, who had charged Horace-Jonson "falsely of self-love, arrogancy, impudence, rayling, filching by translation, etc." (149, 252–254).

62, 315–320. **Phoebus — Python, Hercules — Hydra.** Allusions not in the *Satire* of Horace.

62, 319. **thy thirteenth labour.** The labors of Hercules, twelve in number, were not more difficult than this task of getting rid of Crispinus.

63, 1. **Aristius.** "Aristius has not full justice done him. There is nothing in Horace more amusing than the manner in which this person, who must have been a very sprightly, humorous, and agreeable gentleman, plays on the visible impatience of his friend. Here, he takes his leave very tamely." Gifford.

63, 4. **land-remora.** The Romans believed that this fish stopped ships by clinging to their bottoms.

64, 22. **it selfe.** "*Its* was not used originally in the authorized Version of the Bible, and is said to have been rarely used in Shakespeare's time. It is however very common in Florio's Montaigne. *His* still represented the genitive of *It* as well as *He*. *Its* is found, in *M. for M.* 1, 2, 4; in *W. T.* 1, 2 (three times, 151, 152, 266); and elsewhere." Abbott, *Sh. Gram.* ¶ 228.

64, 1–2. **imbrodered hat . . . ash-colour'd feather.** This is probably the passage referred to by Dekker in *The Guls Hornbook* (see *Introduction* to this volume, p. xiii). There are numerous references in Elizabethan plays to feathers in hats. Dr. Mallory quotes Gifford's note, which contains the words ". . . which

Decker (or whoever is meant by Crispinus) probably wore: —" and says in regard to the identity of Crispinus and Marston, "Gifford might have been at rest upon this point." This is not fair to Gifford, who merely speaks of Dekker here out of deference to the opinion of critics, with which however he does not agree. He expressly reserves his own opinion until later, in his note on **73**, 183, where he makes the most important statement ever made concerning *Poetaster* (except Jonson's to Drummond in the *Conversations*, not published however until 1842; Gifford's was published in 1816), where contrary to all previous opinions of critics, he identifies Crispinus with Marston, and Demetrius with Dekker: Gifford says: "Briefly, 'I do now,' like Stephano, 'let loose my opinion' [meaning, that he had expressly refrained from doing so before] that the Crispinus of Jonson is Marston, to whom every word of this directly points. This will derange much confident criticism; but I shall be found eventually in the right. Decker I take to be the Demetrius of the present play."

65, 9. **Thankes, Great Apollo.** Hor. *Sat.* 1, 9, 78. *Sic me servavit Apollo.*

65, 25. **forborne you long.** Had patience with you.

65, 26. **conscious.** This is one of the words disgorged by Crispinus in **161**, 541–543 and used in the verses attributed to Crispinus in **151**, 312. In both those passages it is used as an adjective in a transferred sense, "conscious damp," "conscious time."

65, 27. **exhale me.** Drag me out.

65, 29. **Sweet meat must have sowre sawce.** An old proverb quoted in Ray's *English Proverbs*, 1678, p. 207.

66, S. D. **Pyrgus.** The singular is used in the folio 1616, although there are two "Pyrgi," distinguished later as "1" and "2." Tucca had but one when he made his exit, **24**, 259. Gifford calls attention to this fact and conjectures that the name "Pyrgus," a tower, was given ironically because the boys were small. Nicholson says (*Ben Jonson*, 1, 263) of the word Pyrgus, "Etymologically, engines used in sieges; hence applied to pages used by Tucca to carry out his designs."

66, 8. **a citizen of Rome:** i.e. a tradesman, as used also of Albius the jeweler. Citizen is used in distinction from "gentleman," the term applied to Crispinus. See note **32**, 35.

66, 11. **A pothecarie.** "Originally, one who kept a store or shop of non-perishable commodities, spices, drugs, comfits, preserves, etc. *Spec.* The earlier name for one who prepared and sold drugs for medicinal purposes." *N. E. D.*

66, 12. **a physician.** As distinguished from an apothecary, as here, a physician was one who had made a special study of "physic" and had been graduated from some college of medicine.

66, 13. **lotium.** Latin, *lotium*, urine. "Stale urine used by barbers as a 'lye' for the hair . . . also a vulgar form of 'lotion.'" *N. E. D.*

67, 18. **good-man slave.** "Goodman" was prefixed to designations of occupation. *N. E. D.*

67, 19. **hooke.** A word applied with certain qualifications to a person. *N. E. D.* Here, perhaps, rogue-catcher. Cf. "flesh-hooke fingered sergeants." Dekker, ed. Grosart, 3, 38.

67, 30. **lendings.** We should say "borrowings." See **23**, 233.

68, 58. **centum viri.** "A college or bench of judges chosen annually for civil suits, especially those relating to inheritances." Andrews, *Latin Lexicon*.

68, 66. **Fourescore sesterties.** "A sesterce was worth about two-pence of our money; so that the whole of Crispinus' debt did not much exceed two shillings." Gifford.

69, 83. **Collonell.** Pyrgus has been taught to address Tucca in high-sounding terms.

70, 106. **truth, and earnest.** Faith or pledge.

70, 118–121. **But . . . see.** Addressed to Crispinus and Minos, the Lictors having moved away.

70, 121. **barbers, to stitching.** Minor surgical operations were performed by barbers, who were styled barber-surgeons. Surgeons and barbers were not separated in London until 1745.

70, 122–124. **I am . . . profitable.** The Lictors have returned, and Tucca changes his tone.

70, 125. **errant rogues.** "This is the σχῆμα παρ' ὑπόνοιαν [covert allusion] in which Jonson and his master, Aristophanes, so much delight." Gifford.

71, 126. **Poetaster.** Tucca addresses Crispinus here as "Poetaster." See also **79**, 335, and **147**, 200. Gallus and Tibul-

lus are called "poetasters," 99, 110. Jonson criticizes Marston's vocabulary in the closing scene of the play, and in *Cynthia's Revels*, II, 4, had referred to "ignorant poetasters" who used strange words. Dekker uses the term, *Satiromastix*, 312, 15. *Asinius*. I doe not thinke but to proceede Poetaster next Commencement.

71, 127–128. **(thou shalt . . . resolute).** The parenthesis is not indicated in the quarto. Nicholson thinks that these words were addressed to Pyrgus. Dr. Mallory is probably correct in taking them to have been addressed to Crispinus, who helped Tucca to cozen Minos.

71, 135. **Bacchus, Comus, Priapus.** Comus here does not mean "the play," as Dr. Mallory states, but a jovial carousal, or merry-making, such as in Grecian times "usually ended in the party parading the streets crowned and with torches." Liddell and Scott, *Greek Lexicon*, s. v. κῶμος. Bacchus and Priapus mean wine and licentiousness.

71, 136. **stalkes.** This refers to the peculiar walk of an actor of which Hamlet speaks in his address to the players. *Hamlet*, 3, 2.

71, 138. **ferret.** The quarto reads Leveret. Ferret is a better name for Pyrgus, who is useful to Tucca in finding out facts about people.

71, 142. **man of warre.** Not only a ship of war but also Captain Tucca.

71, 146. **grow rich . . . purchase.** "Purchase" was used of the booty of thieves. Halliwell, *Dict. Arch.* The verb was used in the general sense of "acquire."

71, 147. **two-penny teare-mouth.** Two-pence was commonly the price of admission to the upper gallery in the Elizabethan theatre. See *Satiromastix*, 394, 18–19.

71, 147. **fortune.** This refers probably, though not necessarily, to the Fortune theatre, built by Henslowe and Alleyn in 1600 in Golden Lane. See *Henslowe's Diary*, ed. Greg, Part II, pp. 56–65, for an account of this theatre, and below, 73, 196, note, for a discussion of the company of which Histrio was a member. The relations of the various companies to each other is an important factor in the stage war, — some think the most important. When

Poetaster was performed, 1601, the Fortune theatre was occupied by the Admiral's men, who had left the Rose (where they had, up to July, 1600, been playing with Pembroke's men since Oct. 11, 1597) in Nov. or Dec. 1600, when the Fortune was ready for them. *Henslowe's Diary*, ed. Greg, Part II, p. 54. Pembroke's company, although some of them joined the Admiral's men, appears as a separate organization in Leicester in 1598 and again in 1600. *Ibid.*, p. 105.

72, 148. the good yeere. "The good year was a euphemism for the morbus gallicus." Cunningham. "Good year" was used "as a meaningless expletive, chiefly in the interrogative phrase, What a (or the) goodyear." *N. E. D.* There may have been some meaning not clear to us in Tucca's use of the expression, but he may have referred simply to the prosperity of Histrio's company, which "all the sinners, i' the suburbs . . . applaud . . . daily," **75, 228–229.**

72, 152. sight, Oedipus. Oedipus, on learning of his guilt from Tiresias, put out his own eyes.

72, 153. hares eies. There is an old idea that hares, owing to timidity, never closed their eyes. Histrio walked with eyes open, but did not see Tucca.

72, 156–157. turne fiddler . . . and march. The status of fiddlers is indicated in what follows. See **73, 195–199.** The allusion is probably to facts known to the audience concerning Histrio's company.

72, 157. tawnie coate. "Tawnie" means the color of tanned leather. Perhaps Jonson's allusion to Histrio's experiences is answered by Dekker in *Satiromastix*, **340, 161**, where Tucca says to Horace (Jonson), "thou has forgot how thou amblest (in leather pilch) by a play-wagon" etc.

72, 158. Goose-faire. "Goose-fair, or, as it is usually called, Green-goose fair. . . . It is still held (as in the poet's days) on Whitsun Monday, at Bow, near Stratford in Essex; and takes its name from the young or green geese which form the principal part of the entertainment. In Jonson's time probably itinerant companies of players resorted there." Gifford.

72, 163. Owleglas. Ulen-spiegel, or Owl-glass, a rogue, the subject of a well-known series of stories of adventures. The ear-

liest German editions were printed in 1515 and 1519 at Strasburg. There was an English translation by William Copland, issued in three undated editions between 1548 and 1560.

72, 164. perstemptuous varlet. "In this use of a corruption of 'presumptuous,' Jonson would, it is to be supposed, set forth the ignorance and presumption of Tucca." *Nicholson.* Is it not rather a mixing of "contemptuous" with "presumptuous" by Tucca who is a stutterer?

72, 164. your fellowes: i.e. your equals. Tucca wishes it to be understood that he is a Captain, while Histrio is only the equal of a private soldier.

72, 165. a hundred and fiftie. The number of men in a company at that time.

72, 168. of a legion: "i.e. of lice." *Nicholson.*

72, 169. exhibited wrong. Tucca evidently thought that Histrio was laughing at him (see line 150). To "exhibit" is to set forth to view (i.e. himself).

72, 172. make us a supper. It was the custom among gallants and men-about-town to victimize one of their number and make him provide a supper. See above 15, 20. Shot-Clogge.

73, 183. Pantalabus. In 85, 39, the folio has "Pantolabus." The quarto reads Caprichio. Gifford suggested that the reading here should be Pantolabus. Horace mentions "the Jester Pantolabus" (*Sat.* I, 8, 11, and II, 1, 22) a name appropriate to Crispinus-Marston. The name παντολάβος, the "take all," is here fitting for Crispinus, who aids Tucca to secure money, 82, 425. Gifford's note on 73, 183, has been referred to (see note on 64, 1–2) as containing the most important statement ever made concerning *Poetaster*, except Jonson's to Drummond, which was not published until 1842. Gifford declared, contrary to all previous opinions of critics, that Crispinus was Marston and not Dekker, and that Demetrius was Dekker.

73, 186–7. gent'man . . . man of worship. Marston (Crispinus) was born a gentleman, his father having been a Counsellor of the Middle Temple. See 35, 110 and 116. The term "parcell-poet" was thrown back at Jonson in *Satiromastix*. "Parcell-poet" means half-poet: part-poet. See 349, 135.

73, 188. pens high. The last scene of the play is devoted

largely to an attack on the vocabulary of Crispinus (Marston), words and phrases used by Marston being ridiculed.

73, 190. **Minotaurus.** One of Tucca's humorous classical allusions. Cf. *Cynthia's Revels*, I, 3. "I am neither your Minotaur, nor your Centaur."

73, 194. **in earnest.** There are a number of entries in *Henslowe's Diary* recording payments "in earnest" for plays. See *Henslowe's Diary*, ed. Greg, Part II, pp. 104–105, for information concerning the rivalry of companies and the selling of plays.

73, 196–199. **travell . . . trumpet.** Probably a reference to *Histriomastix*, II, ll. 251–254, the song of the players: "Besides we that travel with pumps full of gravel," etc. Jonson may refer simply to players in general, or to the particular company, probably the Chamberlain's, by which *Satiromastix* was performed, to which, it seems likely, Histrio belonged. See 78, 320–346, note, and 80, 368, note. Jonson's allusion raises the question, Was Histrio's company the same as Sir Oliver Owlet's men in *Histriomastix*? For discussion of this question see Simpson, *The School of Shakspere*, II, pp. 11 and 89; Prof. Henry Wood, *Shakespeare Burlesqued*, Am. Jour. Philol. XVI, 3; Fleay, *Biog. Chron. Eng. Drama*, II, pp. 70–71, and *Hist. of Stage*, pp. 137, 138, 158; Greg, *Henslowe's Diary*, II, p. 76; Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, pp. 33–43; Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, p. 57.

74, 203. **Stiffe toe.** Allusion to the gait of actors.

74, 204. **it skils not:** i.e. It matters not.

74, 205. **shifter . . . statute.** See 15, 42 note. The quarto reads "Twentie i' the hundred" for "shifter," and refers to the legal rate of interest, which was ten pounds in the hundred. See 13 Eliz. c. 8, referred to by Dr. Mallory, who corrects Gifford's note.

74, 222–223. **humours, revells, and satyres.** Allusion to the titles of Jonson's plays *Every Man out of his Humour* and *Cynthia's Revels*, called by him "Comicall Satyres." The latter play and *Poetaster* were performed at Blackfriars, which was on the other side of the river from the Globe, at which the Chamberlain's company were then playing. This is the meaning, probably, of Histrio's remark (74, 226), "They are on the other side of Tyber."

75, 228. **all the sinners.** The popularity of the theatre is

indicated, and also the fact that the audiences included many of the most dissolute characters. See *The Life of Shakespeare*, Halliwell-Phillips, I, 281–283, for an account of the attempts to regulate the performance at this time.

75, 230. **bring me o' the stage.** Tucca appeared in *Satiromastix*, performed by the Chamberlain's company at the Globe, soon after *Poetaster*.

75, 232. **copper-lac't.** Copper lace is mentioned a number of times in *Henslowe's Diary* and elsewhere in connection with the dress of actors.

75, 234–235. **mansions . . . Triumphs.** "Mansion" and "tabernacle" are both used for the body in the Bible (2 *Cor.* 5, 1, and 2 *Peter* 1, 13, 14) so that bodily punishment might be meant by Tucca. "Tabernacle" was used also for booths (cf. *Nashes Lenten Stuffe*, ed. Grosart, 5, 213), and "mansion" for pretentious houses. "Globes" refers probably to the Globe theatre, at which *Satiromastix* was performed. There was no theatre or tavern called "Triumph"; so the word may mean pageant, or public display. Cf. "the one [side of a palace] for feasts and triumphs," etc. Bacon, *Building*.

75, 238. **two-penny rascall.** "Known examples allow the following tentative conclusion for 1597 to 1608. Admission to the yard and upper gallery of the public theatres was one penny. There were also two-penny galleries, or two-penny rooms, in the Globe, Fortune, and others. So far as known, the best rooms there were a shilling. The price at Paul's was sixpence. There are no known records as to Whitefriars fees for the period. At Blackfriars the lowest price in 1602 was a shilling." *The Children of the Chapel at Blackfriars*, p. 112, note. C. W. Wallace, 1908.

75, 242–245. **pronounce . . . dump.** This reminds us of Hamlet's criticism of players who "mouth it," *Hamlet*, III, 2. A "dump" was a doleful song as well as a fit of melancholy.

75, 245–248. **O dolefull . . . wretchednesse.** These lines have not been identified in any Darius play, but they are similar in tone, alliteration and alternate rhyme to many in *The Tragedie of Darius*, by William Alexander, printed at Edinburgh in 1603. We do not know whether this play was acted, or whether Jonson had read it, but we do know that Jonson told Drummond, in

1619, that "Sir W. Alexander was not halfe kinde unto him, and neglected him, because a friend to Drayton" (*Conversations*, p. 11). As the boy actors reciting for Histrio were probably in each case quoting, exactly, or in parody, lines from actual plays, it seems likely that these lines, if not a parody of Alexander's lines, are from a play now lost or unknown to us. Gifford's note is wrong in stating that the lines are a burlesque on the *Enterlude . . . Kyng Daryus*, printed in 1565. Whalley noted the similarity of this speech to that of Falstaff in *I Henry IV*, II, 4, 423–425.

75, 249–76, 257. O, shee . . . at all. From the speech of Balthazar, II, 1, 9–28, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, by Thomas Kyd, 1585–7. The lines are not quoted exactly, or in the same order. Hazlitt (*Dodsley*, 5, 36) and Mr. Boas (*Kyd*, ed. Boas, p. 398) both mention the source of this speech as Sonnet 47 of Watson's *Hecatompathia*, itself drawn (Boas) from Sonnet 103 of Serafino. "An amusing parody of the scene occurs in Nathaniel Field's *A Woman is a Weathercock*, I, 2." *Kyd*, Boas, p. 398. Field was one of the boy actors of *Poetaster*. See list of "principall Comœdians" appended to the play. *The Spanish Tragedy* is referred to by Jonson in a number of places; *Every Man in his Humour*, I, 5; *Cynthia's Revels*, Induction; *Bartholomew Fair*, Induction; all of which speak of *Hieronimo*, as the play was also called. See also *The Alchemist*, III, 2; *Tale of a Tub*, III, 4; *The New Inn*, II, 2, for other references or quotatons. Jonson received payments from Henslowe, 25 Sept. 1601, for "adicians in geronymo," and 24 June, 1602, for "new adicyons for Jeronymo." *Henslowe's Diary*, ed. Greg, I, 149 and 168. These refer to *The Spanish Tragedy*.

76, 259–262. What? . . . pusillanimitie. This passage has not been identified.

76, 263. Demetrius [and] Hist. Demetrius may have entered with Histrio, but he is not noticed by Tucca until 80, 363. Gifford omits "Demet." as a mistake in the text of the folio.

76, 265–272. the Ghost . . . Veni. Gifford quotes lines from *A Warning for Fair Women*, 1599, Induction, *Locrine*, 1595, and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, containing similar phrases. In *Antonio's Revenge*, 1600, v, 1, Marston, as Gifford notes, has lines which Jonson may have had in mind: *Ant.* Vindicta! *Alb.* Mellida! *Ant.* Vindicta! *Alb.* Antonio!

Mr. Boas discusses the sources of these "Vindicta" passages (in *Kyd*, p. 408) and calls attention to the Senecan origin of them.

76, 273–274. rumbling plaier. 77, 283. drumme. Jonson ridicules here *The Spanish Tragedy*, II, 4, 62, when Bel-Imperia cries "Murder, murder," etc. 2d Pyrgus, who represents Hieronimo, carries a drum. A scene (I, 5) in *The Spanish Tragedy* has this stage direction, "Enter Hieronimo with a drum," etc. Cf. *Every Man in his Humour*, Induction, "No rolled bullet . . . nor tempestuous drum rumbles."

76, 275. 2d Pyr. Gifford corrected the folio, which reads *1. Pyr.*

76, 276. small voice. Feminine or high-pitched voice.

77, 283. brace your drumme. A common expression for tighten, or make tense the drum-head; cf. Shakespeare, *John* v, 2, 169, "A drum is readie brac'd that shall reverberate," etc.

77, 284. t'other fellow there. The other fellow in *The Spanish Tragedy*, II, 1, 67–75, is Lorenzo. Jonson does not quote these lines exactly.

77, 295–7. Why . . . foode. As Gifford noted, these lines parody *The Battle of Alcazar*, IV, 2. Nicholson says, "Pistol quotes these words [*2 Henry IV*, v, 3, 112] but this speech seems to be from the play whence that 'Ancient' drew some of his phrases."

77, 299. a little of a ladie. Histrio wishes to hire the boys (Pyrgi) with whose acting he is pleased. Female parts were played by boys.

78, 303–4. Master . . . thee. The source of these lines has not been identified.

78, 305–306. the Moore. "Muley a character in the old play" [*The Battle of Alcazar*]. Gifford.

78, 306. scarfe. Tucca, as a captain, wore a scarf, which was customary for officers.

78, 315. mangonizing. 79, 343. Mango. Latin, *mango*, a slave dealer; Greek *μάγγανον*, a means for charming or bewildering others. "Cooper, in his *Thesaurus Linguae Romanae et Britannicae*, 1587, has: '*Mango* a baude that paynteth and pampereth up boyes, women, or servauntes to make them seeme the trimmer, thereby to sell them the deerer.'" Cunningham.

78, 320–79, 346. eating plaier . . . drunke, and drie. Gifford remarks, "The remainder of this act is merely personal; indeed the author makes no scruple of avowing it: 'Now for the players, it is true I tax'd 'hem, and yet but some,'" etc. They "are so characteristically described as to make the discovery of their real names a task of no great difficulty to their contemporaries." The opinion of Thomas Davies, *Dram. Misc.* vol. ii, p. 82, that the players were members of the Chamberlain's company is rejected by Gifford, but is probably correct. See Small, *The Stage-Quarrel*, p. 57; Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 116; Wood, *Am. Jour. Philol.* xvi, 3. Davies guessed that Poluphagus (the glutton) was Burbage; Frisker, Kempe; the "fat foole," Mango, Lowin, the original Falstaff. For this identification of Kempe there is some reason, as Kempe was a famous dancer. Tucca calls Frisker, "my zany." A zany was a buffoon or clown who imitated others. Tucca was represented in *Satiromastix* by an actor, who, in speaking the Epilogue, offered to "dance Friskin." As Kempe was a member of the Chamberlain's company, which presented *Satiromastix*, it seems likely that he was the man.

78, 325. Ænobarbus. Red-beard, literally bronze-beard. Evidently a personal allusion appreciated by the audience.

79, 329. accommodate it unto the gentleman. That is, get Crispinus to accept "five and twentie" instead of "fortie shillings" (**73**, 193) for the play he was to write. "Accommodate" was evidently an affected word.

79, 331–332. businesse . . . Lupus. The "businesse" was probably concerning the banquet, iv, 5.

79, 337. Æsope, your politician. Cicero mentions a Roman actor Æsop (*Fam.* 7, 1), and Horace calls him "gravis Æsopus" (*Ep.* 2, 1, 82), an expression, "grave Æsope," applied by Jonson (*Epigram*, 89) to Edward Alleyn. Æsop appears (144, 123) as the "player" who informed Lupus of the "emblem" made by Horace. The Histrio who had "businesse" with Lupus (**79**, 332) and the Histrio who appears with Lupus (**102**, 4) are not necessarily the same person, though they probably are. Neither of them is the same as Æsop. The "emblem" of Horace, and the affairs of Ovid and Julia, are quite distinct. Lupus, the tribune, was the person to whom informers went to lay charges.

The connection between the stage and politics was evidently close. See Simpson, *The Political Use of the Stage in Shakspere's Time*, New Sh. Soc. Trans. 1, 1, 371–441; and Fleay, *Biog. Chron.* 1, 368, for a discussion of the subject.

79, 342–344. fat foole . . . Mango . . . rapiers. Evidently personal allusions familiar to the audience. See **78, 315**, note on "mangonizing." Transactions dealing with rapiers occur in several plays, such as *Every Man in his Humour*, II, 4, where Brainworm sells his rapier.

79, 352. pu'nees. Another form of "puisne" meaning an inferior or subordinate judge, or a novice at the Inns of Court. Cf. **165, 628**, "puisne's chambers."

80, 355. helpe to a peece of flesh. See note on "mangonizing," **78, 315**.

80, 363. what 's he. Demetrius probably entered with or immediately after Histrio, to whom he is known. The folio reads (at l. 263) "Demet. Hist." Gifford omits "Demet." here (and in l. 281) as a mistake and makes him enter "at a distance," l. 364.

80, 363. halfe-armes. Demetrius had probably only a dagger or short sword instead of a sword and dagger.

80, 364. cloke, like a motion. Cf. Jonson, *Epigram 97*, "See you yond motion . . . His cloak with orient velvet quite lined through." Motions were puppet shows.

80, 365. his dubblet's a little decaied. This is the beginning of the attack on Dekker to which reply was made in *Satiromastix*, **295, 392–397**, and **364, 281**. That Dekker was poor is indicated by entries in *Henslowe's Diary* (ed. Greg, 1, 83 and 101) in January and February, 1598, recording payments made to release Dekker from arrest.

80, 367. dresser of plaies. Dekker wrote much in collaboration with other playwrights. He is called also "journey-man," **119, 32**, and **147, 201**. A "journeyman" was employed by the company, but was not a "sharer" in the profits. See **24, 258**, note.

80, 368. hir'd him to abuse Horace. *Satiromastix* was presented by the Chamberlain's company, to which Histrio probably belonged. That play has among its characters Horace, Tucca,

Crispinus and Demetrius from *Poetaster*, and ridicules the company kept by Horace (Jonson). Jonson evidently knew that Dekker had been hired to attack him and that characters from *Poetaster* would be presented by Histrio's company.

80, 373. **will get us . . . money.** This, and the statement (174, 135–136) of Horace: "If it gave 'hem meat, or got 'hem clothes. 'Tis well. That was their end," indicates that the "War of the Theatres" was financially profitable to the companies concerned. Perhaps some of the personal satire was intended to attract audiences.

80, 374–376. **this winter . . . gentleman.** This complaint of Histrio doubtless refers to the popularity of the children's companies. *Cynthia's Revels*, full of praise of the Queen, was performed by the Children of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel, who presented *Poetaster* also at Blackfriars. "There are good grounds for concluding that Elizabeth intended the establishment of the Children of her Chapel as actors at Blackfriars not merely to give the Boys polish of manners, but also to pleasure herself and entertain the Court. Her own presence there in company with her court-ladies, the testimony from other sources that lords attended, and that my fine gentleman took up the fashion while the better paying part of the audiences at the public theatres correspondingly dwindled, all indicate that this was at any rate the result, if not the original intention. I have already pointed out that this probably accounts for the children's not being oftener at Court from 1597 to 1603." *The Children of the Chapel at Blackfriars*, by C. W. Wallace, University Studies of the University of Nebraska, VIII, 2 and 3, p. 112. Shakespeare refers to these children's companies (or perhaps this company) in *Hamlet*, II, 2. "But there is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyasses, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them,) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come hither." "'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin, to tarre them on to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question."

81, 383. **my Parnassus . . . shall helpe.** Tucca's

offer to have Crispinus (Marston) help Demetrius (Dekker) is refused, a fact on which emphasis laid (119, 34–5) "I 'le write nothing in it but innocence." Marston wrote none of *Satiromastix*, and Dekker was simply "hir'd" to write it.

81, 396–402. **Where art . . . my fall.** From *The Battle of Alcazar* II, 3, 1–11, omitting lines 2, 3, 4 and 11 and changing "fortellers" to "forerunners." There are a number of allusions in other plays to *The Battle of Alcazar*. Cf. *Satiromastix*, 341, 191, "Feede and be fat my faire Calipolis"; Marston, *What You Will*, v, 1, 1; Shakespeare, *2 Hen. IV*, II, 4, 193; Thos. Heywood, *Royal King and Loyal Subject*, II, 2.

82, 404–405. **seven-shares and a halfe.** Probably the manager of the company. See 24, 258, note.

82, 406. **a service.** Actors not under the patronage of a nobleman were liable to be treated as vagabonds. See 15, 42 note.

82, 407. **buy your owne cloth.** Henslowe records payments made to tailors for cloth. There was an understanding with servants in regard to their allowances. Malone says, of His Majesty's Servants; "Like other servants of the household, . . . each of them was allowed four yards of bastard scarlet for a cloak, and a quarter of a yard of velvet for the cape, every second year." *Eng. Stage*, p. 48.

82, 421. **goate . . . ram.** Cf. Horace, *olet hircum. Sat.* 1, 2, 27; and Catullus, *Valle sub alarum . . . caper.* 69, 6.

82, 424. **twentie drachmes.** "Twentie sesterces" was the sum mentioned before (74, 213). A drachme was worth about twenty cents, and a sesterce about five cents.

82, 429. **gallant.** Used here of a woman.

83, 431. **my Genius.** My tutelar deity, which Crispinus becomes for the moment to Tucca, see also 85, 56; and cf Horace, *Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum*, etc. *Ep.* 2, 2, 187.

83, 435–437. **See . . . seconded.** These lines, not in the quarto, introduce the next scene, a translation of Horace, *Sat.* 2, 1, not in the quarto. Gifford places the scene after the play in his edition and says that it "bears no appearance of having been spoken on the stage." The translation is free in many places.

84, 28. **Lucilius, honor'd Scipio.** "Honor'd" is a verb. The slight pause after "Lucilius," indicated in the folio by a comma, would not be so indicated to-day.

85, 41–42. In . . . straines. Jonson quotes in the dedication of *Volpone* the line of Horace, *Sat.* 2, 1, 23, of which this is a free translation.

85, 50. both our better. "The adjectives *all*, *each*, *both*, *every*, *other* are sometimes interchanged and used as pronouns in a manner different from modern usage." Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, (1870) ¶ 12. Horace wrote *nostrum melioris utroque*. *Sat.* 2, 1, 29.

85, 57. Lucanian, or Apulian. Venusia, the birthplace of Horace, was on the borders of Lucania and Apulia.

85, 57. I not whether. "Not" is Chaucer's "not" = ne wot, know not Cf. Gascoigne (1576), *Philomene* (Arber's reprint, p. 90), "As yet I not, what proper hew it bare."

86, 61. rode. Gifford reads "road." Cunningham thinks Jonson had in mind the word "raid," from his use in l. 63 of "borderer" as a translation of *Appula gens*. The meaning is, "inroad" or "invasion."

86, 65. stile. The latin *Stilus*, a pointed stake, or a point for writing on wax tablets, is transferred to manner of writing. The word is played upon here. Dekker also plays upon the word "style," manner of writing and "stile" (A. S. Stigel, steps) in *Satiromastix*, 292, 318.

86, 68. contend. Latin, *coner*, attempt, undertake.

86, 78. Throughout the citie . . . song. Horace, *Sat.* 2, 1, 46, *tota cantabitur urbe*.

87, 94. temper'd poison. *Sed mala . . . vitiato melle cicuta*, Horace, *Sat.* 2, 1, 56; honey poisoned with deadly hemlock.

87, 104. pull the skin. Latin, *detrahere pellem*, a proverbial phrase, i.e. to pull away the covering or mask.

88, 113–114. when from sight . . . Scipio. Dr. Mallory suggests that "sight," which is the reading of all copies of the folio examined, is a misprint for "fight" an appropriate word, as referring to the career of Scipio.

88, 121–2. Seeking . . . unsound. An allusion to biting a nut and finding it hard, or to the story of the viper and the file. Persius, 1, 114.

88, 124–89, 140. No, Horace . . . sit free. This passage is particularly applicable to the legal difficulties in which Jon-

son became involved as a result of *Poetaster* and to which he alludes in the dedication of the play, and in the "Apologeticall Dialogue." Jonson justifies himself by quoting the Roman Horace as authority for the actions and words of Horace in *Poetaster*.

89, 134. **That spare . . . crimes.** Cf. *Apol. Dialogue*, 171, 72, "To spare the persons, and to speake the vices."

89, 136. **makers grace.** Latin, *laudatus*, i.e. with praise or favor to the maker of the verses.

90, 13. **court-frumps.** Ridicule of courtiers, snubs.

90, 19. **puffe wings.** "A lateral prominency, extending from each shoulder, which, as appears from the portraits of the age, was a fashionable part of the dress." Whalley.

91, 22. **pure.** Cleanly, with a play on the word "Puritan," as Gifford suggests. The district known as Blackfriars was celebrated for the theatre, the Puritans and the feather trade.

91, 24–25. **fanne . . . masque.** See *Satiromastix*, 301, 20, note.

91, 25–7. **poets . . . kisses.** The making of verses by Courtiers is ridiculed in *Cynthia's Revels*, as is also the kissing mentioned by Cytheris.

91, 38–9. **under-thought.** Consciousness, or thought of being inferior.

91, 40. **forsooth.** A word used by citizens, but not by courtiers, as a term of politeness. In 34, 98–101, it is used by a servant, and by Crispinus who for the moment adopts the language of the citizen. In *What You Will*, I, 1, we have the reverse of this, the court mingling with the city. "The troupe of *I beseech and protest, and beleeve it, Sweete*, is mixed with two or three hopefull, well-stockt, neat-clothed citizens."

92, 49–50. **lyen in my house.** The 1692 folio reads "lain," which is adopted by Gifford and Nicholson. "Lies" for "lives" is common. Cf. 27, 29, "faire Lycoris lies."

92, 2. **bright starres.** Referring to the "heavenly" banquet."

92, 3. **to man you.** To attend you.

93, 15. **an often courtier.** Adverbs were often used as adjectives and *vice-versa*.

93, 16. **in sinceritie.** One of Chloe's expressions. See 32, 30 and 33, 55.

93, 20. **most vehemently.** Another of Chloe's expressions. See 34, 86.

93, 30. **fit of a poet.** A. S. fitt, a song.

93, 33–4. **so much . . . to have.** The correlative, "as," is omitted by Elizabethan usage. See Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, ¶ 281.

94, 64. **marmaset.** There are many references in Elizabethan literature to monkeys kept as pets.

95, 11. **sweet Captaine.** The language of the gallant Crispinus. Cf. Marston, *Scourge of Villanie*, Sat. 7.

> "He that salutes each gallant he doth meete
> With 'farewell, sweet Captaine, kind hart, adew.'"

95, 16. **tir'd on . . . vulture.** To "tire" is to tear, as a hawk does food. Gifford suggests that Jonson had in mind the story of Prometheus or Tityus, and quotes Horace, *Carm.* 3, 4, 77.

95, 17. **Phoebus defend me.** Dekker ridicules Jonson's allusions to Phoebus. See *Satiromastix*, 305, 140, and elsewhere.

96, 19. **holy street.** Horace, *Sat.* 1, 9, 1, *Ibam forte via sacra.* Tibullus refers to III, 1.

96, 23. **you talk't on.** Crispinus had told Tucca of Chloe the wife of Albius, 82, 429.

96, 26. **Hector of citizens.** Hector is usually equivalent to "bully" or "blusterer."

96, 30. **Gods i' the capitoll.** The Capitolium, the temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus, contained three cells. In the middle one was the temple of Jupiter. The others were of Juno and Minerva.

96, 32. **wedlocke.** Wife, a Latinism, as Whalley indicates *Matrimonium* being used sometimes for *uxor.*

96, 35. **fine dressing.** The quarto has "velvet cap" which was a mark of a citizen. The change here and in 52, 52 and 63, may have been made to avoid offence to citizens.

96, 39. **scroile.** A term of contempt, meaning originally, scrofulous person, from O. F. *Escrouelles*, scrofula.

97, 48–9. **sort of goslings.** Lot of foolish persons.

97, 61. **violl.** "It appears from numerous passages in our old plays, that a viol de gambo (a bass-viol, as Jonson calls it in a sub-

sequent passage) was an indispensable piece of furniture in every fashionable house . . . whoever pretended to fashion, affected an acquaintance with this instrument." Gifford, in note on *Every Man out of his Humour*, III, 3.

98, 72–3. cockatrice . . . punke. See *Satiromastix*, 363, 244.

98, 74. set thee up. Chloe represented Venus, about whom Crispinus, the court poet, sang. "Set thee up" may refer to this elevation of the citizen's wife in the eyes of the courtiers. To "set up" may mean "astonish," as given in Wright's *Provincial Dict.* quoted by Dr. Mallory, or it may mean "to establish" or "to cause to be elated."

98, 75. puet. "So in the quarto and folios; a peewit, Jonson's sneering pun." Nicholson. Whalley and Gifford read "poet," following the 1716 edition. Nicholson is right. *Puet* was an old form of *Peewit*, a name of the lapwing from the sounds made by it.

98, 78. scant. "To make rhyme Gifford prints 'scant one,' but the metres, as also the quarto and folios, show that Jonson meant to make his adversary thus err, as no true poet." Nicholson.

98, 89. odoriferous musicke. "Odoriferous" is one of the absurd court words ridiculed in *Cynthia's Revels*, IV, 3.

98, 90–1. Orpheus . . . Arion. Orpheus with his lyre and Arion on the back of a dolphin are both suggested to Tucca by the sight of Crispinus with the violl.

98, 93. copy of this dittie. Poetry was commonly circulated in manuscript copies before it was printed.

99, 97. bankerupt. See also **101**, 178. This is a word resented by Dekker, *Satiromastix*, 363, 243.

99, 98. salt in 'hem. Cf. "Some salt it had," **171**, 63, a classic use of the word "salt" meaning good sense, wit. Cf. Horace, *Sat.* I, 10, 3, *sale multo urbem defricuit.*

99, 100. Canidia. See **86**, 81, also Horace, *Epod.* 3, 8, and elsewhere.

99, 102–3. Corinna . . . Cynthia . . . Nemesis . . . Delia. See **28**, 31–2, and **28**, 33, notes; also Jonson's *Underwoods*, XLV.

99, 102. Propertius his. "His was sometimes used, by mistake, for 's, the sign of the possessive case, particularly after a proper

name, and with especial frequency when the name ends in s. This mistake arose in very early times." Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar* ¶ 217.

99, 106. **'tis Horaces.** From what follows, it is clear that Jonson here ridicules Marston for "borrowing," just as he had ridiculed Daniel, as Matthew in *Every Man in His Humour*, IV. 2, for uttering "nothing but stolen remnants," a charge repeated in *The Returne from Pernassus*, Part II (1. 2. 243–5). One of the charges made against Jonson by his enemies was that of stealing "from other men" (*Cynthia's Revels*, III, 2, and *Poetaster*, 149, 253) and "filching by translation." Jonson's Epigram 81 is on Prowle the Plagiary. See also Lodge, *Wits Miserie*, Introduction, p. xlii. There is nothing in Horace that can be considered the original of this song of Crispinus, except possibly *Carm.* 2, 8, 13–16, and no poem of Jonson's is like it, but it is interesting to note that Jonson used later in *The Hue and Cry after Cupid* the ideas of this song.

I. *Grace.* Beauties, have ye seen this toy,
Called Love, a little boy.
Almost naked, wanton, blind; etc,

Spenser in a letter to Gabriel Harvey sends some lines containing the same ideas, *Harvey*, ed. Grosart I. 36. The custom of circulating odes etc. in manuscript would account for many allusions to poems of which no copy has been preserved.

99, 110–11. Q, "Knightes, and men of worshippe," Jonson omitted the mention of Knights in revising the play (see Introduction to this volume, p. liii) but Dekker reminds Jonson of his allusions to Knights in *Satiromastix*, 391, 365. "When a knight or sentlemen of urship," etc.

99, 112–13. **colledge of criticks.** Cf. Dekker, *The Guls Horne-Booke* (*Temple Classics*, pp. 8–9) "A fig therefore for the newfound Colledge of Criticks" etc. In the Induction to *The Malcontent* (1604–4°) 1601–02, Marston writes: *Sinkclow.* "Nay, truly, I am no great censurer, and yet I might have beene one of the Colledge of Crittickes once:"

99, 115–19. **a meere spunge . . . drie againe.** William Winstanley, perhaps with this passage in mind, wrote of Jonson: "His [Jonson's] constant humour was to sit silent in learned Company, and

suck in (besides Wine) their several Humours into his observation; what was *Ore* in others he was able to refine unto himself." *The Lives of the Most Famous English Poets* (1687), p. 124. Jonson's *Timber* or *Discoveries* made *upon Men and Matter* is composed of the results of his reading and observation, and shows the breadth of each.

99, 120–21. **poeticall Furie.** Cf. Puttenham (1589), *English Poesie* (Arber's reprint, p. 20): Poesie "cannot grow, but by some divine instinct, the Platonicks call it *furor*": also *Every Man out of his Humour*, Induction, "Why this is right *furor Poeticus*."

99, 122–100, 123. **satyricall rascall . . . horne.** Dekker introduces Jonson as Horace, with Bubo "pul'd in by the hornes bound both like Satyres." *Satiromastix*, p. 383. Jonson's lines "hey in his horne . . . point at him" are Horace, *Sat.* 1, 4, 34–38 translated with slight changes.

100, 123–4. **he wil . . . jest.** Drummond wrote of Jonson, "given rather to losse a friend than a jest." *Conversations* Sh. Soc. p. 40.

100, 131–2. **I'le have the slave whipt.** See *Satiromastix*, 387, 264.

100, 134–46. **Wee'll . . . i'faith.** This refers to the writing of *Satiromastix* by Dekker, as a reply to *Poetaster*. Jonson was of course endeavoring to diminish the force of Dekker's play by anticipating the charges.

100, 135–7. **arrogancie, . . . impudence . . . translating.** The last scene in *Poetaster* is Jonson's reply to these accusations, which must have been made many times, and by others besides Marston and Dekker. But the general situation involved others besides Jonson, for Lodge in *Wits Miserie* 1596 (see Introduction to this volume, p. xlii) says of jealousy: let a man "write well, he hath stollen it out of some note booke; let him translate, Tut, it is not of his owne," etc.

100, 136–7. **commending his owne things.** An allusion perhaps to the Epilogue of *Cynthia's Revels*. We must not forget that there are probably many allusions to poems which were never in print. Jonson, Dekker, Marston, and other poets were meeting each other daily in the streets and taverns, and much must have passed between them of which we have no account, but which was well known to an Elizabethan audience.

100, 139. new sute. See *Satiromastix*, 295, 395, where Dekker replies to Jonson's ridicule of his worn-out clothes.

100, 142. little neufts. "This spelling bears out Skinner's idea that a *newt* is an *eft*, a small lizard." Cunningham. Cf. *Barth. Fair*, II, 3. *Knockhum:* "What? thoult poyson mee with a neuft in a bottle of Ale, will't thou?"

100, 142–3. I'le bee your intelligencer. Tucca, in *Satiromastix*, leads in the abuse of Horace.

100, 145–6. We shall sup . . . conspire. Doubtless the way in which the plot to "untruss Horace" was hatched, and Jonson probably saw some of their meetings at the tavern.

100, 149. Pythagoreans. An allusion to the well-known fact that silence was imposed upon his pupils for a time, varying with each, by Pythagoras.

101, 151. as fishes. Cf. Jonson's Masque, the *World in the Moon*, 2 Herald *loq.*: "Pythagoreans, all dumb as fishes." Mallory.

101, 160–65. Ha's Mars . . . is't? This is Chloe of London speaking. Jonson does not try to keep his characters true to Roman history, for his play is concerned with the people of his own day.

101, 163–5. Crispinus . . . Mercury. Gallus denies that Crispinus-Mercury is a poet, but says that he is "somewhat inclining that way." This is a hit at Marston.

101, 167. Herald at armes. An officer of State whose duty was to make state or royal proclamations.

101, 170. with her face. This refers to cosmetics which contained mercury. In *Cynthia's Revels*, I, 1, quoted by Dr. Mallory, Cupid says, ". . . your palmes . . . are as tender as the foot of a foundred nagge, or a ladies face new mercuried . . ."

103, 39. fetch in the dogge. Cf. the saying, "Try it on the dog."

104, 7–8. Momus . . . the God of reprehension. Regarded by the Greeks as the God of criticism or blame. The Romans regarded him, however, as the God of pleasantry, who was continually ridiculing the other Gods.

105, 11. the Deities . . . this high banquet. ". . . the poet had Homer [*Iliad* I, 493–611] in his eye, who reconciles

the quarrelsome deities by Vulcan's buffoonery and archness of behaviour, who takes on himself the office of skinker to the celestial assembly." Whalley. See also below 114, 1, note.

105, 15. **licentious goodness.** A play on "licentious" which means unrestrained, unlimited, and also dissolute, lewd.

106, 31–3. **Every lover . . . their.** Plural pronoun after the distributive "every." See Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar* ¶ 12 and cf. Shakespeare, *Rape of Lucrece*: —

"And every one to rest *themselves* betake."

106, 44. **give our jester a stoole.** Dr. Mallory's note mentions Jonson's charge that Dekker is a jester. This passage refers to Momus (Hermogenes) the god who ridicules the other gods. It does not refer to Demetrius (Dekker) who left the stage 102, 180, and does not appear again until 139, Scene 3, though he is mentioned as busily writing 119, 32.

107, 48. **cuckold.** A man whose wife is unfaithful. The word is derived from "cuckoo" a bird that lays its eggs in another bird's nest.

107, 52–3. **I have read . . . wisdome.** *Twelfth Night* has been mentioned as the book read by Albius. Dr. Furness says (*Twelfth Night*, p. 186), "Jonson could not use the words 'read in a book' when in truth it had only been heard on the stage. Possibly, the book to which Jonson refers is Guazzo's *Civile Conversation*, translated by 'G. pettie' and published in 1586, wherein, on p. 74, is the following: 'To plaie the foole well, it behooveth a man first to be wise.'"

107, 60. **while you live againe.** When you resume your life as a mortal.

107, 61. **twelve in a companie.** There were twelve in this company. Perhaps Jonson had in mind Horace, *Sat.* 1, 4, 86–7. *Saepe tribus lectis videas coenare quaternos*, etc.

107, 64. **mum.** Silent. Perhaps this is the meaning every time Albius uses the word.

108, 76. **horn-booke.** Originally a leaf of paper containing the alphabet and a few simple words, generally the Lord's Prayer, and covered with a thin covering of horn to preserve it. It was usually mounted on a small board with a handle and was the primer for children.

108, 86. **stut for anger.** See 22, 208, note.

108, 96. **ranging.** Wandering at large. Julia-Juno is jealous of Chloe-Venus for whom Ovid-Jupiter has just expressed affection.

108, 102. **paint it.** Women painted their faces.

109, 103. **cot-queane.** *N. E. D.* gives "cot-queen" as the derivation, meaning "housewife of a labourer's cot," hence woman of coarse manners, a scold: used also of a man who meddles in affairs of a housewife. Gifford explains the word as derived from "cuck-quean," corresponding to "cuckold," and quotes Warner, *Albion's England* C. iv.;

> Queene Juno, not a little wroth against her husband's crime,
> By whom she was a *cuckqueane* made.

109, 119. **Thetis.** This is a reference to Homer, *Iliad* 1, 511–560 where the jealousy of Hera (Juno) and Thetis is spoken of.

109, 122. **Phrygian frie.** Ganymede is so called because Tros his father was a King of Phrygia.

109, 126. **cudgell . . . by styx.** Play on "styx" = sticks.

110, 129–31. **Yea . . . scolding.** Cf. Homer, *Iliad*, 1, 528–530 and 580. The "oyster boat" is of course an allusion to the scolding of the fish-market which has made "Billingsgate" a name for bad language.

110, 132. **your nose.** See 114, 237, "well-nos'd poet Ovid." Ovid's name was Publius Ovidius Naso (nasus = large nosed).

110, 135. **shall be a horne.** Cuckolds were said to wear horns on the brow. The origin of this, seemingly referred to in later Greek in the phrase *κέρατα ποιεῖν τινί*, . . . is referred . . . to the practice formerly prevalent of planting or engrafting the spurs of a castrated cock on the root of the excised comb, where they grew and became horns, sometimes of several inches long." *N. E. D.*

110, 140. **cot-queanitie.** The quarto has here several lines, and evidently stage "business," which are omitted from the folio.

110, 142. **hammers and . . . Cyclops.** Albius was Vulcan, and the Cyclops were the progenitors of all smiths.

110, 149–50. **lame skinker.** A skinker was a person who served drinks. Vulcan was lame.

110, 151. good livers. The liver was regarded by the Greeks and Romans as the seat of the passions, as was later the heart.

111, 161. his tongue. Vulcan's (Albius') tongue.

111, 161. gent'man usher. An usher was originally a doorkeeper, but the term came to be used more generally. Gentlemen performed the duties of ushers at court, and in the houses of the nobility.

111, 166. to cry your jests: i.e. announce or advertise as a "crier."

111, 169. blocke of wit in fashion. See *Satiromastix*, **285**, 147, note.

111, 171. not artificers. There is a play on the word as applied here to Albius, for he was a jeweller, and also Vulcan.

111, 174. so long, till. As Dr. Mallory has noted, this is "a strange construction. We should now write 'so long that,' or substitute 'until.'"

112, 182. A song. Homer, *Iliad*, 1, 595–604, speaks of the laughter of the Gods, as Vulcan went about pouring out nectar, and of the music of Apollo and the Muses. Gallus, who makes the suggestion, is Apollo.

112, 195. Wake, our mirth. Albius evidently begins the song.

113, 208–19. Then . . . excell. Mercury-Crispinus and Momus-Hermogenes were evidently played by boys with unusually good voices, as they sang before, **46**, 193, and **47**, 210.

113, 212. feast of sense. Possibly, as Dr. Mallory suggests, Jonson was thinking of the title of Ovid's *Banquet of Sense*, which had been published by Chapman in 1595.

113, 227. beautifull and wanton . . . Julia. Julia, the daughter of Augustus, was banished by her father to the island of Pandataria for her adulteries. See **116**, 56, note.

114, 1. What sight is this? Whalley says truly that this feast is not of Ovid's invention, but of that of the Emperor himself. "The account is preserved in Suetonius [*Augustus* 70], who tells us, that on this occasion, Augustus assumed the dress and character of Apollo." In order to present Augustus as of high character, Ovid is made responsible for the feast.

114, 5. **Let us doe sacrifice?** Whalley puts these words in quotation marks as what the attendants should say. Gifford regards them as a command of Cæsar. Nicholson follows Gifford. The folios print the words in italics, leaving either interpretation possible. When the banqueters kneel, Cæsar knows that they are not gods.

115, 10. **looke not, man.** "He addresses himself." Nicholson.

115, 11. **There is a panther.** Meaning his daughter Julia. Pliny states (*Nat. Hist.* 2. 274) that the panther hides its head in order that its looks may not affright animals which are attracted by its sweet odor.

116, 32. **these.** i.e. Albius, Chloe, and Crispinus, whom Cæsar does not know.

116, 33. **monster.** i.e. Julia.

116, 35. **are you.** i.e. Ovid, Gallus, Tibullus, Hermogenes, Plautia, and Cytheris, who remain with Julia, the others having gone out. Cæsar speaks especially to the poets present.

116, 42. **centaures.** A reference to the myth that the centaurs sprang from the embraces of Ixion and a cloud in the form of Juno.

116, 46–7. **When—lives.** The idea that poets should teach and "eternize" virtue, is stated definitely by Jonson in the dedication of *Volpone*, in which he speaks of "the impossibility of any man's being the good poet, without first being a good man."

116, 56. **we exile thy feete.** Ovid was exiled by Augustus, but the real cause of his exile is not known. He seems to attribute it to his poetry, especially the *Ars Amatoria*. But that had been published some years before. Julia (not the daughter but *her* daughter) was banished in the same year as Ovid. Her mother, the Julia of *Poetaster*, had been banished earlier, though Jonson, evidently intentionally, seems to combine the two Julias. As Gifford remarks, "Jonson, however, speaks not of his banishment, but simply of his exile from court."

117, 60. **soft-hearted sire.** Because he did not slay Julia as he offered to do, 115, 13.

117, 64. **reall goodnesse.** "Reall" here may be either of the two words, of different derivation, but the same spelling. As

Dr. Mallory has noticed, the use of "royall" in l. 62 suggests that "reall" is the word derived through "regal." (Cf. Loyal, leal, legal.) "Real" is one of the words ridiculed by Marston in the *Scourge of Villanie* (preface) as "new-minted Epithets."

118, 10. humours, Horace. The allusion is to the titles of Jonson's plays *Every Man in his Humour* and *Every Man out of his Humour* and to his discussion of "humours" in them. The 1640 folio reads "humorous Horace."

118, 11. fawne. This word is used with the meaning of servile fondness, and also spy or informer, as here and in **132, 95**. Cf. the title of Marston's play *Parasitaster or the Fawne*. 1606, quarto. See *N. E. D.*

118, 16. Thou shalt libell. Referring to the forthcoming *Satiromastix*, and also to the immediate interview with Horace.

118, 18–19. tam Marti quam Mercurio. Tucca and Crispinus had been Mars and Mercury respectively. The meaning is "By Mars [cudgel] as well as by Mercury [libel]" Nicholson.

119, 20. give this out. Cf. *Cynthia's Revels*, III. 2. "I'll give out that all he does," etc.

119, 21. Horace is a man of the sword. This allusion is to Horace-Jonson and has no reference to the Roman Horace, although in *Carm.* 2. 7. 9–12, Horace does speak of having fled at the battle of Philippi leaving his shield. Dekker quotes these lines in *Satiromastix*, **347, 72**. In *Conversations with Drummond*, Sh. Soc. 1842, pp. 18, 19, Jonson mentioned his services in the Low Countries, and his duel in which he killed Gabriel Spencer. For the latter he came near hanging but was saved by his "neck verse." Dekker refers to this also in *Satiromastix*, **285, 142**, note. In *Cynthia's Revels*, II. 3, Mercury says of Crites-Jonson "For his valour, 'tis such that he dares as little to offer an injury as to receive one." In *Satiromastix* Horace-Jonson is stabbed with a pippin to show his valour, **359, 153**.

119, 25. puck fist. In **141, 40**, Horace is called "Poet puck fist" by Tucca. The term is one of contempt. "Puck-fist" is a puff ball, and is used of a braggart, and also by what the *N. E. D.* regards as "? an erroneous use" of "a miser."

119, 28. prophet. See **129, 37**. This word has come to have in English the meaning "foreteller" whereas the Greek προφήτης,

from which it is derived, means forth-teller, spokesman, representative. Poets are called by Plato (*Phaedr.* 262 D) οἱ τῶν Μουσῶν πρυφῆται.

119, 28. little fat Horace. Horace-Jonson was really at this time thin, hence Tucca's humour. In *Satiromastix*, 388, 289–293, Horace is called a "leane — hollow-cheekt scrag."

119, 32. our journey-man . . . untrussing. See **80**, 368, where Histrio announces that Demetrius (Dekker) had been "hir'd to abuse Horace" (Jonson). *The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet* is the alternative title of *Satiromastix*. See also, *Satiromastix*, **286**, 171, note.

119, 36. innocent. Crispinus (Marston) wrote no part of *Satiromastix*.

119, 36. Exeunt. There is no new scene here, though Nicholson follows Gifford in indicating one.

119, 40. your stager. i.e. Histrio.

119, 44. unworthy groome. Groome was a general term for servant.

120, 49. wolvish traine. One of a number of puns on the name Lupus — wolf. See **120**, 64.

120, 53. moths and scarabes. Cf. *Sejanus*, III, 3. "Worms and moths breed out of too much humour in the things which after they consume."

120, 57. cob-web masque. Thin flimsy pretence.

120, 62. false lapwing-cries. "The lapwing flutters and cries to divert attention from its nest." Nicholson.

121, 68. poyson . . . open eare. The idea of poison in the ear, used literally in *Hamlet*, I, 5, is often used figuratively as here.

121, 1–122, 30. Banisht . . . breath. Gifford regarded this scene as ridiculous, but Cunningham refers to Charles Lamb's praise of it. The story of Ovid is alluded to by other writers of Jonson's time: cf. *Harvey* (ed. Grosart, I, 192), and *Nashe* (ed. Grosart, 2, 219).

121, 6. spheare. See **19**, 136, note.

121, 9. circle, a magician. Cf. More (*Dial. Heresyes* (1529) 1 Wks. 120. "Negromancers put their trust in their cercles, within which they thinke them self sure against all ye devils in hel."

122, 1. S. D. Shee appeareth above. This stage direction and the whole scene suggest of course the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. For an account of the staging of an Elizabethan play see *Some Principles of Elizabethan Staging*, by G. F. Reynolds, *Mod. Phil.* II and III, 1904–05.

125, 50. preying toward stormes. Seeking prey against the wind, or while a storm is coming on.

125, 61. Thy affections. The emotions and opinions of her father are not hers.

127, 105. silken armes. Curtains behind which Julia has withdrawn.

128, 8. A souldier of renowne. C. Cornelius Gallus, the poet, was also a soldier under Julius Cæsar and Augustus Cæsar. The latter made him the first prefect of Egypt.

128, 10. quarried. This may be taken with "Eagles" or with "Ægypt," but is perhaps better with the latter.

128, 11. cold formes — out-termes. "Merely the figures, and outlines of men." Whalley.

129, 17. poesies sacred garlands. Gallus and Tibullus were both Roman poets.

129, 17. your gentrie. i. e. as true poets. For a similar passage on the perfection and dignity of poetry see *Every Man in his Humour* (quarto) v. 1, lines which Jonson omitted from the folio.

129, 32. Pierian artes. The arts presided over by the Pierides or Muses.

129, 33–7. Your . . . contempt. Jonson in many places inveighs against those who abuse the name of poet. Cf. Induction to *Volpone*.

131, 63. Miserie. Miserliness.

131, 76. rankt higher. This refers to social rank, not to rank as poets.

131, 84. path-lesse, moorish minds. Minds like a pathless moor, barren.

132, 88. nectar . . . keepes sweet. Nectar was an elixir of immortality, and Thetis bathed the body of Patroclus in it to preserve it from decay. *Iliad*, 19, 38.

132, 90. free as Cæsars. Cf. the "Grex," or chorus of *Every Man out of his Humour*, in which Asper-Jonson says, "I

fear no mood stamped in a private brow," etc., and the Prologue to *Cynthia's Revels*, "Pied ignorance she [Jonson's muse] neither loves nor fears," etc.

132, 101. **revolutions of discourse.** "Thus badly would he express, 'By much revolving of his thoughts.'" Nicholson.

132, 103. **tartarous moodes.** Cf. 81, 392, "here comes the Tartar," referring to Demetrius, the impudent slanderer. "Tartarous" and "Tartarian," adjectives from "Tartar," have the same meaning, barbarous, turbulent. Cf. *The Returns from Parnassus*, 1, 2. 1. "he cald me 'Pagan, Tartarian, heathen man, base plebeian.'"

133, 116–134, 138. **But . . . now.** There is no evidence which will enable us to identify Virgil with any actual person except the Roman poet. Gifford has a long note on the subject in which he argues that Virgil was Shakespeare, an opinion accepted by Mr. Sidney Lee (*Shakespeare*, 174). That Chapman was the person represented, Fleay (*Biog. Chron.* 1. 367), Ward (*Engl. Dram. Lit.* 2. 360) and Herford (*Jonson*, Mermaid ed., 1, xxxiii-xxxiv) think.

133, 128. **materiall Horace.** i.e. full of solid sense, matter. Horace is asked to judge of Virgil's "learning," a compliment to Horace-Jonson.

135, 20. **Sensuall complement.** The meaning is not clear. "Complement" means that which 'completes' the character of a man, here a king, in appearance or demeanour. The qualities of Virgil are spiritual, those of a king often external, or "sensuall." The "senselesse paper" reveals more royalty than do these surroundings of a king.

137, 56–139, 97. **Meane . . . monster.** *Æneid*, 4, 160–189. Jonson has added as notes the names of persons referred to.

139, 1. **Come: — 166, 669, scarlet.** Gifford says of this scene, "The author has interwoven an ingenious satire of Lucian [The *Lexiphanes*] in his scenes; but the chief object of his imitation was the *Frogs* of Aristophanes. That ancient comedy was the *Rehearsal* of Athens, as this undoubtedly was of the age of Jonson: . . ." Gifford-Cunningham, vol. II, p. 522.

140, 11. **What?** An exclamation of impatience as well as of interrogation. See Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, ¶ 73a.

140, 14. **What noise.** It is not necessary to suppose, as Nicholson does, that Lupus and his companions are visible to the audience.

140, 34. **thy perruke.** In pushing past him Tucca evidently disarranged the wig of the knight. Peruke was used also of natural hair, but the use was antiquated in 1601.

141, 38. **Satyre.** Horace is introduced dressed like a Satyr in *Satiromastix*, 383, S. D.

141, 39–40. **humours . . . squeeze.** Cf. *Every Man out of his Humour*, Induction, "Squeeze out the humour of such spongy souls."

141, 44. **flaggon chaine.** Strictly, a chain from which a small bottle (Fr. *flacon*) of perfume was suspended. Tucca may mean nothing more than "chaine."

141, 46–7. **party-colour'd.** Referring to the clothing or uniform of the lictors.

141, 50. **A libell.** In this case the "libell" was interpreted by Lupus, first, as directed against Cæsar, and then (143, 100) as directed against himself. We do not know whether Jonson referred to any actual incident. He was involved in legal troubles for satirizing lawyers and soldiers in *Poetaster* (see *Dedication* and the *Apologeticall Dialogue*) and for his share in *Eastward Hoe* (1604) of which he told Drummond. (*Conversations*, p. 20. Shakespeare Society, 1842).

141, 56. **begge their land.** "It was the practice of the greedy courtiers at the Reformation to scent out such lands as became forfeited to the crown, and beg the grant of them." Gifford. In his note on *Every Man in his Humour*, IV, 1, Gifford quotes Strype, *Annals of Elizabeth*, 2, 209, to which Whalley had referred, for an account of the begging of land.

141, 61. **His hand is at it.** Quoted by Dekker in *Satiromastix*, 318, 88.

141, 62. **'tis no libell.** W. H. Loyd, Esq., of the Philadelphia Bar, gives me the following note on the subject of libels.

"The law of England even under the Anglo-Saxon line of princes took severe and exemplary notice of defamation, as an offence against the public peace, and in the time of Henry III, Bracton adopted the language of the Institutes of Justinian and held slander and libellous

writings to be actionable injuries. But the first private suit for slanderous words to be met with in the English law was in the reign of Edward III, and for the high offense of charging another with a crime which endangered his life. The mischiefs of licensed abuse were felt to be so extensive and so incompatible with the preservation of peace that several acts of parliament known as the statutes *de scandalis magnatum* were passed to suppress and punish the propagation of false and malicious slander. They are said to have been declaratory of the common law, and actions of slander were slowly but gradually multiplied between the time of Edward III, and the reign of Elizabeth, when they became frequent. The remedy was applied to a variety of cases; and in a private action of slander for damages and even in the action of *scandalum magnatum* the defendant was allowed to justify by showing the truth of the fact charged, for if the words were true it was then a case of *damnum absque injuria*, according to the just opinion of PAULUS in the civil law. But in the case of a public prosecution for a libel, it became the established principle of the English law as declared in the court of Star Chamber about the beginning of the reign of James I, that the truth of the libel could not be shown by way of justification, because, whether true or false, it was equally dangerous to the public peace. The same doctrine remains to this day unshaken." (2 Kent's *Commentaries*, page 18.) This doctrine, that "*the greater the truth the greater the libel*," has been repudiated in most, if not all, of the states (see note to 2 Kent's *Comm.* pp. 19–26), and modified in England.

141, 63. **Embleme.** An embleme was a picture with a moral or story, with a verse or sentences attached as here. That Jonson was given to this sort of thing is stated by Dekker in *Satiromastix*, 391, 382.

142, 64. **greeke for a libell.** Lupus, a Roman, means "now you are using a *Greek* word, but it is a libel just the same."

142, 77. **give the eagle.** "*Give* is a term in heraldry; to take or assume, as a particular bearing, in the escutcheon." Gifford.

142, 82. **my long-sword.** See *Satiromastix*, 343, 242. As in 102, 10 the sword of Lupus is carried by one of the lictors.

143, 95. **Buskins.** Referring to the high boots worn by Lupus, not to the boots of a tragedian, unless Lupus is humorously supposed to be enacting tragedy.

143, 104. **an asse.** The name Asinius, to which Lupus applies this, was borrowed by Dekker for his quite different character Asinius Bubo.

144, 119. **a politician.** See also 79, 337, note. Some player had probably mingled in public or state matters and incurred the enmity of Jonson. In ll. 134–7, it is implied that the company to which Aesope belonged was seeking a "monopoly of playing." The royal patronage was, however, at that time enjoyed by the Chapel Children who were performing *Poetaster*. See 80, 374–376, note. Rivalry between companies as well as personal enmities had much to do with the War of the Theatres.

144, 123. **Master Aesope.** See 79, 337 note.

144, 127. **this gent'man.** Crispinus-Marston is meant, and "his achates" (*fidus Achates*, Aeneid, I. 188) is Demetrius.

144, 131. **a gent'man of quality.** Jonson repeatedly ridicules Crispinus-Marston for his pretensions of birth. See 35, 106–120, and elsewhere.

144, 132. **out of clothes.** See *Satiromastix*, 295, 395–7, and *Poetaster*, 53, 79–83.

144, 134. **monopoly.** The granting of monopolies of all kinds became an abuse, as Whalley and Gifford note, and there were many complaints in consequence. See Adams and Stephens *Select Docs. of Eng. Const. Hist.* 1902, p. 325 for message of Elizabeth to Commons on the subject Nov. 25, 1601. In *Satiromastix*, 343, 246, Dekker mentions the use of influence at court to secure an appointment as Master of Revels.

145, 139. **be whipt.** The Roman praetor had authority to whip actors. See Suetonius, *Octavius Augustus*, II, cap. 45.

145, 142. **larger eares.** Both Jonson and Dekker resort to this means of making characters ridiculous. Lupus has "a paire of larger eares" fastened on him, and is gagged. Horace and Asinius are furnished with horns. *Satiromastix*, 383, S. D. Tucca has a case of vizards (i.e. pair of masks) put on him and is gagged, 158, 459–60. Demetrius is furnished with a coate and cap, 164, 614. In the old *Timon* as Fleay (*Biog. Chron.* I, 369) noted, in connection with *Poetaster*, a cap is put on Stilpo's head and Hermogenes says, "This philosopher is changed into an asse."

145, 150–7. **'Tis not . . . spleene.** These lines are sim-

ilar in sentiment to Marston's *To him that hath perused me*, appended to *The Scourge of Villanie*, and to Jonson's statements in the *Apologeticall Dialogue* and in the Dedication of *Volpone*.

146, 168. **turne sharke.** i.e. swindler. Cf. character of Shift, *Every Man out of His Humour*.

146, 169. **three soules.** "The Peripatetic philosophy gave every man three souls; a plastic, an animal, and a rational soul." Whalley. Cf. also Norton's *Ordinall*, Ashmole, *Theatrum Chemicum*, p. 81.

> "By meanes of a treble spirit,
> The soule of man is to his body knit,
> Of which three spirits one is called vitall,
> The second is called the spirit naturall,
> The third spirit is spirit animall."

146, 171. **hieroglyphick.** Cf. *The Case is Altered*, 1, 1. "You mad hieroglyphic." Gabriel Harvey uses the word (as do other writers) and his vocabulary is certainly ridiculed by Jonson as has been shown by Mr. H. C. Hart. *Notes and Queries*, 9 ser. xii, p. 161. Marston also uses it, "Tut, hang up Hieroglyphickes," *Scourge of Villanie*, Sat. 1. 78. In the present passage it refers to Horace.

146, 177. **Praetor.** The Praetors, of whom there were two, after the first Punic War, were magistrates charged with the administration of justice.

147, 188–9. **the statute of Calumny:** i.e. The Lex Remmia of 148, 236. "According to Marcian, the punishment for *calumnia* was fixed by the *lex Remmia*, or, as it is sometimes, perhaps incorrectly named, the *lex Memmia* (Val. Max. iii, 7 & 9). But it is not known when this *lex* was passed, nor what were its penalties. It appears from Cicero (*Pro. Sext. Rosc. Amerino*, c. 20), that the false accuser might be branded on the forehead with the letter K, the initial of *Kalumnia*; and it has been conjectured, though it is mere conjecture, that this punishment was inflicted by the lex Remmia." *Dict. Greek & Roman Antiq.* William Smith (1870 2nd Ed.) s.v. *Calumnia*. Jonson had himself been branded on the thumb with the Tyburn mark T for killing Gabriel Spencer in a duel. The original indictment is reprinted in *The Athenæum*, Mar. 6, 1886, p. 337. See *Satiromastix*, 285, 141, note.

147, 194. I take no knowledge. This attitude of Horace was taken by Crites-Jonson in *Cynthia's Revels* in the speech (III. 3) beginning "Do good Detraction do" etc. (a speech quoted from by Dekker in *Satiromastix*, **286**, 183; **287**, 194), and also in the *Apologeticall Dialogue*.

147, 200–1. briske Poetaster . . . poore journeyman. See **71**, 126, and **119**, 32, note.

147, 206. detracting slaves. "Detraction" is a word used frequently by these Satirists. Marston dedicated his *Scourge of Villanie* "To Detraction" and Dekker refers to "that mad dog Detraction" in the Dedication of *Satiromastix*.

147, 207. spread golls. See *Satiromastix*, **298**, 482, note.

147, 209. a cleane band. The allusion is to the soiled appearance, poverty, of Demetrius-Dekker. A band was a kind of collar.

148, 233. Rufus Laberius Crispinus. Horace speaks of Crispinus several times and calls him "Crispini scrinia lippi" (bleareyed), *Sat.* I, 1, 120 and "ineptum (absurd) Crispinum," *Sat.* I, 3, 138–9. Horace mentions [Decimus] Laberius (*Sat.* I. 10, 6) who is criticised by Aulus Gellius (xvi, cap. 7) the subject of the chapter being *Quod Laberius verba pleraque licentius petulantiusque finxit: quod multis item verbis utitur, de quibus an sit Latina quaeri solet.* This is exactly the charge brought by Jonson against Marston and openly pressed in *Poetaster*. The vocabulary of Marston like that of Laberius was criticised. To the names Laberius and Crispinus, Jonson added Rufus, red-haired (see **42**, 95 note), perhaps a personal reference to Marston.

148, 233. Demetrius Fannius. Horace mentions Demetrius and a Fannius in *Sat.* I, 10, 79–80. The former rails at the absent (*vellicet absentem*), the latter is a mere table companion of Hermogenes Tigellius. Jonson has evidently combined the names and the characteristics of both in his character, who represents Dekker.

148, 238. Poetaster, and plagiary. Crispinus had been called "plagiary," **99**, 107, and "Poetaster," **71**, 126, see note.

148, 238. Crispinus. See **35**, 115, where the name is divided Cri-spinas, and *Satiromastix*, **313**, 50, Crispin-asse.

148, 239–40. play-dresser, and plagiary. See **80**, 367, note and *Satiromastix*, **296**, 408.

149, 248. priest to the Muses. Dekker remembers this expression: see *Satiromastix*, 280, 8, and 305, 140.

149, 252–4. taxing him . . . translation. Jonson is, of course, trying to anticipate the charges that would be made in *Satiromastix*. What Dekker actually did was to ridicule Jonson as Horace for satirizing his best friends and then denying that he had done so; slowness of composition; trial for murder of Gabriel Spencer; boasting that he was Phœbus' Priest; self-praise; railing; writing epigrams; being a bad actor; attacking citizens in his plays; having a homely face; making faces when he read poetry; wearing shabby clothes; using old jests from the Temple Revels; sitting in the gallery at his own plays; going on the stage at his own plays to make himself known to the Lords and to the audience; making jests on knights and gentlemen who had been friendly to him; crying mew when his plays were not liked at court; not paying his "shot" at the tavern. It will be seen that "translating" is not among Dekker's charges. Marston had made that charge in *Histriomastix* (1599, as altered by Marston) when he made Mavortius address Chrisoganus-Jonson in these words "How you translating-scholler? You can make a stabbing satir or an Epigram, etc." (Act II, l. 57–) See *The War of the Theatres*, p. 34.

149, 267. in commission: i.e. as one of those to whom had been "committed" the trial of the accused.

150, 281. thunder-darting Jove. See 113, 231, Jupiter Altitonans.

150, 281–3. thunder-darting Jove . . . white . . . soules. Oaths were administered by the Praetor in cases of Justice as here. The oath by Jupiter was appropriate, as he presided over all transactions based on justice and involving the sanctity of an oath. White was the color sacred to him as indicative of the light of heaven. White animals were sacrificed to Jupiter, and his priests wore white. "White soules" means pure "uncorrupted soules," See *Satiromastix*, 358, 120, note.

150, 282. Genius of Augustus Cæsar. "The genii of men were regarded as divine beings, and persons used to swear by their own genius, or by that of a friend, and during the empire by that of an emperor (Horat. *Epist.* 1, 7, 94; Suet. *Calig.* 27)," W. Smith's Dict. *Greek & Rom. Antiq.* 1870 s.v. "Jusjurandum."

150, 288. writ. A writing, referring to the verses to be read. The word is used now only as a law term.

150, 291–2. Minerva . . . Pallas. The myth was that Minerva (Lat.) Pallas (Gr.) sprang from the forehead of Jupiter (Lat.), Zeus (Gr.).

151, 299–152, 341. Rampe up . . . deare. The verses attributed to Crispinus and Demetrius are intended to ridicule the vocabulary and rough styles of Marston and the "loose and desultory style of Dekker" (Gifford's expression). Some of the words and phrases are actual quotations from Marston's writings, but none are from Dekker, so far as we know.

151, 299. ramp up, my genius. Cf. *Antonio and Mellida*, II, Prologue. "The rawkish danke of *Clumzie* winter *rampes*." "Clumzie" is ridiculed later, being disgorged by Crispinus.

151, 299. be not retrograde. "Retrograde" has not been found in Marston's works. Some of the words here mentioned may have been used in works of Marston which have not been preserved, but it is probable that Jonson does not limit his ridicule to words of Marston or Dekker, but includes those of other writers of the time.

Mr. H. C. Hart (in *Notes and Queries*, 9th series, nos. 272, 276, 279, 287, 296, 301, 305, 308, 312, 10th series, no. 20) has identified "Judicial Torquatus" of Marston's *Scourge of Villanie* and Juniper in Jonson's *The Case is Altered* as Gabriel Harvey, on the basis of vocabulary. Harvey's words are ridiculed also in the language of Puntarvolo, Fastidious Brisk, Clove and Orange in *Every Man out of His Humour* and Amorphus in *Cynthia's Revels*. Nashe (Ed. Grosart, 2, 184) calls Harvey a "mountebancke of strange words." The facts which Mr. Hart adduces, taken with Jonson's attitude of censorship in literary matters, make it likely that he used his characters at times to typify groups of his contemporaries, as well as individuals. We must not suppose that the only basis for Jonson's criticism consisted of writings of his contemporaries of which we now have printed copies. Much that they wrote was circulated in manuscript or read at the taverns. Dr. Small, *Stage Quarrel*, p. 108, states his opinion that Marston rewrote *What you will* omitting words ridiculed by Jonson, but not now found in Marston's works.

151, 301. **lubricall and glibberie.** "Lubricall," meaning "slippery" or "wanton," is not found in Marston nor is "defunct," l. 302. "Glibberie," meaning "slippery," occurs in *I Ant. and Mellida*, I, I; II, I; IV, I; and *Jack Drum*, I, I.

151, 305. **cothurnall buskins.** "Cothurnal buskins is parodied from an absurd expression in *II Antonio and Mellida*, II, 5. 'O now *tragœdia cothurnata* mounts!'" Gifford. The *cothurnus* was the boot worn by tragic actors.

151, 306. **thy incubus.** An expression used by Marston. Cf. *II Ant. and Mellida*, I, I, and IV, 4. "Incubus" means nightmare.

151, 306. **poetize.** Jonson evidently intended to ridicule the forming of words by adding "ize." Cf. the fustian of Clove in *Every Man out of His Humour*, III, 4.

151, 307. **snotteries.** Cf. *Scourge of Villanie*, *Sat.* II, 71. "To purge the *snottery* of our slimie time." "Snottery" means filthiness.

151, 308. **barmy froth.** A phrase often used by Marston: cf. *Scourge of Villanie*. In Lectores, also *To those that seeme judiciall Perusers*. Also *Sat.* VI, 2, and *Jack Drum*, I, 34. (Simpson, *School of Shakspere*, II, p. 136.)

151, 310. **clumsie, chil-blain'd judgement.** Cf. *Jack Drum*, II, 136–8 (Simpson, *School of Shakspere*, II, p. 156).

151, 310–11. **with oath, magnificates his merit.** This may be a reference to the closing lines of the Epilogue of *Cynthia's Revels*: "By—'tis good, and if you like 't you may." Cf. also, *Scourge of Villanie*, Proemium in Librum Secundum, "I cannot with swolne lines *magnificate* mine owne poor worth." Marston uses the word in a number of passages.

151, 311. **bespawles.** Cf. *Jack Drum*, I, 302. (Simpson, *School of Shakspere*, II, p. 146.) "As to *bespawle* the pleasures of the world." "Bespawle" means to spit upon.

151, 312. **conscious.** Cf. *Scourge of Villanie*, *Sat.* 8, 95, "conscious of strange villanie"; *What you will* (1601) I, I, "conscious of my love."

151, 312. **humorous fome.** A reference to Jonson's plays, perhaps, or a reference to the absurd "patheticall and unvulgar" verse made by Balurdo "in an humorous passion" in *II Antonio and*

Mellida, 3, 4. "Respective," a word ridiculed by Jonson in *Case is Altered* (1, 1) is ridiculed by Balurdo in the same passage.

151, 316. **Of strenuous . . . the fist.** Cf. *II Antonio and Mellida*, v, 1. "*The fist of strenuous vengeance is clutcht*"; "strenuous" occurs in *I Antonio and Mellida*, Induction, "*strenuous* spirits." The verb "clutch" occurs in *II Antonio and Mellida* (1, 1,), "all the earth is *clutch'd* in the dull leaden hand of snoring sleep," and the noun "clutch" (*Ibid.* III, 1,) in "vengeance with unpaized *clutch*." Cunningham notes that Jonson divides the word "vengeance" and that each time Marston uses it he makes it a trisyllable.

151, 317. **Cris[pinus].** The quarto adds "alias Innocence." See 119, 34. "Ile write nothing in it but innocence"; etc.

152, 323. **prodigall tongue.** In 81, 387–9. Histrio called Demetrius-Dekker an "over-flowing ranke" wit, who would "slander any man that breathes, if he disgust him."

152, 324–5. **th' untrussing a poet.** A reference to the title of Dekker's play, *Satiromastix* or *The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*. See 119, 32.

152, 327. **bescumbers.** See *Scourge of Villanie*, *Sat.* 9, 34, "with much pit Esculine filth *bescumbers*."

152, 328, **satyricall humours.** A referenee to the titles of Jonson's plays which he called *Comicall Satyres*, viz.: *Every Man out of His Humour* and *Cynthia's Revels*. *Every Man in His Humour* was called simply *A Comedy*.

152, 328. **lyricall numbers.** This may refer to Jonson's poems of which Dekker speaks in *Satiromastix*, 284, 106; 364, 270. Cf. also the songs in Jonson's early plays.

152, 334. **translator.** In *Cynthia's Revels*, III, 2, Anaides says that he will "give out all he [Crites-Jonson] does is dictated from other men . . . and that I know the time and place where he stole it." This was evidently a common charge against Jonson and others. See Lodge's *Wits Miserie*, quoted in the Introduction, p. xlii.

152, 336–7. **I understand . . . whole.** As Gifford said: "This could in no sense be said of Marston who had received an University education." Jonson evidently did not regard Marston as a Greek scholar, however, for Virgil tells Crispinus, 162, 580, "Use to reade (But not without a *tutor*) the best *Greekes*."

152, 342–153, 360. **And why . . . of these.** As noted by Gifford this is based on Horace, *Sat.* 1, 4, 78–85.

152, 343. **thou motley gull:** i.e. Tucca. The Jesters wore "motley," or clothing of several colors. The term came to be used for "fool." Gull was the common word for simpleton, foolish person.

152, 344. **wrong, or taxe a friend.** Dekker did not forget this. See *Satiromastix*, 291, 284.

153, 360. **black slaves . . . these.** *Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.* Horace, *Sat.* 1, 4, 85.

153, 362. **chap-falne curres.** "With the chap or lower jaw hanging down, as an effect of extreme exhaustion or debility, of a wound received, or *esp.* of death." *N. E. D.*

153, 363. **to the urne.** The votes of the judges were deposited in an urn.

154, 385. **erection.** The contrast is between "[illegible]ion," which is another name for puffed up conceit, and "erection," which is exaltation of mind or spirit, which is justified.

155, 390. **suffering vertue.** Cf. *Satiromastix*, 386, 231, where Dekker seems to reply to these lines.

155, 391. **licence of the time:** i.e. freedom from restraint, cf. "licentious," 16, 61.

155, 392. **ierking pedants.** Thrashing schoolmasters. Ierke = to lash. See *Satiromastix*, 328, 348. A pedant is a schoolmaster, not simply a scholar.

155, 393. **players.** Jonson seems to lose no chance to ridicule mere "players" whom he here classes with fools and buffoons. Sitting beside Carlo Buffon (*Every Man out of His Humour*), is spoken of as a special punishment for Horace-Jonson in *Satiromastix*, 392, 386.

155, 395. **in their despight.** "Their" refers, probably, to the "barking wits," and not to the "vulgar eares," although the latter is possible: "their pride" (396), undoubtedly refers to the "barking wits."

155, 405. **generous.** This refers both to the gentle birth and to the moral qualities of Crispinus.

155, 407. **case of vizards.** Pair of masks. See 158, 460, note.

155, 411–12. bastinado a man's eares. The bastone, or bastinado, was a beating with a stick, as in Turkey, on the soles of the feet. The term was quite generally used in Jonson's time, and since, for a beating.

156, 413. pills. Dekker noted the fact that this scene is based on the *Lexiphanes* of Lucian when in *Satiromastix*, **349**, 132, he called Horace-Jonson "Lucian," and **386**, 233, wrote "or should we minister strong pilles to thee!" The scene in Lucian is followed rather closely by Jonson. Sopolis and Lycinus give an emetic to Lexiphanes, which causes him to disgorge various words of his vocabulary, which were not approved by the critics. In a speech, similar to that of Virgil to Crispinus, Lycinus gives Lexiphanes advice.

156, 414. whitest kind of ellebore. Hellebore is a plant used by the ancients as a remedy for mental diseases. The best kind, white, came from Anticyra. Cf. Horace, *Sat.* II, 3, 77–83.

156, 416. tumorous heates. Cf. Horace, *Sat.* II, 3, 80, *alio mentis morbo calet.*

156, 424. stand by. "Stand aside," as an actor not taking part, and also "wait for the effect of the pills."

156, 427. accused at the barre. Cf. *Satiromastix*, **386**, 227, where Dekker refers to this scene: "Should I but bid thy *muse stand to the Barre*," etc. and, **267**, 15, "Horace hal'd his Poetasters to the Barre."

157, 441. by this hand-writing: i.e. the "writ," **150**, 288, which Crispinus and Demetrius had acknowledged to be theirs.

157, 444. parcell-guiltie. Guilty in part.

157, 446. suborn'd us to the calumnie. See **75**, 230–5, where Tucca objects to being "presented" by Histrio's company. Histrio denies that his company is to do this; but in **80**, 368, says that they have hir'd Demetrius to satirize Horace. Tucca did not originate the attack on Jonson, but in *Satiromastix* Dekker makes him the chief accuser.

157, 447. Cantharides. The cantharis, or Spanish fly, was used in medicine to make an external irritant, or an internal sexual stimulant. The word is used here as a term of contempt, referring to the blistering qualites of the statement of Demetrius. "You blisterer of my reputation." Nicholson.

158, 460–1. case of vizards . . . bi-fronted. A pair

of masks so arranged that the wearer had a face behind as well as in front. Cf. Marston, *Satyres*, I, 4, "Ye visarded-bifronted Janian rout."

158, 467. **Harpies.** Monsters in classical mythology, which dwelt on the Strophades Islands. The quarto reads *Gorboduckes*, referring to the old play *Gorboduc*, by Norton and Sackville (1560) based on the story in Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of Britain* (Bk. II, chap. XVI).

158, 470–1. **couple . . . cargos.** *N. E. D.* gives "cargo," obs. [Sp. *cargo*, *carga*, burden, load, weight, bundle, fardle, truss, etc.] A contemptuous term.

158, 477. **no great cause, not I.** Dekker had, the editor believes, little part in the attack on Jonson, and had not, previous to *Poetaster*, been assailed by Jonson in any play. He was a ready writer, in sympathy with the players, against whom Jonson had set himself, and in response to their request, and for the money which he would receive, he introduced the Horace episodes in a play about Sir Walter Terill. The few lines of and about Demetrius can be removed from *Poetaster*, of which they form no important part, without affecting the play in any way as a satire on Crispinus-Marston. See *Introduction*, p. lx. It will be noticed that Crispinus-Marston whom Jonson had probably attacked in earlier plays (see *Introduction*) is not made to say that he had no cause for maligning Horace-Jonson.

159, 485–92. **If this . . . spight them.** As Gifford noted, from Horace, *Sat.* I, 10, 78–90.

159, 487. **best-best.** The adjective is doubled for emphasis.

159, 498-162, 562. **retrograde . . . custard.** The folio and quarto differ in the words disgorged by Crispinus. The following words are not found in Marston: retrograde, reciprocall, lubricall, defunct, spurious, inflate, turgidous, ventositous, oblatrant, furibund, fatuate, prorumped, obstupefact, obcaecate, Tropologicall, anagogical, loquacity, pinnosity. The following are found in Marston as indicated: incubus, *II Ant. and Mellida*, I, 1; IV, 2: glibbery, *Jack Drum*, I, 127; *I Ant. and Mellida*, I; II, 1; IV, 1: magnificate, *Sat.* II, 66; *Scourge of Villanie*, Proem, Bk. II; III, 192: snotteries, *Scourge of Villanie*, II, 71: chilblaind, *Jack Drum*, II, 136: clumsie, *Jack Drum*, II, 136; *II Ant. and Mellida*, Prol. 1: barmy

froth, *Scourge of Villanie*, In Lect. 8; To Perusers; VI, 2; *Jack Drum*, I, 35: puffy, *Pygmalion*, Author in Praise, 23; *Sat.* II, 139; *Scourge of Villanie*, In Lect. 42; IV, 55: strenuous, *I Ant. and Mellida*, Ind. 36; *II Ant. and Mellida*, V, 1: conscious, *Scourge of Villanie*, VIII, 94; *What you Will*, I, 1, 114: dampe, *Scourge of Villanie*, VII, 183: clutcht, *II Ant. and Mellida*, I, 1; III, 1; V, 1: snarling gusts, *II Ant. and Mellida*, Prol. 4: quaking custard, *Scourge of Villanie*, II, 4. The fact that some of the words disgorged by Crispinus-Marston do not occur in Marston's works as we have them caused Dr. Small (*The Stage Quarrel*, p. 110) to offer as an explanation that *What you Will* (1601), which contains but one of the words "conscious," "was rewritten by Marston" in consequence of Jonson's criticism. That *What you Will* is comparatively free from the unusual words so commonly used by Marston is true, but it is not true that the absence of such words is necessarily proof that Marston had used them, but in revising his play omitted them, for that is to imply that Jonson ridiculed in the words of Crispinus no vocabulary but that of Marston. Examples of ridicule are found in *Cynthia's Revels*, V, 3 and V, 4, where "retrograde" is used, as affected language. "Arride" is used similarly in III, 5, and IV, 3, by Amorphus. "Connive," a word used by Moria IV, 2, is ridiculed by Dekker in *Satiromastix*, 312, 23. Words of Gabriel Harvey are ridiculed in *The Case is Altered*, for a list of which, see Mr. H. C. Hart's article in *Notes and Queries*, 9th Ser., XII, no. 296, p. 161. (See Introduction, p. xxvi.) The criticisms of vocabulary are not peculiar to *Poetaster*, but are part of the general literary criticism of the time. In *As You Like It* Shakespeare ridiculed the language of the courtiers, and in *Cynthia's Revels*, II, 4, Jonson wrote "She [Moria] is like one of your ignorant poetasters of the time, who, when they have got acquainted with a strange word, etc." In the Prologue to *Every Man in His Humour* he mentions the "help of some few foot and half-foot words." In *Every Man out of His Humour*, we have Clove and Orange introduced to talk fustian in a manner similar to that of Stilpo and Speusippus in the old *Timon*. The criticism of words was not peculiar to Jonson. Marston had criticised the "new-minted epithets (as reall, intrinsecate, Delphicke)" of "judiciall Torquatus," probably Gabriel Harvey (as shown by Mr. H. C. Hart, *Notes and Queries*, 9th Ser., XI, no.

276, p. 281) who had himself in *The Trimming of Thomas Nashe* (ed. Grosart, 3, 6,) "fetcht from the mint some few new words," and who charged Nashe (*Harvey*, ed. Grosart 2, 275) with using extraordinary words. Thomas Nashe, Harvey's antagonist, uses two of the words in Jonson's list which are not found in Marston, ventosity (quarto), and Tropologicall (quarto).

161, 539–40. what a tumult. This expression, and several others immediately following, "Force yourselfe then, a little with your finger," "What a noise it made!" etc. are almost literal translations of lines in the *Lexiphanes* of Lucian.

162, 568–163, 602. These pills . . . affright. "The whole of this speech, *mutatis mutandis*, is taken from the very excellent advice which Lycinus gives to Lexiphanes." Gifford.

163, 590. Gallo-belgick phrase. "This alludes to the Latinity of this celebrated political 'Register' as Mr. Chalmers aptly terms it." Gifford. The *Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus* was established at Cologne, and was published at intervals from 1588 to 1630. See catalogue of Printed Books in Brit. Mus. s. v. "Periodical Publications, Cologne."

164, 608. branded in the front. See note 147, 188–9. See also *Satiromastix*, 285, 141–2, note, for an account of Jonson's having been branded T on the thumb for killing Gabriel Spencer in a duel.

164, 614. coates and cap. See *Satiromastix*, 365, 309. The coat and cap of a fool are put on Demetrius-Dekker.

164, 623–165, 649. Rufus . . . Cæsar. A similar oath is administered to Horace in *Satiromastix*, 389, 326.

164, 626. Booke-sellers stalls. They were a favorite meeting place. See *Satiromastix*, 391, 359.

164, 627. 'tyring houses. The dressing-rooms at the theatres.

165, 628. buttries, puisne's chambers. See 79, 352, note. This does not, as Gifford implied, refer to Crispinus and Demetrius as players, which they were not, but, as Dr. Mallory states, to their personal characters, which barred them from places to which Jonson had access. This is made clearer in l. 636, "better acquaintance."

165, 641. gent. An early use of this abbreviation.

165, 643–4. untrussers, or whippers. To untruss was to untie the points or lacings and let down the breeches. "Untrussers or whippers" refers probably to the title of *Satiromastix or the Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*. There may be a reference to Marston's *Scourge of Villanie*. In *Every Man out of His Humour*, Carlo is called "Thou Grand Scourge, or Second Untruss of the Time." In spite of Aubrey's statement that Carlo was Charles Chester (see *Introduction*, pp. xix-xxi), Carlo may have been Marston.

165, 644. itch of writing. Cf. *Satiromastix*, 385, 218, "Itchy Poetry."

166, 666–7. asses eares . . . woolvish case. A reference not only to the fable of the ass in the lion's skin, but also to Lupus the "wolf" upon whom (145, 142,) had been placed "larger eares."

166, 671. Rumpatur . . . invidia. Martial, *Sat.* 9, 97, 12. If any one is bursting with envy, let him burst.

167, 3. apologeticall Dialogue. This is probably the "Apology from the Author" mentioned in the quarto "To the Reader" (p. 167, footnote), from the publishing of which Jonson was restrained "by Authoritie," in consequence of the legal difficulties referred to in the folio in the address to Mr. Richard Martin (p. 3).

167, 13–14. non . . . morum. Not the white hairs of years but those of character deserve to be praised.

168, 2. Nasutus, Polyposus. On the title-page of *Cynthia's Revels* Jonson placed "Mart. [12, 37] *Nasutum volo, nolo Polyposum.*" Nasutus in the Apol. Dia. sides with the author while Polyposus states the criticisms of the play.

169, 32. barking students. i.e. The dogs used in bear-baiting at the Bear Garden, which was on the Bankside. See *Satiromastix*, 295, 387, note. In *Epigram* 133 Jonson mentions "The meat-boat out of bears-college." "College" in an old meaning was another word for community, or association. The Marshalsea was "the College" and the prisoners "collegians" in *Little Dorrit*.

170, 40. Teucers — archery. *Iliad*, 12, 350. Τεῦκρος . . . τόξων εὖ εἰδώς. He was the best archer among the Greeks against Troy.

170, 54. Improbior . . . cinaedo. Juvenal, *Sat.* 4,

106. Wickeder than a Sodomite writing satire. Juvenal's allusion is to Nero's satire on Quintianus. See Tacitus, *Ann.* xv. 49.

170, 55. **turne stone with wonder.** The sight of the Gorgon Medusa turned the beholder to stone.

171, 63. **Salt.** See also l. 173. A classicism commonly used, meaning wittiness, sharpness, sarcasm.

171, 66. **be perverted.** See 145, 153–7.

171, 69. **Law and Lawyers.** See 19, 134–152, a passage which might well have been regarded as ridicule of lawyers. See also *Satiromastix*, 362, 227–31, and Jonson's *Epigrams*, 37, *On Cheveril The Lawyer*, and 54, *On Cheveril:*

> Cheveril cries out my verses libels are:
> And threatens the Star-Chamber and the Bar.
> What are thy petulant pleadings, Cheveril, then,
> That quit'st the cause so oft, and rail'st at men.

171, 69. **Captaines.** See the character of Tucca throughout the play. Cf. Jonson's *Epigrams*, 12, 82, 87, 107. See also Captain Bobadil in *Every Man in His Humour*, Shift, in *Every Man out of His Humour*.

171, 69. **the Players.** See 15, 42–16, 65; 71, 140–72, 161; and 78, 315–80, 358.

171, 72. **To spare . . . vices.** *Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis*, Martial, 10, 33, 10. See 89, 134, and the second Prologue to Epicoene. "So persons were not touch'd, to tax the crimes."

172, 83–5. **three yeeres . . . every stage.** See *Introduction*, p. xvi, also the table, p. xxix. "Petulant stiles," a phrase used again in the Dedication of *Volpone*, 1607, refers probably to rhetoric, vocabulary, dramatic construction etc. employed by "poetasters" in general, as well as to specific attacks on Jonson by his detractors. "Every stage" may or may not be intended literally but, as a matter of fact, nearly every theatre in London seems to have been involved in the "war."

172, 100. **screaming grasse-hoppers.** Cf. Virgil, *Ecl.* 2, 12–13, and *Georgics*, 3, 328.

173, 107–108. **sape . . . opes.**

> Renounce this thriftless trade, my father cried:
> Mæonides himself — a beggar died. Gifford.

173, 110–111. non . . . foro.

To learn the wrangling law was ne'er my choice,
Nor, at the hateful bar, to sell my voice. Gifford.

173, 117. Unto true Souldiers. This appears among Jonson's *Epigrams* as 108. Epigram 107 is *To Captain Hungry*. Whalley thought that Jonson wrote *Unto True Soldiers* as a "compensation for the character of Captain Tucca in that play." Gifford thought that it had been written before *Poetaster* and "that it alluded to the *Captain*" in 107. It might have been either. See note, **171**, 69. Jonson's Epigrams are referred to by Dekker in *Satiromastix*, **327**, 330.

173, 117. That's the lemma. The title of an Epigram, indicating the subject. Cf. Martial, 14, 2. *Ut si malueris lemmata iola legas.*

173, 123. I once did prove. See **119**, 21, note. This is a reference to Jonson's service in the Low Countries.

174, 135. gave 'hem meat. See **80**, 374, note.

174, 141. the untrussers. A reference to *Satiromastix* as well as to Crispinus-Marston and Demetrius-Dekker.

174, 146–7. squirt . . . inke. Cf. *Satiromastix*, **348**, 102, "'tis thy fashion to flirt Inke" etc.

175, 148–9. Archilochus fury . . . hang themselves. Archilochus wrote such severe verses that he caused Lycambes to hang himself. See Horace, *Ep.* 1, 19, 23–5.

175, 150. Irish rats. Gifford quotes *As You Like It*, III, 2, 188. "I was never so be-rhimed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat." Dr. Furness notes: "See Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, I, ix ['as he were charmed with enchaunted rimes']. In Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, v, ii, there is an image much like this: '*Azotus*. And my poets shall with a satire steep'd in gall and vinegar Rithme 'em to death, as they do rats in Ireland.'"

175, 151–2 stampe Their foreheads. Cf. The Dedication of *Volpone:* "not Cinnamus the barber . . . shall be able to take out the brands" Gifford refers to *Volpone* and says "This sentiment . . . is from Martial, 6, 6."

175, 159. tabacco. See *Satiromastix*, **282**, 49, note.

175, 161–66. But, . . . man. As Gifford notes, from Juvenal, *Sat.* 13, 193–5.

176, 168. the treasure of the foole: i.e. "their tongues."

176, 172. rayling. Cf *Satiromastix*, 361, 196 and 387, 256. Also *Volpone*, Dedication, where Jonson seems to refer to the charge of "railing" made by his enemies.

176, 181. a play a yeere. See *Satiromastix*, 385, 216–17.

176, 186. colts-foote. A plant, named from the shape of the leaves, used in making an expectorant.

177, 188–9 master of art . . . Their belly. Gifford quotes Persius, *Prol.* 10, as the source: *Magister artis, ingenique largitor venter.*

177, 197–8. To . . . fire. Cf. Juvenal *Sat.* 7, 27, *Frange miser calamos vigilataque prœlia dele.* Gifford noted the borrowing from Juvenal, *Sat.* 7, in the closing portions of the *Apologeticall Dialogue.*

177, 200. candle saw his pinching throes. Cf. *Satiromastix*, p. 280, stage direction, "Horace . . . a candle by him burning." In *Cynthia's Revels* 3, 2, Crites-Jonson is said to smell "all lamp-oil with studying by candle light."

177, 206–8. Ibides . . . entrailes. "Pliny says this of the ibis, bk. 8, c. 41." Nicholson.

178, 212. my next. *Sejanus*, produced in 1603 by the Chamberlain's Company at the Globe Theatre.

178, 213–15. Where . . . Theatre unto me. "Jonson's words are little more than a translation from Cicero. . . . *Haec ego non multis, sed tibi satis magnum alter alteri theatrum sumus.*" Gifford.

178, 215. Once, I'll say. Once for all I will try. Say = essay.

178, 220–3. I, that . . . grace. See **177, 197,** and **177, 200,** notes. From Juvenal, *Sat.* 7, 27–30.

178, 221. darke, pale face. "This exactly corresponds with the appearance of Jonson in the Hardwicke portrait, and as unlike as may be to the 'parboiled face full of pocky holes and pimples,' 'the face punched full of oylet holes like the cover of a warming pan,' and 'the most ungodly face, like a rotten russet apple when 'tis bruised,' of *Satiromastix*. Aubrey also says that 'he was (or rather had been) of a clear and faire skin.'" Cunningham. Tucca called Horace-Jonson "copper fact" and "saffron-cheeke sun-

burnt Gipsie" in *Satiromastix*, so it is evident that Jonson was of dark complexion In the lines on *My Picture Left in Scotland* Jonson speaks of his "mountain belly" and "rocky face." He is spoken of by Tucca in *Satiromastix* as a "leane . . . hollow-cheekt scrag," but this was in 1601. The visit to Scotland was in 1619.

179. The Principall Comoedians. For an account of the Chapel Children see *The Children of the Chapel at Blackfriars*, C. W. Wallace, University Studies, University of Nebraska, Vol. VIII, Nos. 2 and 3. The plays of this company contain numerous songs and some of the "children" were good singers, having been originally the choir of the Chapel Royal. Jonson mentions only the "Principall Comoedians" omitting the names of the large number necessary to present the play. Nat. Field (b. 1587, d. 1633) is mentioned by Jonson (*Conversations*, p. 11) as "his schollar." He became a famous actor being connected with several companies at different times. He was also a dramatist. (See Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama*, index s. v. Field.) Salathiel Pavy is known to us through Jonson's Epitaph (no. 120) on him. He was famous for old men's parts. Ostler, Field and Underwood appear in the list of "Principall Actors" in the first folio (1623) of Shakespeare. See *D. N. B.* We know nothing further of Tho. Day and Tho. Marton.

179. the Master of Revells. Edmund Tilney held this office from 1579 to 1608. Dekker intimates that Jonson desired the office. (See *Satiromastix*, 343, 246–9.) "The establishment of a permanent Master of the Revels, in 1545, by no means abolished the Lord of Misrule," "variously known as the Christmas Lord, or the Lord Abbot of Misrule." (Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama*, I, 76.)

THE TEXT

THERE is only one text of *Satiromastix*, the quarto, 1602. As is the case with many Elizabethan books, different copies of what are supposedly the same edition differ, sometimes slightly, sometimes considerably, in readings and punctuation. The editor has collated two copies of the quarto in the library of the British Museum and one in the Bodleian. Dr. Scherer, in his edition of the play, gives the results of his collation of the same copies of the quarto and of a fourth in the Dyce collection. As the quarto was carelessly printed, an attempt is made here to give a correct text, changes being indicated in the footnotes. Obvious misprints are silently corrected and the punctuation modernized. The divisions into acts and scenes, omitted from the quarto, are here supplied.

Satiro-mastix.

OR

The vntrussing of the Humo- rous Poet.

As it hath bin presented publikely, by the Right Honorable, the Lord Chamberlaine his Seruants; and priuately, by the Children of Paules.

By *Thomas Dekker.*

Non recito cuiquam nisi Amicis *idq; coactus.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Edward White*, and are to bee solde at his shop, neere the little North doore of Paules Church, at the signe of the Gun. 1602.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. William Rufus.
2. Sir Walter Terill.
3. Sir Rees ap Vaughan.
4. S. Quintilian Shorthose.
5. Sir Adam Prickshaft.
6. Blunt.
7. Crispinus.
8. Demetrius Fannius.
9. Tucca.
10. Horace.
11. Asinius Bubo.
12. Peter Flash.
13. Cælestine.
14. Mistris Miniver.
15. Ladies.

[Petula, Dicache, and Philocalia.]

Ad Detractorem.

Non potes in Nugas dicere plura meas,
Ipse ego quam dixi. — Qui se mirantur, in illos
Virus habe: Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.

TO THE WORLD.

World, *I was once resolv'd to bee round with thee, because I know tis thy fashion to bee round with every bodie; but the winde shifting his point, the Veine turn'd: yet because thou wilt sit as judge of all matters (though for thy labour thou wear'st* Midasses *eares, and art* Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum, *whose great* Poliphemian *eye is put out) I care not much if I make description (before thy* Universality) *of that terrible* Poetomachia *lately commenc'd betweene* Horace the second *and a band of leane-witted* Poetasters. *They have bin at high wordes, and so high, that the ground could not serve them, but (for want of* chopins) *have stalk't upon Stages.*

Horace *hal'd his* Poetasters *to the barre, the* Poetasters *untruss'd* Horace: *how worthily eyther, or how wrongfully,* (World) *leave it to the jurie.* Horace (*questionles*) *made himselfe beleeve, that his* Burgonian wit *might desperately challenge all commers, and that none durst take up the foyles against him. It's likely, if he had not so beleiv'd, he had not bin so deceiv'd, for hee was answer'd at his owne weapon; and if before* Apollo *himselfe* (*who is* Coronator Poetarum) *an* inquisition

should be taken touching this lamentable merry murdering of Innocent Poetry, all Mount Helicon *to* Bun-hill, *it would be found on the* Poetasters *side* se defendendo. *Notwithstanding, the Doctors thinke otherwise.* I *meete one and he runnes full butt at me with his satires hornes, for that in untrussing* Horace *I did onely whip his fortunes and condition of life, where the more noble* reprehension *had bin of his* mindes deformitie, *whose greatnes, if his* criticall lynx *had with as narrow eyes observ'd in himselfe, as it did little spots upon others, without all disputation,* Horace *would not have left* Horace *out of* Every man in's Humour. *His fortunes? why does not he taxe that onely in others? Read his* Arraignement *and see. A second cat-a-mountaine mewes and calles me barren, because my braines could bring foorth no other* stigmaticke *than* Tucca, *whome* Horace *had put to making, and begot to my hand; but I wonder what language* Tucca *would have spoke, if honest Capten* Hannam *had bin borne without a tongue? Ist not as lawfull then for mee to imitate* Horace, *as* Horace Hannam? *Besides, if I had made an opposition of any other new-minted fellow, (of what test so ever) hee had bin out-fac'd and out-weyed by a settled former approbation; neyther was it much improper to set the same dog upon* Horace, *whom* Horace *had set to worrie others.*

I could heere (eeven with the feather of my pen) wipe off other ridiculous imputations, but my best way to answer them, is to laugh at them: onely thus much I protest (and sweare by the divinest part of true Poesie) that (howsoever the limmes of my naked lines may bee, and I know have bin, tortur'd on the racke) they are free from conspiring the least disgrace to any man, but onely to our new Horace; *neyther should this ghost of* Tucca *have walkt up and downe Poules Church-yard, but that hee was raiz'd up (in print) by newe* exorcismes. World, *if thy* Hugenes *will beleive this, doe; if not, I care not, for I dedicate my booke, not to thy* Greatnes, *but to the* Greatnes of thy scorne, *defying which, let that mad dog* Detraction *bite till his teeth bee worne to the stumps.* Envy *feede thy snakes so fat with poyson till they burst.* World, *let all thy adders shoote out their* Hidra-headed-forked *stinges.* Ha, Ha, Nauci; *if none will take my part, (as I desire none) yet I thanke thee (thou true* Venusian Horace) *for these good wordes thou giv'st me:* Populus me sibylat at mihi plaudo. World *farewell.*

Malim Convivis quàm placuisse Cocis.

AD LECTOREM.

In steed of the trumpets sounding thrice, before the play begin, it shall not be amisse (for him that will read) first to beholde this short Comedy of Errors, and where the greatest enter, to give them in stead of a hisse, a gentle correction.

In Letter C. Page 1, for, Whom I adorn'd as subjects: Read, Whom I ador'd as, &c.

In Letter C. Pa. 3, for, Ile starte thence poore: Read, Ile starve their poore, &c.

In Letter C. Pa. 6, for, her white cheekes with her dregs and bottome: Read, her white cheekes with the dregs and, &c.

In the same Page, for, Strike off the head of Sin: Read, Strike off the swolne head, &c.

In the same Page, for, that of five hundred, foure hundred five: Read, that of five hundred, foure.

In Letter G. pa. 1, for, this enterchanging of languages: Read, this enterchange of language.

In Letter L. pa. 5, for, And stinging insolence should: Read, And stinking insolence, &c.

The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet.

[*Act* I, *Scene* I.

A Room in the House of Sir Quintilian Shorthose.]

Enter two Gentlewomen strewing of flowers.

1st Gentlewoman. Come, bedfellow, come, strew apace, strew, strew; in good troth tis pitty that these flowers must be trodden under feete as they are like to bee anon.

2d Gentlewoman. Pitty, alacke, pretty heart, thou art sorry to see any good thing fall to the ground; pitty? no more pitty then to see an innocent mayden-head delivered up to the ruffling of her new-wedded husband. Beauty is made for use, and hee that will not use a sweete soule well, when she is under his fingers, I pray Venus he may never kisse a faire and a delicate, soft, red, plump-lip.

1st Gent. Amen, and that's torment enough.

2d Gent. Pitty? come, foole, fling them about lustily; flowers never dye a sweeter death than when they are smoother'd to death in a lovers

bosome, or else pave the high wayes, over which these pretty, simpring, jetting things, call'd brides, must trippe.

1st Gent. I pray thee tell mee, why doe they use at weddings to furnish all places thus with sweet hearbes and flowers?

2d Gent. One reason is, because tis —— ô a most sweet thing to lye with a man.

1st Gent. I thinke tis a O more more more more sweet to lye with a woman.

2d Gent. I warrant all men are of thy minde. Another reason is, because they sticke like the scutchions of madame chastity on the sable ground, weeping in their stalkes, and wincking with theyr yellow-sunke eyes, as loath to beholde the lamentable fall of a maydenhead. What senceles thing in all the house, that is not nowe as melancholy as a new set-up schoolemaster?

1st Gent. Troth, I am.

2d Gent. Troth, I thinke thou mournst, because th'ast mist thy turne, I doe by the quiver of Cupid. You see the torches melt themselves away in teares, the instruments weare theyr heart stringes out for sorrow, and the silver ewers weepe most pittifull rosewater; five or sixe payre of the white innocent wedding gloves did in my sight choose rather to be torne in peeces than to be drawne on; and looke this rosemary,

(a fatall hearbe) this deadmans nose-gay, has crept in amongst these flowers to decke th' invisible coarse of the brides maydenhead, when (oh how much do we poore wenches suffer) about eleven, or twelve, or one a clock at midnight at furthest, it descends to purgatory, to give notice that Cælestine (hey ho) will never come to lead apes in hell.

1st Gent. I see by thy sighing thou wilt not.

2d Gent. If I had as many mayden-heads as I have hayres on my head, Ide venture them all rather then to come into so hot a place. Prethy strew thou, for my little armes are weary.

1st Gent. I am sure thy little tongue is not.

2d Gent. No, faith, that's like a woman bitten w^t^ fleas, it never lyes stil. Fye upont, what a miserable thing tis to be a noble bride, there's such delayes in rising, in fitting gownes, in tyring, in pinning rebatoes, in poaking, in dinner, in supper, in revels, & last of all, in cursing the poore nodding fidlers, for keeping mistris bride so long up from sweeter revels, that, oh I could never endure to put it up without much bickering.

1st Gent. Come, th'art an odde wench. Harke, harke, musicke? Nay then the bride's up.

2d Gent. Is she up? Nay then I see she has been downe. Lord ha mercy on us, we women fall and fall still, and, when we have husbands,

we play upon them like virginall jackes, they must ryse and fall to our humours, or else they'l never get any good straines of musicke out of us; but come now, have at it for a mayden-head. *Strew.*

As they strew, enter Sir Quintilian Shorthose with Peeter Flash and two or three servingmen, with lights.

Sir Quintilian. Come knaves, night begins to be like my selfe, an olde man; day playes the theefe and steales upon us. O well done, wenches, well done, well done, you have covered all the stony way to church with flowers, tis well, tis well. Ther's an embleame too, to be made out of these flowers and stones, but you are honest wenches, in, in, in.

2d Gent. When we come to your yeares, we shal learne what honesty is. Come, pew-fellow. *Exeunt.*

Sir Quin. Is the musicke come yet? So much to do! Ist come?

Omnes. Come, sir.

Sir Quin. Have the merry knaves pul'd their fiddle cases over their instruments eares?

Flash. As soone as ere they entred our gates, the noyse went, before they came nere the great hall, the faint hearted villiacoes sounded at least thrice.

Sir Quin. Thou shouldst have reviv'd them

with a cup of burnt wine and sugar. Sirra, you, horse-keeper, goe, bid them curry theyr strings. Is my daughter up yet? *Exit* [*Servingman*].

Flash. Up sir? She was seene up an houre agoe.

Sir Quin. Shee's an early sturrer, ah sirra.

Flash. Shee'l be a late sturrer soone at night, sir.

Sir Quin. Goe too, Peeter Flash, you have a good sodaine flash of braine, your wittes husky, and no marvaile, for tis like one of our comedians beardes, still ith stubble; about your businesses, and looke you be nymble to flye from the wine, or the nymble wine will catch you by the nose.

Flash. If your wine play with my nose, sir, Ile knocke's coxcombe.

Sir Quin. Doe, Peeter, and weare it for thy labour.

Is my Sonne in Law, Sir Walter Terell, ready yet?

Omnes. Ready, sir. *Exit another* [*Servingman.*]

Sir Quin. One of you attend him: stay, Flash, where's the note of the guestes you have invited?

Flash. Here, sir, Ile pull all your guestes out of my bosome; the men that will come, I have crost, but all the gentlewomen have at the tayle

of the last letter a pricke, because you may read them the better.

Sir Quin. My spectacles, lyght, lyght, knaves.

Sir Adam Prickshaft, thou hast crost him, heele come.

Flash. I had much a doe, sir, to draw Sir Adam Prickeshaft home, because I tolde him twas early, but heele come.

Sir Quin. Justice Crop, what, will he come?

Flash. He took phisicke yesterday, sir.

Sir Quin. Oh, then Crop cannot come.

Flash. O Lord, yes, sir, yes, twas but to make more roome in his crop for your good cheare. Crop will come.

Sir Quin. Widdow Minever.

Flash. Shee's prickt, you see, sir, and will come.

Sir Quin. Sir Vaughan ap Rees, oh hee's crost twise; so, so, so, then all these ladyes that fall downewardes heere will come I see, and all these gentlemen that stand right before them.

Flash. All wil come.

Sir Quin. Well sayd, heere, wryte them out agen, and put the men from the women; and, Peeter, when we are at church bring wine and cakes; be light & nimble, good Flash, for your burden will be but light.

Enter Sir Adam, a light before him.

Sir Adam Prickeshaft, god morrow, god morrow, goe, in, in, in, to the bridegroome, taste a cup of burnt wine this morning, twill make you flye the better all the day after.

Sir Adam. You are an early styrrer, Sir Quintilian Shorthose.

Sir Quin. I am so; it behoves me at my daughters wedding; in, in, in; fellow, put out thy torch, and put thy selfe into my buttery; the torch burnes ill in thy hand, the wine will burne better in thy belly, in, in.

Flash. Ware there, roome for Sir Adam Prickeshaft; your Worship — *Exit* [*Sir Adam*].

Enter Sir Vaughan and Mistris Minever.

Sir Quin. Sir Vaughan and Widdow Minever, welcome, welcome, a thousand times; my lips, Mistris Widdow, shall bid you god morrow. In, in, one to the bridegroome, the other to the bride.

Sir Vaughan. Why then, Sir Quiontilian Shorthose, I will step into Mistris Bride, and Widdow Minever shall goe upon M. Bridegroome.

Minever. No, pardon, for by my truely, Sir Vaughan, Ile ha no dealings with any M. Bridegroomes.

Sir Quin. In, widdow, in; in, honest knight, in.

Sir Vaughan. I will usher you, mistris widdow.

Flash. Light there for Sir Vaughan; your good Worship —

Sir Vaughan. Drinke that shilling Ma. Peeter Flash, in your guttes and belly.

Flash. Ile not drinke it downe, sir, but Ile turne it into that which shall run downe, oh merrily! *Exit Sir Vaughan [with Minever].*

Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Demetrius, and others with Ladies, lights before them.

Sir Quin. God morrow to these beauties, and gentlemen that have ushered this troope of ladyes to my daughters wedding, welcome, welcome all! Musick? Nay then the bridegroome's comming, where are these knaves heere?

Flash. All here, sir.

Enter Terill, Sir Adam, Sir Vaughan, Celestine, Minever and other Ladies and attendants with lights.

Terill. God morrow, ladies and fayre troopes of gallants,
That have depos'd the drowsy king of sleep,
To crowne our traine with your rich presences,
I salute you all.
Each one share thanks from thanks in generall.

Crispinus. God morrow, M. Bride-groome, mistris Bride.

Omnes. God morrow, M. Bride-groome.

192–195, 208–219. These lines are printed as prose in the quarto.

Ter. Gallants, I shal intreate you to prepare
For maskes and revels to defeate the night.
Our soveraigne will in person grace our marriage.
Sir Quin. What, will the king be heer?
Ter. Father, he will.
Sir Quin. Where be these knaves? More rose-mary and gloves, gloves, gloves; choose, gentlemen; ladyes put on soft skins upon the skin of softer hands.
So, so, come, Mistress Bride, take you your place,
The olde men first, and then the batchelors,
Maydes with the bride, widdows and wives together;
The priest's at church, tis time that we march thether.
Ter. Deare Blunt, at our returne from church, take paines
To step to Horace for our nuptiall songs;
Now, Father, when you please.
Sir Quin. Agreed, set on,
Come, good Sir Vaughan, must we lead the way?
Sir Vaughan. Peeter, you goe too fast for. mistris pride;
So, gingerly, gingerly; I muse why Sir Adam Prickshaft sticks so short behind.
Sir Quin. He follows close; not too fast, holde up knaves,
Thus we lead youth to church, they us to graves.
Exeunt.

[Scene 2.]

Horrace sitting in a study behinde a curtaine, a candle by him burning, bookes lying confusedly: to himselfe.

Horace. To thee whose fore-head swels with roses,
Whose most haunted bower
Gives life & sent to every flower,
Whose most adored name incloses
Things abstruse, deep, and divine,
Whose yellow tresses shine,
Bright as Eoan fire.
O me, thy priest, inspire!
For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In — in — in golden tunes,
For I to thee and thine immortall name —
In — sacred raptures flowing, flowing, swimming, swimming,
In sacred raptures swimming,
Immortal name, game, dame, tame, lame, lame, lame,
Pux, hath, shame, proclaime, oh —
In sacred raptures flowing, will proclaime, not —
O me, thy priest, inspyre!
For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In flowing numbers fild with spright and flame,
Good, good! in flowing numbers fild with spright & flame.

Enter Asinius Bubo.

Asinius. Horace, Horace! My sweet ningle is alwayes in labour when I come, the nine muses be his midwives, I pray Jupiter. Ningle!

Hor. In flowing numbers fild with sprite and flame,
To thee —

Asin. To me? I pledge thee, sweet ningle, by Bacchus quaffing boule, I thought th'adst drunke to me.

Hor. It must have been in the devine lycour of Pernassus then, in which I know you would scarce have pledg'd me. But come, sweet roague, sit, sit, sit.

Asin. Over head and eares yfaith? I have a sacke-full of newes for thee; thou shalt plague some of them, if God send us life and health together.

Hor. Its no matter. Empty thy sacke anon; but come here, first, honest roague, come.

Asin. Ist good, ist good? pure Helicon? ha?

Hor. Dam me ift be not the best that ever came from me, if I have any judgement. Looke, sir, tis an Epithalamium for Sir Walter Terrels wedding; my braines have given assault to it but this morning.

Asin. Then I hope to see them flye out like gun-powder ere night.

Hor. Nay, good roague, marke, for they are the best lynes that ever I drew.

Asin. Heer's the best leafe in England; but on, on, Ile but tune this pipe.

Hor. Marke, *To thee whose fore-head swels with roses.*

Asin. O sweet! but will there be no exceptions taken, because fore-head and swelling comes together?

Hor. Push, away, away, its proper, besides, tis an elegancy to say the fore head swels.

Asin. Nay, an't be proper, let it stand, for Gods love.

Hor. Whose most haunted bower
Gives life and sent to every flower,
Whose most adored name incloses
Things abstruse, deep, and divine.
Whose yellow tresses shine,
Bright as Eoan fire —

Asin. O pure, rich, ther's heate in this; on, on!

Hor. Bright as Eoan fire.
O me, thy priest, inspire!
For I to thee and thine immortall name —— marke this.
In flowing numbers fild with spryte and flame —

Asin. I, mary, ther's spryte and flame in this.

Hor. A pox a this tobacco!

Asin. Wod this case were my last, if I did

not marke! Nay all's one; I have alwayes a consort of pypes about me: myne ingle is all fire and water; I markt, by this candle (which is none of Gods angels) I remember, you started back at *sprite and flame.*

Hor. For I to thee and thine immortall name,
In flowing numbers fild with sprite and flame,
To thee, Loves mightiest king,
Himen! O Himen! does our chaste muse sing.

Asin. Ther's musicke in this.

Hor. Marke now, deare Asinius.

Let these virgins quickly see thee
Leading out the bride,
Though theyr blushing cheekes they hide,
Yet with kisses will they fee thee,
To untye theyr virgin zone,
They grieve to lye alone.

Asin. So doe I, by Venus.

Hor. Yet with kisses wil they fee thee, my muse has marcht (deare roague) no farder yet, but how ist? how ist? Nay, prethee, good Asinius, deale plainly, doe not flatter me, come, how? —

Asin. If I have any judgement, —

Hor. Nay, look you, sir, and then follow a troope of other rich and labour'd conceipts. Oh the end shall be admirable! But how ist, sweet Bubo, how, how?

Asin. If I have any judgement, tis the best stuffe that ever dropt from thee.

Hor. You ha seene my acrosticks?

Asin. Ile put up my pypes and then Ile see any thing.

Hor. Th'ast a coppy of mine odes to, hast not, Bubo?

Asin. Your odes? O, that which you spake by word a mouth at th' ordinary, when Musco, the gull, cryed mew at it?

Hor. A pox on him, poore braineles rooke! And you remember, I tolde him his wit lay at pawne with his new sattin sute, and both would be lost, for not fetching home by a day.

Asin. At which he would faine ha blusht, but that his painted cheekes would not let him.

Hor. Nay, sirra, the Palinode, which I meane to stitch to my Revels, shall be the best and ingenious peece that ever I swet for; stay, roague, Ile fat thy spleane and make it plumpe with laughter.

Asin. Shall I? fayth, ningle, shall I see thy secrets?

Hor. Puh, my friends.

Asin. But what fardle's that? what fardle's that?

Hor. Fardle? away, tis my packet; heere lyes intoomb'd the loves of knights and earles; heere tis, heere tis, heere tis, Sir Walter Terils letter to me, and my answere to him: I no

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Asin. Answere? As God judge me, ningle, for thy wit thou mayst answer any Justice of peace in England I warrant; thou writ'st in a most goodly big hand too — I like that — & readst as leageably as some that have bin sav'd by their neck-verse.

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Hor. Why you see — wel, wel, an ordinary ingenuity, a good wit for a knight; you know how, before God, I am haunted with some the most pittyfull dry gallants.

Asin. Troth, so I think; good peeces of lantskip shew best a far off.

Hor. I, I, I, excellent sumpter horses, carry good cloaths; but, honest roague, come, what news, what newes abroad? I have heard a the horses walking a' th top of Paules.

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Asin. Nay, I ha more news: ther's Crispinus & his jorneyman poet, Demetrius Fannius, too, they sweare they'll bring your life & death upon'th stage like a bricklayer in a play.

Hor. Bubo, they must presse more valiant wits than theyr own to do it: me ath stage? ha! ha! Ile starve their poore copper-lace workmasters that dare play me. I can bring (& that they quake at) a prepar'd troope of gallants, who, for my sake, shal distaste every unsalted line in their fly-blowne comedies.

Asin. Nay, that's certaine; ile bring 100 gallants of my ranke.

Hor. That same Crispinus is the silliest dor, and Fannius the slightest cob-web-lawne peece of a poet. Oh God!

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Why should I care what every dor doth buz
In credulous eares? It is a crowne to me,
That the best judgements can report me wrong'd.
Asin. I am one of them that can report it.
Hor. I thinke but what they are, and am not moov'd:
The one a light voluptuous reveler,
The other, a strange arrogating puffe,
Both impudent, and arrogant enough.
Asin. S'lid, do not Criticus revel in these lynes? ha, ningle, ha? *Knocking.*
Hor. Yes, they're mine owne.
Crispinus [*without*]. Horrace!
Demetrius [*without*]. Flaccus!
Cris. Horrace, not up yet?
Hor. Peace, tread softly, hyde my papers. Who's this so early? Some of my rookes, some of my guls?
Cris. Horrace! Flaccus!
Hor. Who's there? stay, treade softly. Wat Terill, on my life! who's there? My gowne, sweete roague. So, come up, come in.

Enter Crispinus and Demetrius.

Cris. God morrow, Horrace.
Hor. O, God save you, gallants.
Cris. Asinius Bubo, well met.
Asin. Nay, I hope so, Crispinus, yet I was

sicke a quarter of a yeare a goe of a vehement great tooth-atch: a pox ont, it bit me vilye; as God sa me, la, I knew twas you by your knocking, so soone as I saw you. Demetrius Fannius, wil you take a whiffe this morning? I have tickling geare now; heer's that will play with your nose, and a pype of mine owne scowring too.

Dem. I, and a hodgshead too of your owne, but that will never be scowred cleane I feare.

Asin. I burnt my pype yesternight, and twas never usde since; if you will, tis at your service, gallants, and tobacco too, tis right pudding I can tell you; a lady or two, tooke a pype full or two at my hands, and praizde it for the Heavens; shall I fill Fannius?

Dem. I thanke you, good Asinius, for your love.
I sildome take that phisicke, tis enough
Having so much foole to take him in snuffe.

Hor. Good Bubo, read some booke, and give us leave ——

Asin. Leave have you, deare ningle. Marry, for reading any book, Ile take my death upont (as my ningle sayes) tis out of my elemẽt. No, faith, ever since I felt one hit me ith teeth that the greatest clarkes are not the wisest men, could I abide to goe to schoole; I was at *As in*

presenti and left there: yet, because Ile not be counted a worse foole then I am, Ile turne over a new leafe. *Asinius reads and takes tabacco.*

Hor. To see my fate, that when I dip my pen
In distilde roses, and doe strive to dreine
Out of myne inke all gall; that when I wey
Each sillable I write or speake, because
Mine enemies with sharpe and searching eyes
Looke through & through me, carving my poore labours
Like an anotomy: Oh heavens, to see
That when my lines are measur'd out as straight
As even paralels, tis strange that still,
Still some imagine they are drawne awry.
The error is not mine, but in theyr eye,
That cannot take proportions.

Cris. Horrace, Horrace,
To stand within the shot of galling tongues
Proves not your gilt, for could we write on paper
Made of these turning leaves of heaven, the cloudes,
Or speake with angels tongues, yet wise men know
That some would shake the head; tho saints should sing,
Some snakes must hisse, because they're borne with stings.

Hor. Tis true.

Cris. Doe we not see fooles laugh at heaven, and mocke
The Makers workmanship? Be not you griev'd,
If that which you molde faire, upright, and smooth,
Be skrewed awry, made crooked, lame and vile,
By racking coments, and calumnious tongues;
So to be bit, it ranckles not, for innocence
May with a feather brush off the foulest wrongs.
But when your dastard wit will strike at men
In corners, and in riddles folde the vices
Of your best friends, you must not take to heart,
If they take off all gilding from their pilles,
And onely offer you the bitter coare.

Hor. Crispinus!

Cris. Say that you have not sworne unto your paper,
To blot her white cheekes with the dregs and bottome
Of your friends private vices: say you sweare
Your love and your aleageance to bright vertue
Makes you descend so low as to put on
The office of an executioner,
Onely to strike off the swolne head of sinne,
Where ere you finde it standing:

272 *the dregs*, Q. *her*. See *Ad Lectorem*, p. 270, l. 11.
277 *swolne*, Q. omits. See *Ad Lectorem*, p. 270, l. 14.

Say you sweare,
And make damnation parcell of your oath,
That when your lashing jestes make all men bleed,
Yet you whip none. Court, citty, country, friends,
Foes, all must smart alike; yet court, nor citty,
Nor foe, nor friend, dare winch at you; great pitty.

Dem. If you sweare, dam me Fannius, or Crispinus,
Or to the law (our kingdomes golden chaine)
To poets dam me, or to players dam me,
If I brand you, or you, tax you, scourge you:
I wonder then, that of five hundred, foure
Should all point with their fingers in one instant
At one and the same man.

Hor. Deare Fannius.

Dem. Come, you cannot excuse it.

Hor. Heare me, I can —

Dem. You must daube on thicke collours then to hide it.

Cris. We come like your phisitions, to purge
Your sicke and daungerous minde of her disease.

Dem. In troth we doe, out of our loves we come,
And not revenge, but, if you strike us still,
We must defend our reputations:

289 *five hundred, foure.* Q. five hundred, foure hundred five. See *Ad Lectorem*, p. 270, l. 16.

Hor. You ha seene my acrosticks?

Asin. Ile put up my pypes and then Ile see any thing.

Hor. Th'ast a coppy of mine odes to, hast not, Bubo?

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Asin. Nay, I hope so, Crispinus, yet I was

sicke a quarter of a yeare a goe of a vehement great tooth-atch: a pox ont, it bit me vilye; as God sa me, la, I knew twas you by your knocking, so soone as I saw you. Demetrius Fannius, wil you take a whiffe this morning? I have tickling geare now; heer's that will play with your nose, and a pype of mine owne scowring too.

Dem. I, and a hodgshead too of your owne, but that will never be scowred cleane I feare.

Asin. I burnt my pype yesternight, and twas never usde since; if you will, tis at your service, gallants, and tobacco too, tis right pudding I can tell you; a lady or two, tooke a pype full or two at my hands, and praizde it for the Heavens; shall I fill Fannius?

Dem. I thanke you, good Asinius, for your love.
I sildome take that phisicke, tis enough
Having so much foole to take him in snuffe.

Hor. Good Bubo, read some booke, and give us leave——

Asin. Leave have you, deare ningle. Marry, for reading any book, Ile take my death upont (as my ningle sayes) tis out of my elemẽt. No, faith, ever since I felt one hit me ith teeth that the greatest clarkes are not the wisest men, could I abide to goe to schoole; I was at *As in*

presenti and left there: yet, because Ile not be counted a worse foole then I am, Ile turne over a new leafe. *Asinius reads and takes tabacco.*

Hor. To see my fate, that when I dip my pen
In distilde roses, and doe strive to dreine
Out of myne inke all gall; that when I wey
Each sillable I write or speake, because
Mine enemies with sharpe and searching eyes
Looke through & through me, carving my poore labours
Like an anotomy: Oh heavens, to see
That when my lines are measur'd out as straight
As even paralels, tis strange that still,
Still some imagine they are drawne awry.
The error is not mine, but in theyr eye,
That cannot take proportions.

Cris. Horrace, Horrace,
To stand within the shot of galling tongues
Proves not your gilt, for could we write on paper
Made of these turning leaves of heaven, the cloudes,
Or speake with angels tongues, yet wise men know
That some would shake the head; tho saints should sing,
Some snakes must hisse, because they're borne with stings.

Hor. Tis true.

Cris. Doe we not see fooles laugh at heaven, and mocke
The Makers workmanship? Be not you griev'd,
If that which you molde faire, upright, and smooth,
Be skrewed awry, made crooked, lame and vile,
By racking coments, and calumnious tongues;
So to be bit, it ranckles not, for innocence
May with a feather brush off the foulest wrongs.
But when your dastard wit will strike at men
In corners, and in riddles folde the vices
Of your best friends, you must not take to heart,
If they take off all gilding from their pilles,
And onely offer you the bitter coare.

Hor. Crispinus!

Cris. Say that you have not sworne unto your paper,
To blot her white cheekes with the dregs and bottome
Of your friends private vices: say you sweare
Your love and your aleageance to bright vertue
Makes you descend so low as to put on
The office of an executioner,
Onely to strike off the swolne head of sinne,
Where ere you finde it standing:

272 *the dregs*, Q. *her*. See *Ad Lectorem*, p. 270, l. 11.
277 *swolne*, Q. omits. See *Ad Lectorem*, p. 270, l. 14.

Say you sweare,
And make damnation parcell of your oath,
That when your lashing jestes make all men bleed,
Yet you whip none. Court, citty, country, friends,
Foes, all must smart alike; yet court, nor citty,
Nor foe, nor friend, dare winch at you; great pitty.
Dem. If you sweare, dam me Fannius, or Crispinus,
Or to the law (our kingdomes golden chaine)
To poets dam me, or to players dam me,
If I brand you, or you, tax you, scourge you:
I wonder then, that of five hundred, foure
Should all point with their fingers in one instant
At one and the same man.
Hor. Deare Fannius.
Dem. Come, you cannot excuse it.
Hor. Heare me, I can —
Dem. You must daube on thicke collours then to hide it.
Cris. We come like your phisitions, to purge
Your sicke and daungerous minde of her disease.
Dem. In troth we doe, out of our loves we come,
And not revenge, but, if you strike us still,
We must defend our reputations:

289 *five hundred, foure.* Q. five hundred, foure hundred five. See *Ad Lectorem*, p. 270, l. 16.

Our pens shall like our swords be alwayes sheath'd,
Unlesse too much provockt: Horace, if then
They draw bloud of you, blame us not, we are men.
Come, let thy muse beare up a smoother sayle;
Tis the easiest and the basest arte to raile.

Hor. Deliver me your hands, I love you both As deare as my owne soule: proove me, and when
I shall traduce you, make me the scorne of men.

Both. Enough, we are friends.

Cris. What reads Asinius?

Asin. By my troth, heer's an excellent comfortable booke, it's most sweet reading in it.

Dem. Why, what does it smell of, Bubo?

Asin. Mas, it smels of rose-leaves a little too.

Hor. Then it must needs be a sweet booke: he would faine perfume his ignorance.

Asin. I warrant he had wit in him that pen'd it.

Cris. Tis good, yet a foole will confesse truth.

Asin. The whoorson made me meete with a hard stile in two or three places as I went over him.

Dem. I beleeve thee, for they had need to be very lowe & easie stiles of wit that thy braines goe over.

Enter Blunt and Tucca.

Blunt. Wher's this gallant? Morrow, gentlemen. What's this devise done yet, Horace?

Hor. Gods so, what meane you to let this fellow dog you into my chamber?

Blunt. Oh, our honest captayne, come, prethee let us see.

Tucca. Why you bastards of nine whoores, the Muses, why doe you walk heere in this gorgeous gallery of gallant inventions, with that whooreson, poore lyme & hayre-rascall? why—

Cris. O peace, good Tucca, we are all sworne friends.

Tuc. Sworne? That Judas yonder that walkes in rug, will dub you Knights ath Poste, if you serve under his band of oaths: the copper-fact rascal wil for a good supper out sweare twelve dozen of graund juryes.

Blunt. A pox ont, not done yet, and bin about it three dayes?

Hor. By Jesu, within this houre, save you, Captayne Tucca.

Tuc. Dam thee, thou thin bearded hermaphrodite, dam thee, Ile save my selfe for one, I warrant thee. Is this thy tub, Diogines?

Hor. Yes, Captaine, this is my poore lodging.

Asin. Morrow, Captaine Tucca, will you whiffe this morning?

Tuc. Art thou there, goates pizzel? no, goda-mercy, Caine, I am for no whiffs, I: come hether, sheep-skin-weaver, s'foote, thou lookst as though th'adst beg'd out of a jayle: drawe, I meane not thy face (for tis not worth drawing) but drawe neere: this way, martch, follow your commaunder, you scoundrell: so, thou must run of an errand for mee, Mephostophiles.

Hor. To doe you pleasure, Captayne, I will, but whether?

Tuc. To hell, thou knowst the way, to hell my fire and brimstone, to hell; dost stare, my Sarsens-head at Newgate? dost gloate? Ile march through thy dunkirkes guts for shooting jestes at me.

Hor. Deare Captaine, but one word.

Tuc. Out, bench-whistler, out, ile not take thy word for a dagger pye: you browne-bread-mouth stinker, Ile teach thee to turne me into Bankes his horse, and to tell gentlemen I am a jugler, and can shew trickes.

Hor. Captaine Tucca, but halfe a word in your eare.

Tuc. No, you starv'd rascall, thou't bite off mine eares then: you must have three or foure suites of names, when like a lowsie, pediculous vermin th'ast but one suite to thy backe: you must be call'd Asper, and Criticus, and Horace,

thy tytle's longer a reading then the stile a the big Turkes — Asper, Criticus, Quintus Horatius Flaccus.

Hor. Captaine, I know upon what even bases I stand, and therefore —

Tuc. Bases? wud the roague were but ready for me!

Blunt. Nay prethee, deare Tucca, come, you shall shake —

Tuc. Not hands with great Hunkes there, not hands, but Ile shake the gull-groper out of his tan'd skinne.

Cris. & Dem. For our sake, Captaine, nay, prethee, holde.

Tuc. Thou wrongst heere a good, honest rascall, Crispinus, and a poore varlet, Demetrius Fannius, (bretheren in thine owne trade of poetry); thou sayst Crispinus sattin dublet is reavel'd out heere, and that this penurious sneaker is out at elboes. Goe two, my good full-mouth'd ban-dog, Ile ha thee friends with both.

Hor. With all my heart, captaine Tucca, and with you too, Ile laye my handes under your feete, to keepe them from aking.

Omnes. Can you have any more?

Tuc. Saist thou me so, olde Coale? come doo't then; yet tis no matter neither, Ile have thee in

403 *Coale? come.* Q, Coale come?

league first with these two rowly powlies: they shal be thy Damons and thou their Pithyasse; Crispinus shall give thee an olde cast sattin suite, and Demetrius shall write thee a scene or two, in one of thy strong garlicke comedies; and thou shalt take the guilt of conscience for't, and sweare tis thine owne, olde lad, tis thine owne: thou never yet fels't into the hands of sattin, didst?

Hor. Never, Captaine, I thanke God.

Tuc. Goe too, thou shalt now, King Gorboduck, thou shalt, because Ile ha thee damn'd, Ile ha thee all in sattin, Asper, Criticus, Quintus Horatius Flaccus; Crispinus shal doo't, thou shalt doo't, heyre apparant of Helicon, thou shalt doo't.

Asin. Mine ingle weare an olde cast sattin suite?

Tuc. I, wafer-face, your ningle.

Asin. If he carry the minde of a gentleman, he'll scorne it at's heeles.

Tuc. Mary muffe, my man a ginger-bread, wilt eate any small coale?

Asin. No, Captaine, wod you should well know it, great coale shall not fill my bellie.

Tuc. Scorne it, dost scorne to be arrested at one of his olde suites?

Hor. No, Captaine, Ile weare any thing.

Tuc. I know thou wilt, I know th'art an honest, low minded pigmey, for I ha seene thy shoulders lapt in a plaiers old cast cloake, like a slie knave as thou art: and when thou ranst mad for the death of Horatio, thou borrowedst a gowne of Roscius the stager, (that honest Nicodemus) and sentst it home lowsie, didst not? *Responde*, didst not?

Blunt. So, so, no more of this. Within this houre —

Hor. If I can sound retreate to my wits, with whome this leader is in skirmish, Ile end within this houre.

Tuc. What, wut end? wut hang thy selfe now? has he not writ finis yet, Jacke? What, will he bee fifteene weekes about this cockatrices egge too? has hee not cackeld yet? not laide yet?

Blunt. Not yet, hee sweares hee will within this houre.

Tuc. His wittes are somewhat hard bound: the puncke, his muse, has sore labour ere the whoore be delivered: the poore saffron-cheeke sun-burnt gipsie wantes phisicke; give the hungrie-face pudding-pye-eater ten pilles, ten shillings, my faire Angelica, they'l make his muse as yare as a tumbler.

Blunt. He shall not want for money, if heele write.

Tuc. Goe by, Jeronimo, goe by; and heere, drop the ten shillings into this bason; doe, drop, when Jacke? Hee shall call me his Mæcenas; besides, Ile dam up's oven-mouth for rayling at's. So, ist right Jacke? ist sterling? Fall off now to the vanward of yonder foure stinkers, and aske alowde if wee shall goe? The knight shall defray Jacke, the knight when it comes to *Summa totalis*, the knyght, the knight.—

Blunt. Well, gentlemen, we'll leave you. Shall we goe, Captaine? Good Horrace, make some hast.

Hor. Ile put on wings.

Asin. I never sawe mine ingle so dasht in my life before.

Cris. Yes once, Asinius.

Asin. Mas, you say true, hee was dasht worse once, going (in a rainy day) with a speech to'th Tilt-yard. By Gods lyd, has call'd him names a dog would not put up, that had any discreation.

Tuc. Holde, holde up thy hand, I ha seene the day thou didst not scorne to holde up thy golles: ther's a souldiers spur-royall, twelve pence; stay, because I know thou canst not write without quick-silver, — up agen, this goll agen, — I give thee double presse-money; stay, because I know thou hast a noble head, ile devide my crowne; ô royall Porrex, ther's a teston

more; goe, thou and thy muse munch, doe, munch; come, my deare mandrake, if skeldring fall not to decay, thou shalt florish. Farewell, my sweet Amadis de Gaule, farewell.

Hor. Deare Captaine.

Tuc. Come, Jacke.

Dem. Nay, Captaine, stay, we are of your band.

Tuc. March faire, then.

Cris. Horace, farewell; adue Asinius. *Exeunt* [*Blunt, Tucca, Crispinus and Demetrius*].

Asin. Ningle, lets goe to some Taverne, and dine together, for my stomache rises at this scurvy leather Captaine.

Hor. No, they have choakt me with mine owne disgrace,
Which (fooles) ile spit againe even in your face. *Exeunt.*

[*Act* II. *Scene* I.

The House of Sir Quintilian Shorthose.]

Enter Sir Quintilian Shorthose, Sir Adam, Sir Vaughan, Minever, with servingmen.

Sir Quintilian. Knaves, varlets, what lungis, give me a dozen of stooles there.

Sir Vaughan. Sesu plesse us all in our five sences a peece, what meane yee, Sir Kintilian Sorthose, to stand so much on a dozen stooles? Heere be not preeches inuffe to hyde a dozen stooles, unlesse you wisse some of us preake his sinnes.

Sir Quint. I say, Sir Vaughan, no shinne shal be broken heer; what lungis, a chayre with a stronge backe and a soft bellie, great with childe, with a cushion for this reverend lady.

Minever. God never gave me the grace to be a lady, yet I ha beene worshipt, in my conscience, to my face a thousand times. I cannot denye, Sir Vaughan, but that I have all implements belonging to the vocation of a lady.

Sir Vaughan. I trust, Mistris Minever, you have all a honest oman shud have?

Min. Yes perdie, as my coach, and my fan, and a man or two that serve my turne, and other things which Ide bee loath every one should see, because they shal not be common. I am in manner of a lady in one point ——

Sir Vaughan. I pray, mistris Minevers, let us all see that point for our better understanding.

Min. For I ha some thinges that were fetcht (I am sure) as farre as some of the Low Countries, and I payde sweetly for them too, and they tolde me they were good for ladies.

Sir Quint. And much good do't thy good heart, faire widdow, with them.

Min. I am fayre enough to bee a widdow, Sir Quintilian.

Sir Vaughan. In my soule and conscience, and well favoured enough to be a lady: heere is Sir Kintilian Sorthose, and heere is Sir Adam Prickshaft, a sentleman of a very good braine and well headed; you see he shootes his bolt sildome, but when Adam lets goe, he hits: and heere is Sir Vaughan ap Rees, and I beleeve if God sud take us all from his mercy, as I hope hee will not yet, we all three love you, at the bottome of our bellyes, and our hearts, and therefore Mistris Minever, if you please, you shall be knighted by one of us, whom you sall desire to put into your device and minde.

Min. One I must have, Sir Vaughan.

Sir Quint. And one of us thou shalt have, widdow.

Min. One I must have, for now every one seekes to crow over me.

Sir Vaughan. By Sesu, and if I finde any crowing over you, & he were a cocke, (come out as farre as in Turkeys country) tis possible to cut his combe off.

Min. I muse why Sir Adam Prickshaft flyes so farre from us.

Sir Adam. I am in a browne study, my deare, if love should bee turned into a beast, what beast hee were fit to bee turned into.

Sir Quint. I thinke, Sir Adam, an asse, because of his hearing.

Min. I thinke (saving your reverence) Sir Adam, a puppy, for a dog is the most loving creature to a Christian that is, unles it be a childe.

Sir Ad. No, I thinke if love should bee turn'd away, and goe to serve any beast, it must bee an ape, and my reason ——

Sir Vaughan. Sir Adam, an ape? ther's no more reason in an ape than in a very plaine monkey, for an ape has no tayle, but we all know, or tis our duty to know, love has two tailes. In my sudsment, if love be a beast, that beast is a

bunce of reddis; for a bunce of reddis is wise meate without mutton, and so is love.

Min. Ther's the yawning Captaine (saving your reverence that has such a sore mouth) would one day needes perswade me that love was a rebato; and his reason was (saving your reverence) that a rebato was worne out with pinning too often; and so he said love was.

Sir Vaughan. And Master Captaine Tucca sayd wisely too, love is a rebato indeede; a rebato must be poaked; now many women weare rebatoes, and many that weare rebatoes ——

Sir Ad. Must be poakt.

Sir Vaughan. Sir Adam Prickshaft has hit the cloute. *Musicke.*

Sir Quint. The Musicke speakes to us; we'll have a daunce before dinner.

Enter Sir Walter Terrill, Cælestine, Blunt, Crispinus, and Demetrius, every one with a Lady.

All. The King's at hand.

Terrill. Father, the King's at hand.
Musicke talke lowder, that thy silver voice
May reach my Soveraignes eares.

Sir Vaughan. I pray doe so, musitions, bestir your fingers, that you may have us all by the eares.

Sir Quint. His Grace comes; a hall varlets. Where be my men? Blow, blow your colde trum-

pets till they sweate, tickle them till they sound agen.

Blunt. Best goe meete his Grace.

All. Agreed.

Sir Vaughan. Pray all stand bare, as well men as women. Sir Adam, is best you hide your head for feare your wise braines take key-colde; on afore, Sir Kintilian; sentlemen fall in before the ladyes, in seemely order and fashion; so, this is comelye.

Enter Trumpets sounding; they goe to the doore, and meete the King and his traine; and, whilst the trumpets sound, the King is welcom'd, kisses the bride, and honors the bridegroome in dumbe shew.

King. Nay, if your pleasures shrinke at sight of us,
We shall repent this labour, Mistris Bride,
You that for speaking but one word to day
Must loose your head at night; you that doe stand
Taking your last leave of virginity;
You that being well begun, must not be maide:
Winne you the ladies, I the men will wooe,
Ourselfe will leade, my blushing bride, with you.

Sir Vaughan. God blesse your Majesty, and send you to be a long King William Rufus over us, when he sees his times & pleasures.

108–110 *the Ladyes . . . comelye.* Q, he Ladyes . . . cometye.

King. Wee thanke you, good Sir Vaughan; wee will take your meaning not your words.

Sir Quint. Lowde musicke there.

Sir Vaughan. I am glad your majesty will take any thing at my hands; my words, I trust in Sesu, are spoken betweene my soule and body together, and have neither felonies nor treasons about them, I hope.

King. Good words, Sir Vaughan, I prethee give us leave.

Sir Vaughan [*aside*]. Good words, Sir Vaughan? Thats by interpretation in English, you'r best give good words, Sir Vaughan. God and his ansells blesse me, what ayles his majestye to be so tedious and difficult in his right mindes now? I holde my life that file rascall-rymer, Horace, hath puzd and puzd above a hundred merie tales and lyce into his great and princely eares. By god, and he use it, his being Phœbus priest cannot save him. If hee were his sapline too, ide prease upon his coxcomb; good lord blesse me out of his majesties celler. — King Williams, I hope tis none offences to make a supplication to God a mightie for your long life, for by Shesu I have no meaning in't in all the world, unles rascalls be here that will have your grace take shalke for shees, and unlesse Horace has sent lyce to your majesty.

King. Horace? What's he, Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vaughan. As hard-favourd a fellow as your majestie has seene in a sommers day; he does pen, an't please your grace, toyes that will not please your grace; tis a poet — we call them bardes in our countrie — singes ballads and rymes, and I was mightie sealous that his inke, which is blacke and full of gall, had brought my name to your majestie, and so lifted up your hye and princely coller.

King. I neither know that Horace, nor mine anger.
If, as thou saist, our high and princely choller
Be up, wee'l tread it downe with daunces; ladies
Loose not your men; faire measures must be tread,
When by so faire a dauncer you are lead.

Sir Vaughan. Mistris Miniver.

Min. Perdie, Sir Vaughan, I cannot dance.

Sir Vaughan. Perdie, by this Miniver cappe, and acording to his masesties leave too, you sall be put in among theise ladies, & daunce ere long, I trest in god, the saking of the seetes.

They daunce a straine, and whilst the others keepe on, the King and Celestine stay.

King. That turne, faire bride, shews you must turne at night,
In that sweet daunce which steales away delight.

Celestine. Then pleasure is a theife, a fit, a feaver.

King. True, he's the thiefe, but women the receiver.

Another change; they fall in, the rest goe on.

King. This change, sweet maide, saies you must change your life,
As virgins doe.

Cel. Virgins nere change their life.
She that is wiv'd a maide, is maide and wife.

King. But she that dyes a maide —

Cel. Thrice happy then.

King. Leades apes in hell.

Cel. Better leade apes then men.

At this third change they end, and she meetes the King.

King. Well met.

Cel. Tis overtaken.

King. Why, faire sweet?

Cel. Women are overtaken when they meete.

King. Your bloud speakes like a coward.

Cel. It were good,
If every maiden blush had such a bloud.

King. A coward bloud? Why, whom should maidens feare?

Cel. Men, were maides cowards, they'd not come so nere.
My Lord, the measure's done, I pleade my duetie.

King. Onelie my heart takes measure of thy beautie.

Sir Quint. Now, by my hose I sweare,— that's no deepe oath,—

This was a fine, sweet earth-quake gentlie moou'd
By the soft winde of whispring silkes. Come ladies,
Whose joynts are made out of the dauncing orbes,
Come, follow me, walke a colde measure now,
In the brides chamber, your hot beauties melt.
Take everie one her fan, give them their places,
And wave the northerne winde upon your faces.

Celestine and all the Ladyes doing obeysance to the King, who onely kisses her, Exeunt, Shorthose manning them; the Gallants stand aloofe.

King. Sir Walter Terrill.

Ter. My confirmed Leige.

King. Beautie out of her bountie thee hath lent
More then her owne, with liberall extent.

Ter. What meanes my Lord?

King. Thy bride, thy choice, thy wife,
She that is now thy fadom, thy new world,
That brings thee people, and makes little subjects
Kneele at thy feete, obay in everie thing;
So everie father is a private king.

Ter. My Lord, her beauty is the poorest part,
Chieflie her vertues did endowe my heart.
King. Doe not back-bite her beauties, they all shine
Brighter on thee, because the beames are thine,
To thee more faire, to others her two lips
Shew like a parted moone in thine eclipse;
That glaunce, which lovers mongst themselves devise,
Walkes as invisible to others eies.
Give me thine eare.
Crispinus. What meanes the King?
Demetrius. Tis a quaint straine.
Ter. My Lord.
King. Thou darst not, Wat.
Ter. She is too course an object for the court.
King. Thou darst not, Wat: let to night be to morrow.
Ter. For shee's not yet mine owne.
King. Thou darst not, Wat.
Ter. My Lord I dare, but——
King. But I see thou darst not.
Ter. This night.
King. Yea, this night. Tush, thy minde repaires not,
The more thou talk'st of night, the more thou darst not;
Thus farre I tend, I wod but turne this spheare

Of ladies eyes, and place it in the court,
Where thy faire bride should for the zodiacke shine,
And every lady else sit for a signe.
But all thy thoughts are yellow, thy sweet bloud
Rebels, th'art jealous Wat; thus with proude revels
To emmulate the masking firmament,
Where starres dance in the silver hall of heaven,
Thy pleasure should be seasoned, and thy bed
Relish thy bride, but, thou darst not, Wat.

Ter. My Loord, I dare.

King. Speake that agen.

Ter. I dare.

King. Agen, kinde Wat, and then I know thou darst.

Ter. I dare and will by that joynt holy oath,
Which she and I swore to the booke of heaven
This very day, when the surveying sunne
Riz like a witnes to her faith and mine.
By all the loyalty that subjects owe
To Majesty, by that, by this, by both,
I sweare, to make a double guarded oath,
This night untainted by the touch of man,
She shall a virgin come.

King. To Court?

Ter. To Court.

I know I tooke a woman to my wife,
And I know women to be earthly moones,

That never shine till night; I know they change
Their orbes (their husbands) and in sickish hearts,
Steale to their sweete Endimions, to be cur'd
With better phisicke, sweeter dyet drinkes
Then home can minister: all this I know,
Yet know not all, but give me leave, O King,
To boast of mine, and saie that I know none;
I have a woman, but not such a one.

King. Why, she's confirmed in thee; I now approove her,
If constant in thy thoughts, who then can moove her?

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir Quint. Wilt please your Highnes take your place within?
The ladies attend the table.

King. I goe good knight; Wat, thy oath.

Ter. My Lord,
My oath's my honour, my honour is my life;
My oath is constant, so I hope my wife. *Exeunt.*

[*Scene* 2.

Horace's Study].

Enter Horace in his true attyre, Asinius bearing his cloake.

Asinius. If you flye out, ningle, heer's your cloake; I thinke it raines too.

Horace. Hide my shoulders in't.

Asin. Troth so th'adst neede, for now thou art in thy pee and kue; thou hast such a villanous broad backe that I warrant th'art able to beare away any mans jestes in England.

Hor. It's well, sir, I ha strength to beare yours, mee thinkes; fore God, you are growne a piece of a critist, since you fell into my hands. Ah, little roague, your wit has pickt up her crums prettie and well.

Asin. Yes, faith, I finde my wit a the mending hand, ningle; troth, I doe not thinke but to proceede poetaster next commencement, if I have my grace perfectlie; everie one that confer with me now, stop their nose in merriment, and sweare I smell somewhat of Horace; one calles me Horaces ape, another Horaces beagle, and such poeticall names it passes. I was but at barbers last day, and when he was rencing my face, did but crie out, fellow, thou makst me *connive* too long, & sayes he, Master Asinius Bubo, you have eene Horaces wordes as right as if he had spit them into your mouth.

Hor. Well, away, deare Asinius, deliver this letter to the young gallant, Druso, he that fell so strongly in love with mee yesternight.

Asin. It's a sweete muske-cod, a pure spic'd-

23. *sayes he.* Q, Sayes he sayes hyee.

gull; by this feather, I pittie his ingenuities; but hast writ all this since, ningle? I know thou hast a good running head and thou listest.

Hor. Foh, come, your great belly'd wit must long for every thing too. Why, you rooke, I have a set of letters readie starcht to my hands, which to any fresh suited gallant that but newlie enters his name into my rowle, I send the next morning, ere his ten a clocke dreame has rize from him, onelie with claping my hand to't, that my novice shall start, ho, and his haire stand an end, when hee sees the sodaine flash of my writing. What, you prettie, diminutive roague, we must have false fiers to amaze these spangle babies, these true heires of Ma[*ster*] Justice Shallow.

Asin. I wod alwaies have thee sawce a foole thus.

Hor. Away, and, stay: heere be epigrams upon Tucca, divulge these among the gallants; as for Crispinus, that Crispin-asse and Fannius his play-dresser, who (to make the muses beleeve their subjects eares were starv'd, and that there was a dearth of poesie) cut an innocent Moore i'th middle, to serve him in twice, & when he had done, made Poules-worke of it; as for these twynnes these poet-apes,
Their mimicke trickes shall serve

With mirth to feast our muse, whilst their owne starve.

Asin. Well, ningle, Ile trudge, but where's the randevow?

Hor. Well thought off, marie, at Sir Vaughans lodging, the Welsh knight. I have compos'd a love-letter for the gallants worship, to his Rosamond the second, Mistris Miniver, because she does not thinke so soundly of his lame English as he could wish; I ha gull'd his knight-ship heere to his face, yet have given charge to his wincking understanding not to perceive it: nay, Gods so, away, deare Bubo.

Asin. I am gone. *Exit.*

Hor. The muses birdes, the bees, were hiv'd and fled,
Us in our cradle, thereby prophecying,
That we to learned eares should sweetly sing,
But to the vulger and adulterate braine
Should loath to prostitute our virgin straine.
No, our sharpe pen shall keep the world in awe.
Horace, thy poesie wormwood wreathes shall weare,
We hunt not for mens loves but for their feare.
Exit.

[*Act* III. *Scene* I.

The House of Sir Quintilian Shorthose.]

Enter Sir Adam and Miniver.

Miniver. O, Sir Adam Prickshaft, you are a the bow hand wide a long yard, I assure you; and as for suitors, truelie they all goe downe with me, they have all one flat answere.

Sir Adam. All, widdow? Not all. Let Sir Adam bee your first man still.

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir Quintilian. Widdow, art stolne from table?
I, Sir Adam,
Are you my rivall? Well, flye faire y'are best;
The King's exceeding merrie at the banquet;
He makes the bride blush with his merrie words,
That run into her eares; ah, he's a wanton,
Yet I dare trust her, had he twentie tongues,
And everie tongue a stile of majestie.
Now, widdow, let me tell thee in thine eare,
I love thee, widdow, by this ring; nay, weare it.

Min. Ile come in no rings, pardie, Ile take no golde.

Sir Adam. Harke in thine eare: take me, I am no golde.

Enter Sir Vaughan and Peter Flash.

Sir Vaughan. Master Peter Flash, I will grope about Sir Quintilian for his terminations touching and considering you.

Flash. I thanke your worship, for I have as good a stomacke to your worship as a man could wish.

Sir Vaughan. I hope in God a mightie, I shall fill your stomack, Master Peter. What, two upon one, sentlemen! Mistris Miniver, much good doo't you. Sir Adam —

Sir Quint. Sir Vaughan, have you din'd well, Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vaughan. As good seere as would make any hungrie man (and a were in the vilest prison in the world) eate and hee had anie stomacke. One word, Sir Quintilian, in hugger mugger; heere is a sentleman of yours, Master Peter Flash, is tesirous to have his blew coate pul'd over his eares; and —

Flash. No, Sir, my petition runs thus, that your worshippe would thrust mee out of doores, and that I may follow Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vaughan. I can tell you, Master Flash, and you follow mee, I goe verie fast; I thinke in my conscience, I am one of the lightest knights in England.

26–27 *one . . . Adam.* Q, *one Sentlemen; Mistris Miniver, much good doo't you Sir Adam.*

Flash. It's no matter, sir, the Flashes have ever bin knowne to be quicke and light enough.

Sir Quint. Sir Vaughan, he shal follow you, he shall dog you, good Sir Vaughan.

Enter Horace walking.

Sir Vaughan. Why then, Peter Flash, I will set my foure markes a yeare and a blew coate upon you.

Flash. Godamercy to your worship, I hope you shall never repent for me.

Sir Vaughan. You beare the face of an honest man, for you blush passing well, Peter; I will quench the flame out of your name, and you shall be christned Peter Salamander.

Flash. The name's too good for me, I thanke your worship.

Sir Vaughan. Are you come, Master Horace? You sent mee the coppie of your letters countenance, and I did write and read it: your wittes truelie have done verie valliantlie: tis a good inditements: you ha put in enough for her, ha you not?

Hor. According to my instructions.

Sir Vaughan. Tis passing well. I pray, Master Horace, walke a little beside your selfe; I will turne upon you incontinent.

Sir Quint. What gentleman is this in the mandilian, a soldyer?

Sir Vaughan. No, tho he has a very bad face for a souldier, yet he has as desperate a wit as ever any scholler went to cuffes for; tis a sentleman poet; he has made rimes called thalamimums, for M. Pride-groome. On urd, widdow.

Sir Quint. Is this he? Welcome, sir, your name? Pray you walke not so statelie, but be acquainted with me boldlie; your name, sir?

Hor. Quintus Horacius Flaccus.

Sir Quint. Good Master Flappus, welcome. *He walkes up and downe.*

Sir Vaughan. Mistris Miniver, one urde in your corner heere; I desire you to breake my armes heere, and read this paper. You shall feele my mindes and affections in it, at full and at large.

Min. Ile receive no love libels, perdy, but by word a mouth.

Sir Vaughan. By Sesu, tis no libell, for heere is my hand to it.

Min. Ile ha no hand in it, Sir Vaughan, Ile not deale with you.

Sir Vaughan. Why then, widdow, Ile tell you by word a mouth my devices.

Min. Your devices come not neere my mouth, Sir Vaughan. Perdy, I was upon a time in the way to marriage, but now I am turn'd a tother side, I ha sworne to leade a single and simple life.

Sir Adam. She has answer'd you, Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vaughan. Tis true, but at wrong weapons, Sir Adam. Will you be an asse, Mistris Minivers?

Min. If I be, you shall not ride me.

Sir Vaughan. A simple life! by Sesu, tis the life of a foole, a simple life!

Sir Quint. How now, Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vaughan. My braines has a little fine quawme come under it, and therefore, Sir Adam, and Sir Quintilian, and mistris Miniver caps, God bo'y.

All. Good Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vaughan. Master Horace, your inventions doe her no good in the Universalities; yet heere is two shillings for your wittes; nay, by Sesu, you shall take it if't were more. Yonder bald Adams is put my nose from his joynt; but, Adam, I will be even to you; this is my cogitations, I will indite the ladies & Miniver caps to a dinner of plumbes, and I shall desire you, M. Horace, to speake or raile; you can raile, I hope in God a mighty.

Hor. You meane to speake bitterlie.

Sir Vaughan. Right, to spitte bitterly upon baldnes, or the thinnes of haire; you sall eate downe plumbes to sweeten your mouth, and heere is a good ansell to defend you. Peter Salamander, follow me.

Flash. With hue and crie, and you will, sir.

Sir Vaughan. Come, M. Horace, I will goe pull out the ladies.

Hor. And Ile set out my wits, baldnes the theame:
My words shall flow hye in a silver stream.

Exeunt [*Horace, Sir Vaughan and Flash*].

Enter Tucca brushing off the crumbes.

Tucca. Wher's my most costly and sumptuous Shorthose?

Sir Quint. Is the King risen from table, Captaine Tucca?

Tuc. How? risen? no, my noble Quintilian, kings are greater men then we knights and cavalliers, and therefore must eate more then lesser persons; Godamercy, good Dives, for these crummes. How now? has not Frier Tucke din'd yet? he falles so hard to that oyster-pye yonder.

Sir Quint. Oyster-pye, Captaine? ha, ha, he loves her, and I love her and feare both shall goe without her.

Tuc. Dost love her, my finest and first part of the Mirrour of Knighthood? hange her, she lookes like a bottle of ale, when the corke flyes out and the ale fomes at mouth. Shee lookes, my good button-breech, like the signe of Capricorne, or like Tiborne when it is cover'd with snow.

Sir Quint. All's one, for that she has a vizard in a bagge will make her looke like an angell; I wod I had her, upon condition I gave thee this chaine, manlie Tucca.

Tuc. I? saist thou so, Friskin? I have her ath hip for some causes. I can sound her, she'll come at my becke.

Sir Quint. Wod I could sound her too, noble commaunder.

Tuc. Thou shalt doo't; that Lady ath Lake is thine, Sir Tristram. Lend mee thy chaine, doe, lend it. Ile make her take it as a token, Ile lincke her unto thee; and thou shalt weare her glove in thy worshipfull hatte like to a leather brooch. Nay, and thou mistrusts thy coller, be tyed in't still.

Sir Quin. Mistrust, Captaine? no, heere tis, give it her if she'll take it, or weare it thy selfe, if shee'll take mee, Ile watch him well enough too.

Tuc. No more, Ile shoote away yonder Prick-shaft, and then belabour her, and flye you after yonder cucko: dost heere me, my noble gold-finch?—

Sir Quint. No more.

Tuc. How dost thou, my smug Belimperia? how dost thou? Hands off, my little bald Derricke, hands off. Harke hether, Susanna, beware

a these two wicked elders. Shall I speake well or ill of thee?

Min. Nay, eene as you please, Captaine, it shal be at your choise.

Tuc. Why well said, my nimble Short-hose.

Sir Quint. I heare her, I heare her.

Tuc. Art angry, father time? art angrie because I tooke mother-winter aside? Ile holde my life thou art strucke with Cupids birde-bolt, my little prickshaft, art? Dost love that mother mumble-crust, dost thou? Dost long for that whim-wham?

Sir Adam. Wod I were as sure to lye with her as to love her.

Tuc. Have I found thee, my learned Dunce, have I found thee? If I might ha my wil, thou shouldst not put thy spoone into that bumble-broth (for indeede Ide taste her my selfe). No, thou shouldst not; yet if her beautie blinde thee, she's thine. I can doo't. Thou heardst her say eene now it should bee at my choice.

Sir Adam. She did so. Worke the match and Ile bestow —

Tuc. Not a silke pointe upon mee, little Adam. Shee shall bee thy Eeve for lesse then an apple; but send, bee wise, send her some token, shee's greedie, shee shall take it, doe, send, thou shalt sticke in her (Prickeshaft) but send.

Sir Adam. Heer's a purse of golde, thinke you that wil be accepted?

Tuc. Goe to, it shall bee accepted, and twere but silver, when that flea-bitten Short-hose steppes hence. Vanish too, and let mee alone with my grannam in Gutter-Lane there and this purse of golde. Doe, let me alone.

Sir Quint. The King, gods Lord, I doe forget the King;
Widdow, thinke on my wordes, I must be gone
To waite his rising. Ile returne anone.

Sir Adam. Stay, Sir Quintilian, Ile be a waiter too.

Sir Quint. Widdow, wee'll trust that Captaine there with you. *Exeunt* [*Sir Adam and Sir Quintilian.*]

Tuc. Now, now, mother Bunch, how dost thou? What, dost frowne, Queene Gwyniver, dost wrinckle? What made these paire of shittle cockes heere? What doe they fumble for? Ile ha none of these kites fluttering about thy carkas, for thou shalt bee my West Indyes, and none but trim Tucca shall discover thee.

Min. Discover me? Discover what thou canst of me.

Tuc. What I can? Thou knowst what I can discover but I will not lay thee open to the world,

Min. Lay me open to the world?

Tuc. No, I will not, my moldie decay'd Charing-crosse, I will not.

Min. Hang thee, patch-pannell, I am none a thy Charing-crosse: I scorne to be crosse to such a scab as thou makst thy selfe.

Tuc. No, tis thou makst me so, my Long Meg a Westminster, thou breedst a scab, thou —

Min. I? Dam thee, filthie Captaine, dam thy selfe.

Tuc. My little devill a Dow-gate, Ile dam thee, (thou knowst my meaning) Ile dam thee up, my wide mouth at Bishops-gate.

Min. Wod I might once come to that damming.

Tuc. Why thou shalt, my sweet dame Annis a cleere, thou shalt, for Ile drowne my selfe in thee; I, for thy love, Ile sinke, I, for thee.

Min. So thou wilt, I warrant, in thy abhominable sinnes; Lord, Lord, howe many filthy wordes hast thou to answere for.

Tuc. Name one, Madge-owlet, name one. Ile answer for none; my words shall be foorthcomming at all times, & shall answer for them selves, my nimble Cat-a-mountaine; they shall, Sislie Bum-trincket, for Ile give thee none but suger-candie wordes. I will not, pusse; goody Tripe-wife, I will not.

Min. Why dost call mee such horrible ungodlie names then?

Tuc. Ile name thee no more, Mother Redcap, upon paine of death, if thou wilt, grimalkin, maggot-a-pye, I will not.

Min. Wod thou shouldst wel know, I am no maggot, but a meere gentlewoman borne.

Tuc. I know thou art a gentle, and Ile nibble at thee; thou shalt be my cap-a-maintenance, & Ile carrie my naked sword before thee, my reverend Ladie Lettice-cap.

Min. Thou shalt carry no naked swords before me to fright me, thou —

Tuc. Go too, let not thy tongue play so hard at hot-cockles; for, Grammer Gurton, I meane to bee thy needle. I love thee, I love thee, because thy teeth stand like the arches under London Bridge, for thou't not turne satyre & bite thy husband; no, come, my little cub, doe not scorne mee because I goe in stag, in buffe, heer's velvet too; thou seest I am worth thus much in bare velvet.

Min. I scorne thee not, not I.

Tuc. I know thou dost not, thou shat see that I could march with two or three hundred linkes before me, looke here, what? I could shew golde too, if that would tempt thee, but I will not make my selfe a gold-smithes stall I;

I scorne to goe chain'd, my Ladie ath Hospitall,
I doe; yet I will and must bee chain'd to thee.
Min. To mee? Why, Master Captaine, you know that I have my choise of three or foure payre of knights, and therefore have small reason to flye out, I know not how, in a man of war.
Tuc. A man a warre? Come, thou knowst not what a worshipfull focation tis to be a captaines wife: "three or four payre of knights"? why, dost heare, Ioane-a-bedlam, Ile enter into bond to be dub'd by what day thou wilt. When the next action is layde upon me, thou shalt be ladified.
Min. You know I am offered that by halfe a dozen.
Tuc. Thou shalt, little Miniver, thou shalt, Ile ha this frock turn'd into a foote-cloth; and thou shalt be carted, drawne I meane, coacht, coacht, thou shalt ryde jigga-jogge; a hood shall flap up and downe heere, and this shipskin-cap shall be put off.
Min. Nay, perdie, Ile put off my cap for no mans pleasure.
Tuc. Wut thou be proude, little Lucifer? Well, thou shalt goe how thou wilt, Maide-marian. Come, busse thy little Anthony now, now, my cleane Cleopatria; so, so, goe thy waies, Alexis secrets, th'ast a breath as sweet as the Rose

that growes by the Beare-garden, as sweete as the proud'st heade a garlicke in England: come, wut march in to the gentle folkes?

Min. Nay trulie, Captaine, you shall be my leader.

Tuc. I say, Mary Ambree, thou shalt march formost,
Because Ile marke how broad th'art in the heeles.

Min. Perdie, I will be set ath last for this time.

Tuc. Why then come, we'll walke arme in arme,
As tho we were leading one another to Newgate.

Enter Blunt, Crispinus, and Demetrius, with papers, laughing.

Cris. Mine's of a fashion cut out quite from yours.

Dem. Mine has the sharpest tooth. Yonder he is.

Blunt. Captaine Tucca. *All hold up papers.*

Tuc. How now? I cannot stand to read supplications now.

Cris. They're bitter epigrams compos'd on you
By Horace.

Dem. And disperst amongst the gallants
In severall coppies, by Asinius Bubo.

—*Tuc.* By that live eele? Read, *Lege Legito*, read, thou jacke.

Blunt. Tucca's growne monstrous, how? rich? that I feare,
He's to be seene for money every where.

Tuc. Why true, shall not I get in my debts? Nay, and the roague write no better, I care not. Farewell, blacke jacke, farewell.

Cris. But, Captaine, heer's a nettle.

Tuc. Sting me, doe.

Cris. Tucca's exceeding tall, and yet not hye,
He fights with skill, but does most vilye lye.

Tuc. Right, for heere I lye now, open, open to make my adversarie come on; and then, sir, heere am I in's bosome; nay, and this be the worst, I shal hug the poore honest face-maker, Ile love the little atheist, when he writes after my commendation, another whip? come, yerke me.

Dem. Tucca will bite, how? grovne satiricall?
No, he bites tables, for he feedes on all.

Tuc. The whoreson cloven-foote devill in mans apparell lyes.
There stood above forty dishes before me to day,
That I nere toucht, because they were empty.

Min. I am witnes, young gentlemen, to that.

Tuc. Farewell, stinckers, I smel thy meaning, screech-owle, I doe, tho I stop my nose; and, sirra poet, we'll have thee untrust for this; come, mother mum-pudding, come. *Exeunt.*

[*Scene* 2.]

Trumpets sound a florish, and then a sennate: enter King with Cælestine, Sir Walter Terrill, Sir Quintilian, Sir Adam, Blunt [*Crispinus, Demetrius, Philocalia, Dicache*] *and other Ladies and attendants. Whilst the trumpets sound, the King takes his leave of the Bridegroome, and Sir Quintilian, and last of the Bride.*

King. My song of parting doth this burden beare;
A kisse, the ditty, and I set it heere.
Your lips are well in tune, strung with delight,
By this faire bride remember soone at night:
Sir Walter.

Terrill. My Leige Lord, we all attend
The time and place.

King. Till then my leave commend. [*Exit.*]

They bring him to the doore: enter at another doore Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vaughan. Ladies, I am to put a verie easie suite upon you all, and to desire you to fill your little pellies at a dinner of plums behinde noone; there be suckets, and marmilads, and marchants, and other long white plummes that faine would kisse your delicate and sweet lippes; I indite you all together, and you especially, my Ladie Pride. What doe you saie for your selles? for I indite you all.

Celestine. I thanke you, good Sir Vaughan, I will come.

Sir Vaughan. Say, sentlewomen, will you stand to me too?

All. Wee'll sit with you, sweet Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vaughan. God a mightie plesse your faces, and make your peauties last, when wee are all dead and rotten:—you all will come.

1 Lady. All will come.

Sir Vaughan. Pray God that Horace bee in his right wittes to raile now. *Exit.*

Crispinus. Come, ladie, you shall be my daun-
cing guest
To treade the maze of musicke with the rest.

Demetrius. Ile lead you in.

Dicache. A maze is like a doubt:
Tis easie to goe in, hard to get out.

Blunt. We follow close behinde.

Philocalia. That measure's best.
Now none markes us, but we marke all the rest.
Exeunt.

Exeunt all saving Sir Quintilian, Cælestine, and Sir Walter Terrill.

Ter. Father, and you, my bride, that name to day,
Wife comes not till to morrow, but, omitting
This enterchange of language, let us thinke

35 *enterchange of language.* Q, enterchanging of Languages. See *Ad Lectorem*, p. 270, 20.

Upon the King and night, and call our spirits
To a true reckoning: first to arme our wittes
With compleat steele of judgement, and our tongs
With sound attillery of phrases; then
Our bodies must bee motions, mooving first
What we speake; afterwards, our very knees
Must humbly seeme to talke, and sute our speech,
For a true furnisht cortyer hath such force,
Though his tonge faints, his very legs discourse.
Sir Quintilian. Sonne Terrill, thou hast drawne his picture right,
For hee's noe full-made courtier, nor well strung,
That hath not every joynt stucke with a tongue.
Daughter, if ladies say "that is the bride, that's she,"
Gaze thou at none, for all will gaze at thee.
Cel. Then, O my father, must I goe? O my husband,
Shall I then goe? O my selfe, will I goe?
Sir Quint. You must.
Ter. You shall.
Cel. I will, but give me leave
To say I may not, nor I ought not. Say not
Still, I must goe. Let me intreate I may not.
Ter. You must and shall. I made a deede of gift,
And gave my oath unto the King. I swore
By thy true constancy.

42 *sute our speech.* Q, sute out speech.

Cel. Then keep that word
To sweare by, O let me be constant still.
Ter. What shall I cancell faith, and breake my oath?
Cel. If breaking constancie, thou breakst them both.
Ter. Thy constancie no evill can pursue.
Cel. I may be constant still, and yet not true.
Ter. As how?
Cel. As thus, by violence detain'd,
They may be constant still, that are constrain'd.
Ter. Constrain'd? that word weighs heavy, yet my oath
Weighes downe that word; the Kinges thoughts are at oddes,
They are not even ballanst in his brest;
The King may play the man with me; nay more,
Kings may usurpe; my wife's a woman; yet
Tis more then I know yet, that know not her,
If she should proove mankinde, twere rare, fye, fye,
See how I loose my selfe, amongst my thoughts,
Thinking to finde my selfe; my oath, my oath.
Sir Quint. I sweare another, let me see, by what,
By my long stocking, and my narrow skirtes,
Not made to sit upon, she shall to court.
I have a tricke, a charme, that shall lay downe

The spirit of lust, and keep thee undeflowred,
Thy husbands honor sav'd, and the hot King,
Shall have enough too. Come, a tricke, a charme.
Exit.

Cel. God keep thy honour safe, my bloud from harme.

Ter. Come, my sicke-minded bride, Ile teach thee how
To relish health a little: taste this thought,
That when mine eyes serv'd loves commission
Upon thy beauties, I did seise on them
To a kings use; cure all thy griefe with this,
That his great seale was graven upon this ring,
And that I was but steward to a king. *Exeunt.*

[*Act* IV. *Scene* I.]

[*Banquet-Hall in the House of Sir Vaughan.*]

A banquet set out: Enter Sir Vaughan, Horace, Asinius Bubo, Lady Petula, Dicache, Philocalia, Mistris Miniver and Peter Flash.

Sir Vaughan. Ladies and sentlemen, you are almost all welcome to this sweet nuncions of plums.

Dichache. Almost all, Sir Vaughan? why to which of us are you so niggardly, that you cut her out but a peice of welcome?

Sir Vaughan. My interpretations is that almost all are welcome, because I indited a brace or two more that is not come. I am sorrie, my Lady Pride, is not among you.

Asin. Slid, he makes hounds of us, ningle, a brace quoth a?

Sir Vaughan. Peter Salmanders, draw out the pictures of all the joynt stooles, & ladies, sit downe upon their wodden faces.

Flash. I warrant, sir, Ile give everie one of them a good stoole.

Sir Vaughan. Master Horace, Master Horace, when I pray to God, and desire in hipocritnes

that bald Sir Adams were heer, then, then, then begin to make your railes at the povertie and beggerly want of haire.

Hor. Leave it to my judgement.

Sir Vaughan. M. Bubo, sit there, you and I wil thinke upon our ends at the tables; M. Horace, put your learned bodie into the midst of these ladies; so tis no matter to speake graces at nuncions, because we are all past grace since dinner.

Asin. Mas, I thanke my destinie I am not past grace, for by this hand full of carrawaies, I could never abide to say grace.

Dic. Mistris Miniver, is not that innocent gentleman a kinde of foole?

Min. Why doe you aske, Madam?

Dic. Nay, for no harme: I aske because I thought you two had been of acquaintaine.

Min. I thinke he's within an inch of a foole.

Dic. Madam Philocalia, you sit next that spare gentleman, wod you heard what Mistris Miniver saies of you.

Philacalia. Why, what saies she, Madam Dicache?

Dic. Nay nothing, but wishes you were married to that small timber'd gallant.

20 *then, then.* Q, then, then then begin.
27 *so tis.* Q, so, tis.

Phil. Your wish and mine are twinnes; I wish so too, for then I should be sure to lead a merrie life.

Asin. Yes, faith, ladie, Ide make you laugh; my bolts now and then should be soone shot; by these comfits, weed let all slide.

Petula. He takes the sweetest oathes that ever I heard a gallant of his pitch sweare; by these comfits, & these carrawaies, I warrant it does him good to sweare.

Asin. Yes, faith, tis meate and drinke to me. I am glad, Ladie Petula, (by this apple) that they please you.

Sir Vaughan. Peter Salamanders, wine; I beseech you, Master Asinius Bubo, not to sweare so deeplie, for there comes no fruite of your oathes; heere, ladies, I put you all into one corners together, you shall all drinke of one cup.

Asin. Peter, I prethee, fill me out too.

Flash. Ide fling you out too, and I might ha my will; a pox of all fooles.

Sir Vaughan. Mistris Minivers, pray bee lustie, wod Sir Adams Prickshaft stucke by you.

Hor. Who, the balde knight, Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vaughan. The same, M. Horace, he that has but a remnant or parcell of haire, his crowne is clipt and par'd away; me thinkes tis an ex-

cellent quallitie to bee balde, for, and there stucke a nose and two nyes in his pate, he might weare two faces under one hood.

Asin. As God save me, la, if I might ha my will, Ide rather be a balde gentleman then a hairy, for I am sure the best and tallest yeomen in England have balde heads: me thinkes haire is a scurvie lowsie commodity.

Hor. Bubo, heerein you blaze your ignorance.

Sir Vaughan. Pray stop and fill your mouthes, and give M. Horace all your eares.

Hor. *For, if of all the bodies parts, the head*
Be the most royall: if discourse, wit, judgement,
And all our understanding faculties
Sit there in their high Court of Parliament,
Enacting lawes to sway this humorous world,
This little Ile of Man, needes must that crowne,
Which stands upon this supreame head, be faire,
And helde invaluable, and that crowne's the Haire:
The head that wants this honour stands awry,
Is bare in name and in authority.

Sir Vaughan. He meanes balde-pates, Mistris Minivers.

Hor. Haire, *tis the roabe which curious nature weaves,*
To hang upon the head, and does adorne
Our bodies in the first houre we are borne:
God does bestow that garment: when we dye,

That (like a soft and silken canopie)
Is still spred over us; in spight of death,
Our hayre growes in our grave, and that alone
Lookes fresh, when all our other beauty's gone.
The excellence of Haire *in this shines cleere,*
That the foure Elements take pride to weare
The fashion of it: when Fire *most bright does burne,*
The flames to golden lockes doe strive to turne;
When her lascivious armes the Water *hurles*
About the shoares wast, her sleeke head she curles;
And rorid cloudes, being suckt into the Ayre,
When downe they melt, hangs like fine silver hayre.
You see the Earth (*whose head so oft is shorne*)
Frighted to feele her lockes so rudely torne,
Stands with her haire an end, and (thus afraide)
Turnes every haire to a greene naked blade.
Besides, when (strucke with griefe) we long to dye,
We spoile that most, which most does beautifie,
We rend this Head-tyre *off. I thus conclude,*
Cullors set cullors out; our eyes judge right,
Of vice or vertue by their opposite,
So, if faire haire to beauty ad such grace,
Baldnes must needes be ugly, vile, and base.

Sir Vaughan. True, M. Horace, for a bald reason is a reason that has no haires upon't, a scurvy scalded reason.

Min. By my truely, I never thought you

could ha pickt such strange things out of haire before.

Asin. Nay, my ningle can tickle it, when hee comes too't.

Min. Troth, I shall never bee enameld of a bare-headed man for this, what shift so ever I make.

Sir Vaughan. Then, Mistris Miniver, S. Adams Prickshaft must not hit you. Peter, take up all the cloathes at the table and the plums.

Enter Tucca and his boy.

Tuc. Save thee, my little worshipfull harper; how doe yee my little cracknels? how doe yee?

Sir Vaughan. Welcome, M. Tucca, sit and shoote into your belly some suger pellets.

Tuc. No, godamercy Cadwallader, how doe you, Horace?

Hor. Thankes, goode Captaine.

Tuc. Wher's the sering thou carriest about thee? O, have I found thee, my scowring-sticke; what's my name, Bubo?

Asin. Wod I were hang'd if I can call you any names but Captaine and Tucca.

Tuc. No, Fye'st, my name's Hamlet revenge: thou hast been at Parris garden hast not?

Hor. Yes, Captaine, I ha plaide Zulziman there.

Sir Vaughan. Then, M. Horace, you plaide the part of an honest man.

Tuc. Death of Hercules, he could never play that part well in's life, no Fulkes you could not: thou call'st Demetrius jorneyman poet, but thou putst up a supplication to be a poore jorneyman player, and hadst beene still so, but that thou couldst not set a good face upon't: thou hast forgot how thou amblest (in leather pilch) by a play-wagon, in the high way, and took'st mad Jeronimoes part, to get service among the mimickes: and, when the Stagerites banisht thee into the Ile of Dogs, thou turn'dst ban-dog (villanous Guy) & ever since bitest, therefore I aske if th'ast been at Parris-garden, because thou hast such a good mouth; thou baitst well, read, *lege*, save thy selfe and read.

Hor. Why, Captaine, these are epigrams compos'd on you.

Tuc. Goe not out, farding candle, goe not out, for, trusty Damboys, now the deed is done, Ile pledge this epigram in wine, Ile swallow it, I, yes.

Sir Vaughan. God blesse us, will he be drunke with nittigrams now.

Tuc. So, now arise sprite ath buttry; no, herring-bone, Ile not pull thee out; but arise, deere Eccho, rise, rise, devill, or Ile conjure thee up.

Min. Good Master Tucca, lets ha no conjuring heere.

Sir Vaughan. Uddes bloud, you scald gouty Captaine, why come you to set encombrances heere betweene the ladies?

Tuc. Be not so tarte my precious Metheglin, be not; (my old whore a Babilon, sit fast.)

Min. O Jesu, if I know where abouts in London Babilon stands.

Tuc. Feede and be fat, my faire Calipolis, stir not, my beauteous wriggle-tailes, Ile disease none of you, Ile take none of you up, but onely this table-man, I must enter him into some filthy sincke point, I must.

Hor. Captaine, you do me wrong thus to disgrace me.

Tuc. Thou thinkst thou maist be as sawcy with me as my buffe jerkin, to sit upon me, dost?

Hor. Dam me, if ever I traduc'd your name, What imputation can you charge me with?

Sir Vaughan. Sblud, I, what cõputations, can you lay to his sarge? answer, or, by Sesu, Ile canvas your coxcombe, Tucky.

Min. If they draw, sweet hearts, let us shift for our selves.

Tuc. My noble swaggerer, I wil not fall out with thee; I cannot, my mad cumrade, finde in my heart to shed thy bloud.

Sir Vaughan. Cumrade? by Sesu, call me cumrade againe, and ile cumrade ye about the sinnes and shoulders; ownds, what come you to smell out heere? did you not dine and feede horribly well to day at dinner, but you come to munch heere, and give us winter-plummes? I pray depart, goe, marse, marse, marse out a doores.

Tuc. Adew, Sir Eglamour, adew, Lute-stringe, Curtin-rod, Goose-quill; heere, give that full-nos'd skinker, these rimes, & harke, Ile tagge my codpeece point with thy legs, spout-pot, Ile empty thee.

Asin. Dost threaten mee? Gods lid, Ile binde thee to the good forbearing.

Sir Vaughan. Will you amble, Hobby-horse, will you trot and amble?

Tuc. Raw artichocke, I shall sauce thee.

Exit.

Min. I pray you, Master Tucca, will you send me the five pound you borrowed on me; O, you cannot heare now, but Ile make you heare me and feele me too in another place, to your shame, I warrant you, thou shalt not conny-catch mee for five pounds; he tooke it up, Sir Vaughan, in your name, hee swore you sent for it to mum withall, twas five pound in gold, as white as my kercher.

Sir Vaughan. Ownds, five pound in my name to mum about withall?

Min. I, to mum withall, but hee playes mum-budget with me.

Sir Vaughan. Peter Salamander, tye up your great and your little sword, by Sesu, Ile goe sing him while tis hot. Ile beate five pound out of his leather pilch. Master Horace, let your wittes inhabite in your right places; if I fall sansomely upon the widdow, I have some cossens Garman at Court, shall beget you the reversion of the Master of the Kings Revels, or else be his Lord of Mis-rule nowe at Christmas: Come ladyes, whoreson stragling captaine, Ile pound him.

Exeunt.

Manet Horace and Asinius.

Hor. How now? what ail'st thou, that thou look'st so pale?

Asin. Nay nothing, but I am afraide the Welsh Knight has given me nothing but purging comfits: this captaine stickes pockily in my stomack; read this scroule, he saies they'r rimes, and bid me give them you.

Hor. Rimes? tis a challenge sent to you.

Asin. To me?

Hor. He saies heere you divulg'd my epigrams.

Asin. And for that dares he challenge me?

Hor. You see he dares, but dare you answer him?

Asin. I dare answer his challenge, by word of mouth, or by writing, but I scorne to meete him, I hope he and I are not paralels.

Hor. Deere Bubo, thou shalt answere him; our credites
Lye pawn'd upon thy resolution,
Thy vallor must redeeme them; charge thy spirits
To waite more close and neere thee: if he kill thee,
Ile not survive; into one lottery
We'll cast our fates; together live and dye.

Asin. Content, I owe God a death, and if he will make mee pay't against my will, Ile say tis hard dealing. *Exeunt.*

[*Scene* 2.]

[*A Street.*]

Enter Sir Adam, Tucca, with two pistols by his sides, his boy laden with swords and bucklers.

Tuc. Did Apolloes freeze gowne watchman (boy, dost heare Turkie-cockes tayle, have an eye behinde, least the enemie assault our rereward) on, proceede, Father Adam; did that same

tiranicall-tongu'd rag-a-muffin Horace, turne bald-pates out so naked?

Sir Adam. He did, and whipt them so with nettles that
The widdow swore that a bare-headed man
Should not man her; the Ladie Petula
Was there, heard all, and tolde me this.

Tuc. Goe too. Thy golde was accepted, it was, and she shall bring thee into her Paradice, she shall, small Adam, she shall.

Sir Adam. But how? but how, Capten?

Tuc. Thus, goe, cover a table with sweet meates, let all the gentlewomen and that same Pasquils-mad-cap (mother Bee there) nibble, bid them bite: they will come to gobble downe plummes; then take up that paire of basket hiltes, with my commission, I meane Crispinus and Fannius; charge one of them to take up the bucklers against that hayre-monger Horace, and have a bout or two in defence of balde-pates: let them cracke everie crowne that has haire on't: goe, let them lift up baldenes to the skie, and thou shalt see, twill turne Minivers heart quite against the haire.

Sir Adam. Excellent, why then, M. Tucca——

Tuc. Nay, whir, nymble Prickshaft; whir, away, I goe upon life and death, away, flie Scanderbag flie. *Exit* [*Sir Adam.*]

Enter Asinius Bubo, and Horace aloofe.

Boy. Arme, Captaine, arme, arme, arme, the foe is come downe. *Tucca offers to shoote.*

Asin. Hold, Capten Tucca, holde, I am Bubo, & come to answer any thing you can lay to my charge.

Tuc. What, dost summon a parlie my little drumsticke? tis too late; thou seest my red flag is hung out: Ile fill thy guts with thine owne carrion carcas, and then eate them up in steed of sawsages.

Asin. Use me how you will; I am resolute, for I ha made my will.

Tuc. Wilt fight Turke-a-ten-pence? wilt fight then?

Asin. Thou shalt finde Ile fight in a godly quarrell, if I be once fir'd.

Tuc. Thou shalt not want fire, Ile ha thee burnt when thou wilt, my colde Cornelius: but come: *Respice funem;* looke, thou seest; open thy selfe, my little cutlers shoppe, I challenge thee thou slender gentleman, at foure sundrie weapons.

Asin. Thy challenge was but at one, and Ile answere but one.

Boy. Thou shalt answer two, for thou shalt answer me and my Capten.

Tuc. Well said, Cockrel, out-crowe him: art

hardy, noble Huon? art magnanimious, lickе- 60
trencher? looke, search least some lye in ambush, for this man at armes has paper in's bellie, or some friend in a corner, or else hee durst not bee so cranke.

Boy. Capten, Capten, Horace stands sneaking 65 heere.

Tuc. I smelt the foule-fisted morter-treader: come, my most damnable fastidious rascal, I have a suite to both of you.

Asin. O holde, most pittifull Captaine, holde. 70

Hor. Holde, Capten, tis knowne that Horace is valliant, & a man of the sword.

Tuc. A gentleman or an honest cittizen shall not sit in your pennie-bench theaters, with his squirrell by his side cracking nuttes, nor sneake 75 into a taverne with his mermaid, but he shall be satyr'd, and epigram'd upon, and his humour must run upo'th stage: you'll ha *Every Gentleman in's humour*, and *Every Gentleman out on's humour:* wee that are heades of legions and bandes, 80 and feare none but these same shoulder-clappers, shall feare you, you serpentine rascall.

Hor. Honour'd Capten ——

Tuc. Art not famous enough yet, my mad Horastratus, for killing a player, but thou must eate 85 men alive? thy friends? Sirra wilde-man, thy patrons? thou Anthropophagite, thy Mecænasses?

Hor. Captaine, I'm sorry that you lay this wrong
So close unto your heart: deare Captaine, thinke
I writ out of hot bloud, which (now) being colde,
I could be pleas'd (to please you) to quaffe downe
The poyson'd inke, in which I dipt your name.
Tuc. Saist thou so, my palinodicall rimester?
Hor. Hence forth Ile rather breath out solœcismes
(To doe which Ide as soone speake blasphemie)
Than with my tongue or pen to wound your worth,
Beleeve it, noble Capten; it to me
Shall be a crowne, to crowne your actes with praize.
Out of your hate, your love Ile stronglie raize.
Tuc. I know now th'ast a number of these *Quiddits* to binde men to'th peace: tis thy fashion to flirt inke in everie mans face, and then to craule into his bosome, and damne thy selfe to wip't off agen, yet to give out abroad, that hee was glad to come to composition with thee: I know, Monsieur Machiavell, tis one a thy rules; My long-heel'd troglodite, I could make thine eares burne now, by dropping into them all those hot oathes, to which thy selfe gav'st voluntarie fire, (whē thou wast the man in the moone) that

thou wouldst never squib out any new salt-peter jestes against honest Tucca, nor those maligo-tasters, his poetasters; I could Cinocephalus, but I will not, yet thou knowst thou hast broke those oathes in print, my excellent infernall.

Hor. Capten ——

Tuc. Nay, I smell what breath is to come from thee. Thy answer is that there's no faith to be helde with heritickes & infidels, and therfore thou swear'st anie thing: but come, lend mee thy hand, thou and I hence forth will bee Alexander and Lodwicke, the Gemini, sworne brothers; thou shalt be Perithous and Tucca Theseus, but Ile leave thee i'th lurch, when thou mak'st thy voiage into hell; till then, Thine-assuredly.

Hor. With all my soule, deare Capten.

Tuc. Thou'lt shoote thy quilles at mee when my terrible backe's turn'd for all this, wilt not porcupine? and bring me & my Heliconistes into thy dialogues to make us talke madlie, wut not Lucian?

Hor. Capten, if I doe ——

Tuc. Nay, and thou dost, hornes of Lucifer, the parcell-poets shall sue thy wrangling muse in the court of Pernassus, and never leave hunting her till she pleade in *forma pauperis:* but I hope th'ast more grace: come, friendes, clap

handes, tis a bargaine; amiable Bubo, thy fist must walke too; so, I love thee, now I see th'art a little Hercules, and wilt fight; Ile sticke thee now in my companie like a sprig of rosemary.

Enter Sir Rees ap Vaughan and Peter Flash.

Flash. Draw, Sir Rees, he's yonder, shall I upon him?

Sir Vaughan. Upon him? goe too, goe too, Peter Salamander; holde, in Gods name, holde; I will kill him to his face, because I meane he shall answer for it, being an eye-witnes; one urde, Capten Tucky.

Tuc. Ile give thee ten thousand words and thou wilt, my little Thomas Thomasius.

Sir Vaughan. By Sesu, tis best you give good urdes too, least I beate out your tongue, and make your urde nere to bee taken more; doe you heare, five pounds, five pounds, Tucky.

Tuc. Thou shalt ha five, and five, and five, and thou wantst money, my Job.

Sir Vaughan. Leave your fetches and your fegaries, you tough leather-jerkins; leave your quandaries, and trickes, and draw upon me y' are best: you conny-catch Widdow Miniver-caps for five pounds, and say tis for me to cry mum, and make mee run up and downe in dishonors, and discredites; is 't not true, you winke-a-pipes rascall? is not true?

Tuc. Right, true, guilty, I remember't now; for, when I spake a good word to the widdow for thee, my young Sampson ——

Sir Vaughan. For five pounds, you cheating scab, for 5. pounds, not for me.

Tuc. For thee, O Cæsar, for thee I tooke up five pounds in golde, that lay in her lap, & said Ide give it thee as a token from her: I did it but to smell out how she stood affected to thee, to feele her; I, and I know what she said, I know how I carried away the golde.

Sir Vaughan. By Sesu, I ha not the mercy to fall upon him now: M. Tucky, did widdow Minivers part quietly from her golde, because you lyed, and said it was for me?

Tuc. Quietly, in peace, without grumbling, made no noise; I know how I tempted her in thy behalfe, my little Trangdo.

Sir Vaughan. Capten Tucky, I will pay back her 5. £. (unles you be damn'd in lyes) & hold you, I pray you pocket up this; by the crosse a this sword & dagger, Capten, you shall take it.

Tuc. Dost sweare by daggers? nay, then Ile put up more at thy hands then this.

Flash. Is the fray done sir?

Sir Vaughan. Done, Peter, put up your smeeter.

Tuc. Come hether, my soure-fac'd poet; fling

away that beard-brush, Bubo, casheere him and harke: Knight attend: so, that raw-head and bloudy-bones, Sir Adam, has fee'd another brat (of those nine common wenches) to defend baldnes and to raile against haire: he'll have a fling at thee, my noble cock-sparrow.

Sir Vaughan. At mee? will hee fling the cud-gels of his witte at mee?

Tuc. And at thy button-cap too; but come, Ile be your leader, you shall stand, heare all, & not be seene; cast off that blew coate, away with that flawne, and follow, come. *Exit.*

Hor. Bubo, we follow, Captaine.

Sir Vaughan. Peter, leave comming behinde me, I pray, any longer, for you and I must part, Peter.

Flash. Sounds, Sir, I hope you will not serve me so, to turne me away in this case.

Sir Vaughan. Turne you into a fooles coate; I meane I will go *solus*, or in solitaries alone; ounds, y-are best give better words, or Ile turne you away indeed; where is Capten Tucky? come, Horace; get you home, Peter. *Exit.*

Flash. Ile home to your cost, and I can get into the wine-seller. *Exit.*

Hor. Remember where to meete mee.

Asin. Yes Ile meete; Tucca should ha found I dare meete. *Exit.*

Hor. Dare defend baldnes, which our conquering muse
Has beaten downe so flat? Well, we will goe,
And see what weapons theyr weake wittes doe bring;
If sharpe, we'll spred a large and nobler wing;
Tucca, heere lyes thy peace; warre roares agen;
My swoord shall never cutte thee, but my pen.
Exit.

[*Scene* 3.]

[*Sir Adam's Garden.*]

Enter Sir Adam, Crispinus, Fannius, Blunt, Miniver, Petula, Philocalia and Dicace.

Ladies. Thankes, good Sir Adam.
Sir Adam. Welcome, red-cheekt ladies,
And welcome, comely widdow; gentlemen,
Now that our sorry banquet is put by,
From stealing more sweet kisses from your lips,
Walke in my garden: ladyes, let your eyes
Shed life into these flowers by their bright beames:
Sit, sit, heere's a large bower, heere all may heare.
Now, good Crispinus, let your praize begin
There, where it left off, baldnes.
Cris. I shall winne
No praise, by praising that, which to deprave,

All tongues are readie, and which none would have.

Blunt. To proove that best, by strong and armed reason,
Whose part reason feares to take, cannot but proove
Your wit's fine temper, and from these win love.

Min. I promise you has almost converted me.
I pray bring forward your bald reasons, M. Poet.

Cris. Mistris, you give my reasons proper names,
For arguments (like children) should be like
The subject that begets them; I must strive
To crowne *bald heades*, therefore must baldlie thrive;
But be it as it can: to what before
Went arm'd at table, this force bring I more,
If a bare head (being like a dead-mans scull)
Should beare up no praise els but this, it sets
Our end before our eyes, should I dispaire
From giving baldnes higher place then haire?

Min. Nay, perdie, haire has the higher place.

Cris. The goodliest & most glorious strange-built wonder,
Which that great Architect hath made, is heaven,
For there he keepes his court, it is his kingdome,
That's his best master-piece; yet tis the roofe
And seeling of the world: that may be cal'd

The head or crowne of Earth, and yet that's balde,
All creatures in it balde; the lovely Sunne,
Has a face sleeke as golde; the full-cheekt Moone,
As bright and smooth as silver; nothing there
Weares dangling lockes, but sometimes blazing starres,
Whose flaming curles set realmes on fire with warres.
Descend more low; looke through man's five-folde sence,
Of all, the eye beares greatest eminence,
And yet that's balde, the haires that like a lace,
Are sticht unto the liddes, borrow those formes,
Like pent-houses, to save the eyes from stormes.
Sir Adam. Right, well said.
Cris. A head and face ore-growne with shaggie drosse,
O, tis an Orient pearle hid all in mosse;
But when the head's all naked and uncrown'd,
It is the worlds *globe*, even, smooth, and round;
Baldnes is natures *but*, at which our life,
Shootes her last arrow: what man ever lead
His age out with a staffe, but had a head
Bare and uncover'd? hee whose yeares doe rise
To their full height, yet not balde, is not wise.
The *head* is Wisedomes house, *haire* but the thatch.
Haire? It's the basest stubble; in scorne of it,

This proverbe sprung, *He has more haire then wit:*
Marke you not in derision how we call
A head growne thicke with haire, bush-naturall?

Min. By your leave (Master Poet) but that bush-naturall is one a the trimmest and most intanglingst beautie in a woman.

Cris. Right, but beleeve this (pardon me most faire)
You would have much more wit, had you lesse haire.
I could more wearie you to tell the proofes,
(As they passe by) which fight on baldnes side,
Then you were taskt to number on a head
The haires. I know not how your thoughts are lead,
On this strong tower shall my opinion rest,
Heades thicke of haire are goode, but balde the best.

Whilst this paradox is in speaking, Tucca enters with Sir Vaughan at one doore, and secretly placeth him: then Exit and brings in Horace muffled, placing him: Tucca sits among them.

Tuc. Th'art within a haire of it, my sweete *Wit whether wilt thou?* my delicate Poeticall Furie, th'ast hit it to a haire.

Sir Vaughan steps out.

Sir Vaughan. By your favour, Master Tucky, his balde reasons are wide above two hayres. I

besees you pardon mee, ladies, that I thrust in so malepartly among you, for I did but mych heere, and see how this cruell poet did handle bald heades.

Sir Adam. He gave them but their due, Sir Vaughan; widdow, did he not?

Min. By my faith, he made more of a balde heade, than ever I shall be able: he gave them their due truely.

Sir Vaughan. Nay, uds bloud, their due is to bee a the right haire as I am, and that was not in his fingers to give, but in God a mighties. Well, I will hyre that humorous, and fantasticall poet Master Horace, to breake your balde pate, Sir Adam.

Sir Adam. Breake my balde pate?

Tuc. Dost heare, my worshipfull block-head?

Sir Vaughan. Patience, Captaine Tucky, let me absolve him; I meane he shal pricke, pricke your head or sconce a little with his goose-quils, for he shal make another thalimum, or crosse-stickes, or some polinoddyes, with a fewe nappy-grams in them, that shall lift up haire, and set it an end, with his learned and harty commendations.

Hor. This is excellent, all will come out now.

Dicache. That same Horace, me thinkes, has the most ungodly face, by my fan; it lookes, for all the world, like a rotten russet apple when tis

bruiz'd: its better then a spoonefull of sinamon water next my heart, for me to heare him speake; hee soundes it so i' th' nose, and talkes and randes for all the world like the poore fellow under Ludgate: oh fye upon him!

Min. By my troth, sweet ladies, it's cake and pudding to me to see his face make faces when hee reades his songs and sonnets.

Hor. Ile face some of you for this when you shall not budge.

Tuc. Its the stinckingst dung-farmer — foh upon him!

Sir Vaughan. Foh? oundes, you make him urse than old herring: foh? by Sesu, I thinke he's as tidy and as tall a poet as ever drew out a long verse.

Tuc. The best verse that ever I knew him hacke out was his white neck-verse. Noble Ap Rees, thou wouldst scorne to laye thy lippes to his commendations, and thou smeldst him out as I doe: hee calles thee the burning Knight of the Salamander.

Sir Vaughan. Right, Peter is my Salamander; what of him? but Peter is never burnt: howe now? so, goe too now.

Tuc. And sayes because thou clipst the Kinges English, —

Sir Vaughan. Oundes, mee? that's treason:

clip? horrible treasons, Sesu, holde my handes; clip? he baites mouse-trappes for my life.

Tuc. Right little, twinckler, right; hee sayes because thou speak'st no better, thou canst not keepe a good tongue in thy head.

Sir Vaughan. By God, tis the best tongue I can buy for love or money.

Tuc. He shootes at thee too, Adam Bell, and his arrowes stickes heere; he calles thee baldpate.

Sir Vaughan. Oundes, make him proove these intollerabilities.

Tuc. And askes who shall carry the vinegerbottle? & then he rimes too't, and sayes Prickshaft: nay, Miniver, hee cromples thy cap too; and ——

Cris. Come, Tucca, come, no more; the man's wel knowne, thou needst not paint him: whom does he not wrong?

Tuc. Mary, himselfe, the uglie Pope Boniface pardons himselfe, and therefore my judgement is that presently he bee had from hence to his place of execution, and there bee stab'd, stab'd, stab'd. *He stabs at him.*

Hor. Oh, gentlemen, I am slaine! oh slave art hyr'd to murder me, to murder me, to murder me?

Ladies. Oh God!

Sir Vaughan. Ounds, Capten, you have put all poetrie to the dint of sword, blow winde about him: ladies, for our Lordes sake, you that have smocks teare off peeces to shoote through his oundes. Is he dead and buried? is he? pull his nose, pinch, rub, rub, rub, rub.

Tuc. If he be not dead, looke heere; I ha the stab and pippin for him: if I had kil'd him, I could ha pleas'd the great foole with an apple.

Cris. How now? be well, good Horace, heer's no wound;
Y'are slaine by your owne feares; how dost thou man?
Come, put thy heart into his place againe;
Thy out-side's neither peir'st, nor in-side slaine.

Sir Vaughan. I am glad, M. Horace, to see you walking.

Hor. Gentlemen, I am blacke and blewe the breadth of a groate.

Tuc. Breadth of a groate? there's a teston, hide thy infirmities, my scurvy Lazarus; doe, hide it, least it proove a scab in time: hang thee, desperation, hang thee, thou knowst I cannot be sharpe set against thee: looke, feele (my light-uptailes all) feele my weapon.

Min. O most pittifull, as blunt as my great thumbe.

Sir Vaughan. By Sesu, as blunt as a Welsh bag-pudding.

Tuc. As blunt as the top of Poules; tis not like thy aloe, cicatrine tongue, bitter; no tis no stabber, but like thy goodly and glorious nose, blunt, blunt, blunt: dost roare bulchin? dost roare? th'ast a good rouncivall voice to cry lanthorne & candlelight.

Sir Vaughan. Two urds, Horace, about your eares: how chance it passes that you bid God boygh to an honest trade of building symneys and laying downe brickes, for a worse handi-craftnes, to make nothing but railes; your muse leanes upon nothing but filthy rotten railes, such as stand on Poules head, how chance?

Hor. Sir Vaughan —

Sir Vaughan. You lye, sir varlet, sir villaine, I am Sir Salamanders, ounds, is my man Master Peter Salamanders face as urse as mine? Sentlemen all, and ladies, and you say once or twice amen, I will lap this little silde, this booby, in his blankets agen.

Omnes. Agree'd, agree'd.

Tuc. A blanket, these crackt Venice glasses shall fill him out, they shall tosse him. Holde fast wag-tailes: so, come, in, take this bandy with the racket of patience, why when? dost stampe mad Tamberlaine, dost stampe? thou thinkst th'ast morter under thy feete, dost?

Ladies. Come, a bandy ho!

Hor. O holde, most sacred beauties.

Sir Vaughan. Hold, silence, the puppet-teacher speakes.

Hor. Sir Vaughan, noble Capten, gentlemen,
Crispinus, deare Demetrius, O redeeme me,
Out of this infamous —— by God, by Jesu ——

Cris. Nay, sweare not so, good Horace, now these ladies
Are made your executioners: prepare
To suffer like a gallant, not a coward;
Ile trie t' unloose their hands, impossible.
Nay, womens vengeance are implacable.

Hor. Why would you make me thus the ball of scorne?

Tuc. Ile tell thee why, because th'ast entred actions of assault and battery against a companie of honourable and worshipfull fathers of the law: you wrangling rascall, law is one of the pillers ath land, and if thou beest bound too't (as I hope thou shalt bee) thou't proove a skip-jacke, thou't be whipt. Ile tell thee why, because thy sputtering chappes yelpe that arrogance, and impudence, and ignoraunce are the essential parts of a courtier.

Sir Vaughan. You remember, Horace, they will puncke, and pincke, and pumpe you, and they catch you by the coxcombe: on, I pray, one lash, a little more.

Tuc. Ile tell thee why, because thou cryest ptrooh at worshipfull cittizens, and cal'st them flat-caps, cuckolds, and banckrupts, and modest and vertuous wives punckes & cockatrices. Ile tell thee why, because th'ast arraigned two poets against all lawe and conscience; and not content with that, hast turn'd them amongst a company of horrible blacke fryers.

Sir Vaughan. The same hand still, it is your owne another day. M. Horace, admonitions is good meate.

Tuc. Thou art the true arraign'd poet, and shouldst have been hang'd, but for one of these part-takers, these charitable copper-lac'd Christians, that fetcht thee out of purgatory (players I meane) theaterians, pouch-mouth, stage-walkers; for this, poet, for this, thou must lye with these foure wenches, in that blancket, for this ——

Hor. What could I doe, out of a just revenge,
But bring them to the stage? they envy me
Because I holde more worthy company.

Dem. Good Horace, no; my cheekes doe blush for thine,
As often as thou speakst so. Where one true
And nobly-vertuous spirit, for thy best part

243 *flat-caps.* Pearson reprint (Dekker, *Works*, 1, p. 244); *Hat-caps.* The *Fl* is badly printed and looks like H in the quartos.

Loves thee, I wish one ten, even from my heart.
I make account I put up as deepe share
In any good mans love, which thy worth earnes,
As thou thy selfe. We envy not to see
Thy friends with bayes to crowne thy poesie.
No, heere the gall lyes, we that know what stuffe
Thy verie heart is made of, know the stalke
On which thy learning growes, and can give life
To thy (once dying) basenes, yet must we
Dance antickes on your paper.

Hor. Fannius——

Cris. This makes us angry, but not envious.
No, were thy warpt soule put in a new molde,
Ide weare thee as a jewel set in golde.

Sir Vaughan. And jewels, Master Horace, must be hang'd you know.

Tuc. Good pagans, well said, they have sowed up that broken seame-rent lye of thine, that Demetrius is out at elbowes, and Crispinus is falne out with sattin heere, they have; but, bloate-herring, dost heare?

Hor. Yes, honour'd Captaine, I have eares at will.

Tuc. Ist not better be out at elbowes, then to bee a bond-slave, and to goe all in parchment as thou dost?

Hor. Parchment, Captaine? tis Perpetuana I assure you.

Tuc. My perpetuall pantaloone, true, but tis waxt over; th'art made out of wax; thou must answere for this one day; thy muse is a hagler, and weares cloathes upon best-be-trust: th'art great in some bodies books for this, thou knowst where; thou wouldst bee out at elbowes, and out at heeles too, but that thou layest about thee with a bill for this, a bill —

Hor. I confesse, Capten, I followed this suite hard.

Tuc. I know thou didst, and therefore whilst we have Hiren heere, speake, my little dish-washers, a verdit, pisse-kitchins.

Omnes. Blancket.

Sir Vaughan. Holde, I pray, holde, by Sesu, I have put upon my heade a fine device to make you laugh; tis not your fooles cap, Master Horace, which you cover'd your poetasters in, but a fine tricke, ha, ha, is jumbling in my braine.

Tuc. Ile beate out thy braines, my whorson hansome dwarfe, but ile have it out of thee.

Omnes. What is it, good Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vaughan. To conclude, tis after this manners, because Ma. Horace is ambition, and does conspire to bee more hye and tall as God a mightie made him, wee'll carry his terrible person to court, and there before his Masestie dub,

or what you call it, dip his muse in some licour, and christen him, or dye him into collours of a poet.

Omnes. Excellent.

Tuc. Super, super-excellent! revellers goe, proceede you Masters of Arte in kissing these wenches, and in daunces bring you the quivering bride to court, in a maske; come Grumboll, thou shalt mum with us; come, dogge mee, skneakes-bill.

Hor. O thou my Muse!

Sir Vaughan. Call upon God a mighty, and no muses; your muse I warrant is otherwise occupied; there is no dealing with your muse now, therefore, I pray, marse, marse, marse, oundes, your moose? *Exeunt.*

Cris. We shal have sport to see them. Come, bright beauties,
The Sunne stoops low, and whispers in our eares,
To hasten on our maske, let's crowne this night
With choise composed wreathes of sweet delight.
Exeunt.

[*Act* V. *Scene* I.]

[*Hall in the House of Sir Quintilian.*]

Enter Terrill and Cælestine sadly, Sir Quintilian stirring and mingling a cup of wine.

Terrill. O Night, that dyes the firmament in blacke,
And like a cloth of cloudes dost stretch thy limbes
Upon the windy tenters of the ayre:
O thou that hang'st upon the backe of Day,
Like a long mourning gowne, thou that art made
Without an eye, because thou shouldst not see
A lovers revels, nor participate
The bride-groomes heaven, ô heaven, to me a hell:
I have a hell in heaven, a blessed cursse;
All other bride-groomes long for night, and taxe
The day of lazie slouth, call Time a cripple,
And say the houres limpe after him, but I
Wish Night for ever banisht from the skie,
Or that the Day would never sleepe, or Time
Were in a swound, and all his little Houres,
Could never lift him up with their poore powers.

Enter Cælestine.

But backward runnes the course of my delight;
The day hath turn'd his backe, and it is night;
This night will make us odde; day made us eeven;
All else are damb'd in hel, but I in heaven.

Celestine. Let loose thy oath, so shall we still be eeven.

Ter. Then am I damb'd in hell, and not in heaven.

Cel. Must I then goe? tis easie to say no,
Must is the king himselfe, and I must goe;
Shall I then goe? that word is thine; I shall,
Is thy commaund: I goe because I shall;
Will I then goe? I aske my selfe; ô ill,
King saies, I must; you, I shall; I, I will.

Ter. Had I not sworne —

Cel. Why didst thou sweare?

Ter. The King
Sat heauvy on my resolution,
Till (out of breath) it panted out an oath.

Cel. An oath? why, what's an oath? tis but the smoake
Of flame & bloud, the blister of the spirit,
Which rizeth from the steame of rage, the bubble
That shootes up to the tongue, and scaldes the voice,
(For oathes are burning words) thou swor'st but one,

Tis frozen long agoe: if one be numbred,
What countrimen are they? where doe they dwell,
That speake naught else but oathes?
Ter. They're men of hell.
An oath? why tis the trafficke of the soule,
Tis law within a man, the seale of faith,
The bond of every conscience, unto whom
We set our thoughts like hands: yea, such a one
I swore, and to the King. A King containes
A thousand thousand; when I swore to him,
I swore to them; the very haires that guard
His head, will rise up like sharpe witnesses
Against my faith and loyalty: his eye
Would straight condemne me: argue oathes no more,
My oath is high, for to the King I swore.

Enter Sir Quintilian with the cup.

Cel. Must I betray my chastity? So long
Cleane from the treason of rebelling lust;
O husband! O my father! if poore I
Must not live chast, then let me chastly dye.
S. Quintilian. I, heer's a charme shall keep thee chaste, come, come,
Olde Time hath left us but an houre to play
Our parts; begin the sceane, who shall speake first?
Oh, I, I play the King, and Kings speake first.

Daughter, stand thou heere, thou, Sonne Terrill, there,
O thou standst well, thou lean'st against a poast,
(For thou't be posted off I warrant thee:)
The king will hang a horne about thy necke,
And make a poast of thee; you stand well both.
We neede no Prologue, the King entring first,
He's a most gracious Prologue; mary, then
For the Catastrophe, or Epilogue,
Ther's one in cloth of silver, which no doubt
Will please the hearers well, when he steps out;
His mouth is fil'd with words: see where he stands:
He'll make them clap their eyes besides their hands.
But to my part; suppose who enters now,
A King, whose eyes are set in silver, one
That blusheth golde, speakes musicke, dancing walkes,
Now gathers neerer, takes thee by the hand,
When straight thou thinkst, the very orbe of heaven
Mooves round about thy fingers, then he speakes,
Thus — thus — I know not how.

Cel. Nor I to answer him.

Sir Quint. No, girle, knowst thou not how to answer him?
Why then the field is lost, and he rides home,

Like a great conquerour; not answer him?
Out of thy part already? foylde the sceane?
Disranckt the lynes? disarm'd the action?
Ter. Yes, yes, true chastity is tongu'd so weake,
Tis over-come ere it know how to speake.
Sir Quint. Come, come, thou happy close of every wrong,
Tis thou that canst dissolve the hardest doubt;
Tis time for thee to speake, we are all out.
Daughter, and you, the man whom I call Sonne,
I must confesse I made a deede of gift
To heaven and you, and gave my childe to both,
When on my blessing I did charme her soule
In the white circle of true chastity
Still to run true till death: now, Sir, if not,
She forfeyts my rich blessing, and is fin'd
With an eternall cursse; then, I tell you,
She shall dye now, now whilst her soule is true.
Ter. Dye?
Cel. I, I am deaths eccho.
Sir Quint. O, my Sonne,
I am her Father; every teare I shed,
Is threescore ten yeere old; I weepe and smile
Two kinde of teares: I weepe that she must dye,
I smile that she must dye a virgin: thus
We joyfull men mocke teares, and teares mocke us.
Ter. What speakes that cup?

Sir Quint. White wine and poison.
Ter. Oh!
That very name of poison, poisons me;
Thou Winter of a man, thou walking grave,
Whose life is like a dying taper, how
Canst thou define a lovers labouring thoughts?
What sent hast thou but death? what taste but earth?
The breath that purles from thee is like the steame
Of a new-open'd vault: I know thy drift,
Because thou art travelling to the land of graves,
Thou covetst company, and hether bringst
A health of poison to pledge death, a poison
For this sweete spring; this element is mine,
This is the ayre I breath; corrupt it not;
This heaven is mine, I bought it with my soule,
Of him that selles a heaven, to buy a soule.
Sir Quint. Well, let her goe; she's thine, thou cal'st her thine,
Thy element, the ayre thou breath'st; thou knowst
The ayre thou breathst is common, make her so:
Perhaps thou't say none but the King shall weare
Thy night-gowne, she that laps thee warme with love,
And that Kings are not common: then to shew

By consequence he cannot make her so,
Indeede she may promoote her shame and thine,
And with your shames, speake a good word for mine:
The King shining so cleare, and we so dim,
Our darke disgraces will be seene through him.
Imagine her the cup of thy moist life,
What man would pledge a King in his owne wife?
Ter. She dyes: that sentence poisons her: O life!
What slave would pledge a King in his owne wife?
Cel. Welcome, ô poyson, phisicke against lust,
Thou holesome medicine to a constant bloud,
Thou rare apothecary, that canst keepe
My chastity preserv'd within this boxe
Of tempting dust, this painted earthen pot,
That stands upon the stall of the white soule
To set the shop out like a flatterer,
To draw the customers of sinne, come, come,
Thou art no poison, but a dyet-drinke
To moderate my bloud: white-innocent wine,
Art thou made guilty of my death? oh no,
For thou thy selfe art poison'd, take me hence,
For Innocence, shall murder Innocence.
Drinkes.
Ter. Holde, holde, thou shalt not dye, my bride, my wife,
O stop that speedy messenger of death;

O let him not run downe that narrow path,
Which leades unto thy heart, nor carry newes
To thy remooving soule, that thou must dye.
Cel. Tis done already, the Spirituall Court,
Is breaking up; all offices discharg'd,
My soule remooves from this weake standing house
Of fraile mortallity: Deare Father, blesse
Me now and ever: Dearer Man, farewell,
I joyntly take my leave of thee and life,
Goe, tell the King thou hast a constant wife.
Ter. I had a constant wife, Ile tell the King;
Untill the King — what dost thou smile? art thou,
A Father?
Sir Quint. Yea, smiles on my cheekes arise,
To see how sweetly a true virgin dyes.
Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Fannius, Phílocalia, Dicache, Petula, lights before them.
Cris. Sir Walter Terrill, gallants are all ready?
Ter. All ready.
Dem. Well said, come, come, wher's the bride?
Ter. She's going to forbid the banes agen.
She'll dye a maide: and see, she keeps her oath.
All the men. Faire Cælestine!
Ladies. The bride!
Ter. She that was faire,
Whom I cal'd faire and Cælestine.

Omnes. Dead!
Sir Quint. Dead, sh's deathes bride, he hath her maidenhead.
Cris. Sir Walter Terrill.
Omnes. Tell us how.
Ter. All cease.
The subject that we treate of now is peace.
If you demaund how, I can tell; if why,
Aske the King that; he was the cause, not I.
Let it suffice, she's dead, she kept her vow,
Aske the King why, and then Ile tell you how.
Nay give your revels life, tho she be gone,
To court with all your preparation;
Leade on, and leade her on; if any aske
The mistery, say death presents a maske.
Ring peales of musicke, you are lovers belles.
The losse of one heaven, brings a thousand hels.
Exeunt.

[*Scene* 2.]

[*The King's Banquet-Hall.*]

Enter an arm'd Sewer, after him the service of a Banquet: the King at another doore meetes them, they Exeunt.

King. Why so, even thus the Mercury of Heaven
Ushers th' ambrosiate banquet of the Gods,

When a long traine of Angels in a ranke,
Serve the first course, and bow their Christall knees
Before the silver table, where Joves page,
Sweet Ganimed, filles nectar: when the Gods
Drinke healthes to Kings, they pledge them; none but Kings
Dare pledge the Gods; none but Gods drinke to Kings.
Men of our house are we prepar'd?

Enter Servants.

Servant. My Leige,
All waite the presence of the bride.
King. The bride?
Yea, every senceles thing, which she beholdes,
Will looke on her agen, her eyes reflection
Will make the walles all eyes with her perfection:
Observe me now, because of maskes and revels,
And many nuptiall ceremonies; marke,
This I create the Presence, heere the State,
Our kingdomes seate, shall sit in honours pride,
Like pleasures Queene, there will I place the bride:
Be gone, be speedy, let me see it done.

Exeunt [servants].

A King in love is Steward to himselfe,

9 *Servant.* Q, *Ser.*, not distinguishing *servant* and *servants*.

And never scornes the office: my selfe buy
All glances from the market of her eye.

Soft Musicke, chaire is set under a canopie.

King. Sound, musicke, thou sweet suiter to the ayre,
Now wooe the ayre agen, this is the houre
Writ in the calender of time, this houre
Musicke shall spend, the next and next the bride;
Her tongue will read the musicke-lecture. Wat,
I love thee, Wat, because thou art not wise,
Nor deep-read in the volume of a man.
Thou never sawst a thought. Poore soule, thou thinkst
The heart and tongue is cut out of one peece,
But th'art deceav'd, the world hath a false light,
Fooles thinke tis day, when wise men know tis night.

Enter Sir Quintilian.

Sir Quintilian. My Leige, they're come, a maske of gallants.

King. Now —— the spirit of Love ushers my bloud.

Sir Quint. They come.
The watch-word in a maske is the bolde drum.

Enter Blunt, Crispinus, Demetrius, Philocalia, Petula, Dicache, all maskt, two and two with lights like maskers: Cælestine in a chaire.

Ter. All pleasures guard my King, I heere present

My oath upon the knee of duety: knees
Are made for Kings, they are the subjects fees.
King. Wat Terrill, th'art ill suited, ill made up,
In sable collours, like a night peece dyed,
Com'st thou the Prologue of a maske in blacke?
Thy body is ill shapt, a bride-groome too?
Looke how the day is drest in silver-cloth
Laide round about with golden sunne-beames, so
(As white as heaven) should a fresh bride-groome goe.
What? Cælestine the bride, in the same taske?
Nay, then I see ther's mistery in this maske,
Prethee resolve me, Wat.
Ter. My gracious Lord,
That part is hers, she actes it; onely I
Present the Prologue, she the misterie.
King. Come, bride, the sceane of blushing entred first,
Your cheekes are setled now, and past the worst.
Unmasks her.
A mistery? oh none plaies heere but death,
This is death's motion, motionles; speake you,
Flatter no longer; thou, her bride-groome, thou,
Her Father, speake.
Sir Quint. Dead.
Ter. Dead.

55 *motion, motionles;* Qa, motion, motionles; Qb, motion; motionles?

King. How?
Sir Quint. Poyson'd.
King. And poyson'd?
What villaine durst blaspheme her beauties, or
Prophane the cleare religion of her eyes?
Ter. Now, King, I enter, now the sceane is mine,
My tongue is tipt with poison; know who speakes,
And looke into my thoughts; I blush not, King,
To call thee tyrant; death hath set my face,
And made my bloud bolde; heare me, spirits of men,
And place your eares upon your hearts; the day
(The fellow to this night) saw her and me
Shake hands together, for the booke of heaven
Made us eternall friends, thus, Man and Wife.
This man of men (the King) what are not Kings?
Was my chiefe guest, my royall guest, his Grace
Grac'd all the table, and did well become
The upper end, where sate my bride: in briefe,
He tainted her chaste eares; she yet unknowne,
His breath was treason, tho his words were none,
Treason to her and me. He dar'd me then,
Under the covert of a flattering smile,
To bring her where she is, not as she is,
Alive for lust, not dead for chastity.

The resolution of my soule, out-dar'd,
I swore and taxt my faith with a sad oath
Which I maintaine, heere take her, she was mine,
When she was living, but now dead, she's thine.
King. Doe not confound me quite, for mine owne guilt
Speakes more within me then thy tongue containes;
Thy sorrow is my shame, yet heerein springs
Joy out of sorrow, boldnes out of shame,
For I by this have found, once in my life,
A faithfull subject, thou a constant wife.
Cel. A constant wife.
King. Am I confounded twice?
Blasted with wonder?
Ter. O delude me not.
Thou art too true to live agen, too faire
To be my Cælestine, too constant farre
To be a woman.
Cel. Not to be thy wife,
But first I pleade my duetie, and salute
The world agen.
Sir Quint. My King, my Sonne, know all:
I am an actor in this misterie,
And beare the chiefest part. The Father, I,
Twas I that ministred to her chaste bloud

90 *ms.* Q. we.

A true somniferous potion, which did steale
Her thoughts to sleepe, and flattered her with death.
I cal'd it a quick poison'd drug, to trie
The bride-groomes love, and the brides constancie.
He in the passion of his love did fight
A combat with affection; so did both.
She for the poison strove, he for his oath.
Thus like a happie Father, I have won
A constant Daughter and a loving Sonne.
King. Mirrour of Maidens, wonder of thy name,
I give thee that art given, pure, chaste, the same.
Heere Wat, I would not part (for the worlds pride)
So true a bride-groome and so chaste a bride.
Cris. My Leige, to wed a comicall event
To presupposed tragicke argument,
Vouchsafe to exercise your eyes, and see
A humorous dreadfull poet take degree.
King. Dreadfull, in his proportion, or his pen?
Cris. In both, he calles himselfe the whip of men.
King. If a cleare merrit stand upon his praise,
Reach him a poets crowne (the honour'd bayes)
But if he claime it, wanting right thereto,
(As many bastard sonnes of poesie doe)

Race downe his usurpation to the ground.
True poets are with arte and nature crown'd.
But in what molde so ere this man bee cast,
We make him thine, Crispinus. Wit and judgement
Shine in thy numbers, and thy soule I know,
Will not goe arm'd in passion gainst thy foe,
Therefore be thou our selfe, whilst our selfe sit
But as spectator of this sceane of wit.

Cris. Thankes, royall Lord, for these high honors done
To me unworthie. My mindes brightest fires
Shall all consume them selves in purest flame
On the alter of your deare eternall name.

King. Not under us, but next us, take thy seate,
Artes nourished by Kings make Kings more great.
Use thy authority.

Cris. Demetrius,
Call in that selfe-creating Horace, bring
Him and his shaddow foorth.

Dem. Both shall appeare.
No black-eyed star must sticke in vertues Spheare.

Enter Sir Vaughan.

Sir Vaughan. Ounds, did you see him? I pray let all his Masesties most excellent dogs be set at liberties, and have their freedoms to smell him out.

Dem. Smell whom?

Sir Vaughan. Whom? The Composer, the Prince of Poets, Horace, Horace, he's departed: in Gods name and the Kinges, I sarge you to ring it out from all our eares, for Horaces bodie is departed: Master hue and crie shall —— God blesse King Williams, I crie you mercy and aske forgivenes, for mine eyes did not finde in their hearts to looke uppon your Masestie.

King. What news with thee, Sir Vaughan?

Sir Vaughan. Newes? God, tis as urse newes as I can desire to bring about mee: our unhansome-fac'd poet does play at bo-peepes with your Grace, and cryes all-hidde as boyes doe.

Officers. Stand by, roome there, backe, roome for the Poet.

Sir Vaughan. He's reprehended and taken, by Sesu, I rejoice very neere as much as if I had discover'd a New-found Land, or the North and East Indies.

Enter Tucca, his boy after him with two pictures under his cloake, ana a wreath of nettles: Horace and Bubo pul'd in by th' hornes bound both like Satyres, Sir Adam following, Mistris Miniver with him, wearing Tuccaes chaine.

Tuc. So, tug, tug, pull the mad bull in by'th hornes: so, baite one at that stake, my place-mouth yelpers, and one at that stake, Gurnets-head.

King. What busie fellow 's this?

Tuc. Save thee, my most gracious King a Harts, save thee. All hats and caps are thine, and therefore I vaile, for, but to thee, great Sultane Soliman, I scorne to be thus put off or to deliver up this sconce I wud.

King. Sir Vaughan, what's this jolly Captaines name?

Sir Vaughan. Has a very sufficient name, and is a man has done God and his Country as good and as hot service (in conquering this vile Monster-poet) as ever did S. George his horse-backe about the Dragon.

Tuc. I sweate for't, but, Tawsoone, holde thy tongue, *Mon du*, if thou't praise mee, doo't behinde my backe: I am, my weighty Soveraigne, one of thy graines, thy valliant vassaile. Aske not what I am, but read, turne over, unclaspe thy Chronicles; there thou shalt finde Buffe-Jerkin; there read my points of war: I am one a thy Mandilian-Leaders, one that enters into thy royall bands for thee, *Pantilius Tucca*, one of thy Kingdomes chiefest quarrellers, one a thy most faithfull — fy — fy — fy ——

Sir Vaughan. Drunkerds, I holde my life.

Tuc. No, whirligig, one of his faithfull fighters; thy drawer, O royall Tamor Cham.

193 *Tamor Cham.* Qb, Tam or Cham.

Sir Vaughan. Goe too, I pray, Captaine Tucca, give us all leave to doe our busines before the King.

Tuc. With all my heart, shi, shi, shi shake that Beare-whelp when thou wut.

Sir Vaughan. Horace and Bubo, pray send an answere into his Masesties eares, why you goe thus in Ovids Morter-Morphesis and strange fashions of apparrell.

Tuc. Cur, why?

Asin. My Lords, I was drawne into this beastly suite by head and shoulders onely for love I bare to my ningle.

Tuc. Speake, ningle, thy mouth's next, belch out, belch, why——

Hor. I did it to retyre me from the world,
And turne my Muse into a Timonist,
Loathing the general leprozie of sinne,
Which like a plague runs through the soules of men:
I did it but to——

Tuc. But to bite every Motley-head vice by'th nose; you did it, ningle, to play the bug-beare satyre, & make a campe royall of fashion-mongers quake at your paper bullets: you nastie tortois, you and your itchy poetry breake out like Christmas, but once a yeare, and then you keepe a Revelling, & Araigning, & a scatching of mens

faces, as tho you were Tyber, the long-tail'd Prince of Rattes, doe you?

Cris. Horace —

Sir Vaughan. Silence, pray let all urdes be strangled, or held fast betweene your teeth.

Cris. Under controule of my dreade Soveraigne,
We are thy Judges; thou that didst Arraigne,
Art now prepar'd for condemnation?
Should I but bid thy muse stand to the barre,
Thy selfe against her wouldst give evidence,
For flat rebellion gainst the sacred lawes
Of divine Poesie: heerein most she mist,
Thy pride and scorne made her turne Saterist,
And not her love to vertue (as thou preachest).
Or, should we minister strong pilles to thee,
What lumpes of hard and indigested stuffe,
Of bitter satirisme, of arrogance,
Of selfe-love, of detraction, of a blacke
And stinking insolence, should we fetch up?
But none of these; we give thee what's more fit:
With stinging nettles crowne his stinging wit.

Tuc. Wel said, my poeticall huckster, now he's in thy handling, rate him, doe, rate him well.

Hor. O I beseech your Majesty, rather then thus to be netled, Ile ha my satyres coate

239 *stinking*. Q, stinging. See Ad Lectorem, p. 270, 21.

pull'd over mine eares, and bee turn'd out a the nine muses service.

Asin. And I too, let mee be put to my shiftes with myne ningle.

Sir Vaughan. By Sesu, so you shall, M. Bubo. Flea off this hairie skin, M. Horace, so, so, so, untrusse, untrusse.

Tuc. His poeticall wreath, my dapper puncke-fetcher.

Hor. Ooh ——

Tuc. Nay your oohs, nor your *Callinoes* cannot serve your turne: your tongue you know is full of blisters with rayling, your face full of pockey-holes and pimples with your fierie inventions, and therefore to preserve your head from aking, this biggin is yours, ——

Sir Vaughan. Nay, by Sesu, you shall bee a poet, though not lawrefyed, yet nettlefyed, so.

Tuc. Sirra stincker, thou'rt but untruss'd now: I owe thee a whipping still, and Ile pay it: I have layde roddes in pisse and vineger for thee: it shall not bee the *Whipping a' th Satyre*, nor the Whipping of the blinde-Beare, but of a counterfeit Jugler, that steales the name of Horace.

King. How? counterfeit? does hee usurpe that name?

Sir Vaughan. Yes indeede, ant please your Grace, he does sup up that abhominable name.

Tuc. Hee does, O King Cambises, hee does: thou hast no part of Horace in thee but's name and his damnable vices: thou hast such a terrible mouth, that thy beard's afraide to peepe out: but, looke heere, you staring Leviathan, heere's the sweete visage of Horace; looke, perboyldeface, looke: Horace had a trim long-beard, and a reasonable good face for a poet, (as faces goe now-a-dayes): Horace did not skrue and wriggle himselfe into great mens famyliarity, (inpudentlie) as thou doost: nor weare the badge of gentlemens company, as thou doost thy taffetie sleeves, tactkt too onely with some pointes of profit: no, Horace had not his face puncht full of oylet-holes, like the cover of a warming-pan: Horace lov'd poets well, and gave coxcombes to none but fooles, but thou lov'st none, neither wisemen nor fooles, but thy selfe: Horace was a goodly corpulent gentleman, and not so leane a hollow-cheekt scrag as thou art: no, heere's thee coppy of thy countenance, by this will I learne to make a number of villanous faces more, and to looke scurvily upon'th world, as thou dost.

Cris. Sir Vaughan will you minister their oath?

Sir Vaughan. Master Asinius Bubo, you shall sweare as little as you can; one oath shall damme up your innocent mouth.

Asin. Any oath, sir, Ile sweare any thing.

301 *Asin.* Q. Cris.

Sir Vaughan. You shall sweare, by Phœbus (who is your poets good Lord and Master,) that heere-after you will not hyre Horace to give you poesies for rings, or hand-kerchers, or knives, which you understand not, nor to write your love-letters, which you (in turning of a hand) set your markes upon, as your owne; nor you shall not carry Lattin poets about you, till you can write and read English at most; and lastlye that you shall not call Horace your ningle.

Asin. By *Phœbus*, I sweare all this, and as many oathes as you will, so I may trudge.

Sir Vaughan. Trudge then, pay your legs for fees, and bee dissarg'd.

Tuc. Tprooth —— runne Red-cap, ware hornes there. *Exit Asin.*

Sir Vaughan. Now, Master Horace, you must be a more horrible swearer, for your oath must be (like your wittes) of many collours, and, like a brokers booke, of many parcels.

Tuc. Read, read th'inventory of his oath.

Hor. Ile sweare till my haire stands up an end, to bee rid of this sting. Oh this sting!

Sir Vaughan. Tis not your sting of conscience, is it?

Tuc. Upon him: *Inprimis.*

Sir Vaughan. Inprimis, you shall sweare by

Phœbus and the halfe a score muses lacking one, not to sweare to hang your selfe, if you thought any man, ooman or silde, could write playes and rimes, as well-favour'd ones as your selfe.

Tuc. Well sayd. Hast brought him toth gallowes already?

Sir Vaughan. You shall sweare not to bumbast out a new play, with the olde lynings of jestes, stolne from the Temples Revels.

Tuc. To him, olde Tango.

Sir Vaughan. Moreover, you shall not sit in a gallery, when your comedies and enterludes have entred their actions, and there make vile and bad faces at everie lyne, to make sentlemen have an eye to you, and to make players afraide to take your part.

Tuc. Thou shalt be my ningle for this.

Sir Vaughan. Besides, you must forsweare to venter on the stage, when your play is ended, and to exchange curtezies and complements with gallants in the lordes roomes, to make all the house rise up in armes, and to cry that's Horace, that's he, that's he, that's he, that pennes and purges humours and diseases.

Tuc. There, boy, agen.

Sir Vaughan. Secondly, when you bid all your friends to the marriage of a poore couple,

that is to say, your *Wits and necessities*, *alias dictus*, *to the rifling of your Muse*, *alias*, *your Muses up-sitting*, *alias*, *a Poets Whitson-Ale*, you shall sweare that within three dayes after, you shall not abroad, in booke-binders shops, brag that your Vize-royes or Tributorie-Kings, have done homage to you, or paide quarterage.

Tuc. Ile busse thy head, Holofernes.

Sir Vaughan. Moreover and *Inprimis*, when a knight or sentlemen of urship, does give you his passe-port, to travaile in and out to his company, and gives you money for Gods sake, I trust in Sesu, you will sweare (tooth and nayle) not to make scalde and wry-mouth jestes upon his knight-hood, will you not?

Hor. I never did it, by Parnassus.

Tuc. Wut sweare by Parnassus, and lye too, Doctor Doddipol?

Sir Vaughan. Thirdly, and last of all, saving one, when your playes are misse-likt at court, you shall not crye mew like a pusse-cat, and say you are glad you write out the courtiers element.

Tuc. Let the element alone, tis out a thy reach.

Sir Vaughan. In brieflynes, when you sup in tavernes amongst your betters, you shall sweare not to dippe your manners in too much sawce, nor at table to fling epigrams, embleames, or

play-speeches about you (lyke hayle-stones) to keepe you out of the terrible daunger of the shot, upon payne to sit at the upper ende of the table, a'th left hand of Carlo Buffon. Sweare all this, by Apollo and the eight or nine muses.

Hor. By Apollo, Helicon, the muses (who march three and three in a rancke) and by all that belongs to Pernassus, I sweare all this.

Tuc. Beare witnes.

Cris. That fearefull wreath, this honour is your due,
All poets shall be poet-apes but you.
Thankes, learnings true Mecænas, poesies king,
Thankes for that gracious eare, which you have lent
To this most tedious, most rude argument.

King. Our spirits have well beene feasted. He whose pen
Drawes both corrupt and cleare bloud from all men,
Careles what veine he prickes, let him not rave
When his owne sides are strucke. Blowes blowes doe crave.

Tuc. Kings-truce, my noble hearbe-a-grace; my princely sweet-William, a boone — Stay first, ist a match or no match, Lady Furnivall, ist?

Sir Ad. & Sir Quint. A match?

Min. I, a match, since he hath hit the mistris so often i'th fore-game, we'll eene play out a rubbers.

Sir Ad. Take her for me.

Sir Quint. Take her for thy selfe, not for me.

Sir Vaughan. Play out your rubbers, in Gods name, by Sesu, Ile never boule more in your alley, iddow.

Sir Quint. My chaine.

Sir Ad. My purse.

Tuc. Ile chaine thee presently, and give thee ten pound and a purse. A boone, my Leige . . . daunce, ô my delicate Rufus, at my wedding with this reverend antiquary. Ist done? Wut thou?

King. Ile give thee kingly honour: Night and Sleepe
With silken ribands would tye up our eyes,
But, Mistris Bride, one measure shall be led,
In scorne of mid-nights hast, and then to bed.

Exeunt.

EPILOGUS.

Tucca. *Gentlemen, gallants, and you, my little swaggerers that fight lowe, my tough hearts of oake, that stand too't so valliantly, and are still within a yard of your Capten, now the trumpets (that set men together by the eares) have left their tantara-rag-boy, let's part friends. I recant, beare witnes all you gentle-folkes (that walke i'th galleries) I recant the opinions which I helde of courtiers, ladies, & cittizens, when once (in an assembly of friers) I railde upon them. That hereticall libertine Horace, taught me so to mouth it. Besides, twas when stiffe Tucca was a boy: twas not Tucca that railde and roar'd then, but the Devill & his angels. But now, kings-truce, the Capten summons a parlee, and delivers himselfe and his prating company into your hands, upon what composition you wil. Are you pleas'd? and Ile dance friskin for joy, but if you be not, by'th Lord Ile see you all —— heere for your two pence a peice agen, before Ile loose your company. I know now some be come hyther with cheekes swolne as big with hisses, as if they had the tooth-ach: uds-foote, if I stood by them, Ide bee so bold as —— intreate them to hisse in another place. Are you adviz'd what you doe when you hisse? you blowe*

away Horaces revenge, but if you set your hands and seales to this, Horace will write against it, and you may have more sport. He shall not loose his labour, he shall not turne his blanke verses into wast paper. No, my poetasters will not laugh at him, but will untrusse him agen, and agen, and agen. Ile tell you what you shall doe, cast your little Tucca into a bell, doe, make a bell of me, and be al you my clappers, upon condition, wee may have a lustie peale,

this cold weather. I have but two legs left me and they are both yours. Good night my two penny tenants God night.

FINIS.

Notes to Satiromastix

265. Satiromastix. The Scourging of the Satire, or Satyr.

265. Non recito . . . coactus. Horace, *Sat.* I, 4, 73.

266. Dramatis Personæ. Dekker has three stories in the play, (1) King William Rufus, Sir Walter Terrill and the marriage of Celestine; (2) Mistris Miniver and the Knights; (3) Horace, Crispinus, Demetrius, Tucca, etc. See *Introduction*, p. lxvii. Sir Walter Terrill killed William Rufus accidentally while hunting, as is told in Holinshed's *Chronicle*. The Welsh Knight, Sir Vaughan, represents the Welshman, who appears almost as a stock character in many plays. The Horace story is taken directly from *Poetaster*.

266. non . . . nihil. Martial, *Epigr.* xiii, 2.

267. To the World. Cf. *Poetaster*, 174, 142.

Pol. The World.

Aut. The baud.

267, 6. Midasses eares. Midas, whose touch turned things to gold, had his ears changed to those of an ass for asserting that Pan excelled Apollo.

267, 6–7. Monstrum . . . ademptum. Virgil, *Æn.* III, 658.

267, 8. Poliphemian eye. The giant Polyphemus had but one eye, which Ulysses bored out. See *Odyssey*, I, 70, sqq.

267, 10. Poetomachia. A battle of the poets, Jonson, Marston, Dekker, etc., which was fought in the stage-war in which *Poetaster* and *Satiromastix* were written.

267, 14. chopins. Shoes with thick soles to give additional height to the wearer.

267, 16. untruss'd Horace. Cf. the title, *Satiromastix*, or *The Untrussing of the Humorous Poet*. See *Poetaster*, 119, 31–33.

267, 19–21. Burgonian . . . against him. Hawkins (*Origin of the English Drama*, 1773, note on this passage) thought

this an allusion to the Bastard of Burgundy, overthrown in 1467 at Smithfield by Anthony Woodville. It is probably, as Dr. Small suggests (*Stage Quarrel*, p. 6, note), a reference to John Barrose, "a Burgonian by nation, and a fencer by profession," who in 1598 challenged all fencers. He was executed July 10, 1598, for killing an "officer of the City," as told in *Stow's Annals*, 787-*b*.

267, 23–24. Apollo . . . Coronator Poetarum. Jonson's critical attitude, and claim to be the priest of Phœbus Apollo, are again ridiculed in **280, 8,** and **305, 140–141.**

268, 27. Bun-hill. A part of Finsbury, so called because bones removed from old St. Paul's in 1549 by order of Protector Somerset were deposited there.

268, 28. se defendendo. Legal, "in self-defense." This was Jonson's plea in the Apologeticall Dialogue appended to *Poetaster*.

268, 36–37. Horace . . . Humour. Jonson did not represent himself in any of the characters in *Every Man in His Humour*, but did represent himself in *Every Man out of His Humour*, as Asper; in *Cynthia's Revels*, as Crites; and in *Poetaster*, as Horace, as Tucca states. See **294, 375,** note.

268, 39. Arraignement. The second title of *Poetaster*.

268, 40. cat-a-mountaine. A term applied to rough fellows. To mew was a common way of expressing disapproval.

268, 44–45. Capten Hannam. Evidently an actual person. We know nothing more about him.

268, 48. new-minted. That is, a character originated by the author, not an imitation or adaptation of a previous character.

268, 48–49. of what test so ever. A "test" was a pot for refining metals, or the process of examining by "test," or cupel, at mints.

269, 62. Poules Church-yard. A favorite resort for actors and playwrights. Bookseller's shops were also in Paul's Churchyard.

269, 68–69. Detraction . . . Envy. See *Poetaster*, **147, 206,** and *Envy Prologue*, l. 6.

269, 71. Nauci. ". . . Evry lyttell thynge of no value, a thyng of naught. Nauci esse, to be worth nothyng." *Bibliotheca Eliotæ*, ed. 1559, *s. v.* Nauci. Latin, *naucum* or *naucus*.

269, 72. Venusian Horace. Horace was born at Venusia.

269, 73–74. Populus plaudo. Horace, *Sat.* I, 1, 66. The populace hiss me, but I applaud myself.

269, 75. Malim cocis. Martial, ix, 81, 4.

270, 4. Comedy of Errors. Allusion to Shakespeare's play. *The Comedy of Errors* was first published in the folio of 1623 and entered S. R. Nov. 8, 1623. Dr. Furnivall places the date of writing 1589; Professor Dowden, 1591; Mr. Fleay, *c.* 1590.

272, 30–31. scutchions . . . sable ground. Scutcheon, armorial bearings or shield. Sable, the heraldic term for black.

272, 35. melancholy schoolemaster. Cf. Dekker's *Jests to make you Merry* (ed. Grosart, p. 297). *The 57. Jest.* "A Company of Theeves, broke one night into a countrie Schoole maisters house but hee hearing them, cryed out aloude . . . I wonder you will loose time to seeke anything heere by night when I my selfe can finde nothing by day."

272, 43. wedding gloves. The gift of a pair of gloves was commonly made to those who attended weddings or funerals.

272, 45. rosemary. Associated with death. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV, 5, 175, "There 's rosemary that 's for remembrance." Associated also with love and marriage.

273, 48. coarse. Corpse.

273, 52. hey ho. A common exclamation in old songs.

273, 53. to lead apes in hell. A common expression in regard to virginity. It has been explained in several ways. Nares says: "As *ape* occasionally meant a fool, it probably meant that those coquettes who made fools of men, and led them about without real intention of marriage, would have them still to lead against their will hereafter." But see also *Notes and Queries*, III, 9, 386.

273, 64. rebatoes. A kind of falling band. A collar turned down on the shoulders.

273, 64. poaking. "Poking sticks" or "poting sticks" were used in setting ruffs. See also **303, 85–88**, where "poaking" is used with a double meaning.

274, 74. virginall jackes. The virginal was a kind of spinet, so called because commonly played by young ladies. The jack was "an upright piece of wood fixed to the back of the key-board, and fitted with a quill which plucked the string as the jack

rose on the key's being pressed. By Shaks. and some later writers erron. applied to the key." *N. E. D.*

274, 84. embleame. See *Poetaster* 23, 245, note.

275, 100. burnt wine and sugar. Light wines called sack (*siccus*, dry) often needed to be sweetened. Mulled, or burnt, wine and sugar was a favorite drink.

275, 116. knocke's. Knock his.

275, 116. coxcombe. A comb resembling a cock's was commonly worn by the licensed fool. The term came to be used for a silly person.

276, 133. Justice Crop. Mr. Fleay (*Biograph. Chron.* 1, 368) thinks this person the same as the "Venerable cropshin" (Lupus) in *Poetaster*, 16, 52.

277, 170. Quiontilian. Sir Vaughan, a Welshman, speaks English peculiarly. See 300, 4, and 301, 37, where he says, Kintilian.

279, 200. maskes and revels. The common form of entertainment on special occasions. "Revels" was a general term for entertainments, and an office, Master of the Revels, was permanently established in 1545. "Early in the reign of Henry VIII the word 'masque' appears, and before long this became the general term for all court shows and disguisings." Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama*, 1, 73, 76.

280, S. D. Horrace . . . himselfe. This stage-direction presents Horace in a manner suggested by words of Hedon and Anaides in *Cynthia's Revels*, III, 1. *Hedon* ". . . a whoreson book-worm, a candle-waster." See also *Poetaster*, 177, 196–200.

280, 1–288, 225. To thee . . . Fannius. This scene is a parody on Jonson's *Poetaster*, III, 1, in which Horace is presented composing an ode. See *Poetaster*, 50, 8 and 9, notes. Mr. H. C. Hart says (*The Works of Ben Jonson*, vol. II, p. xix–xxi): "This is not bad foolery, but only one line is from *Poetaster*. But in Drayton's Ode 2, *To the New Year* (Arber's *English Garner*, ed. Bullen, p. 410), I find, 'Give her th' Eoan brightness' . . . 'wrapt up in Numbers flowing' . . . 'Before thy Priests divining' . . . 'O rapture great and holy' . . . 'The Roses of the morning! The rising heaven adorning To mesh with flames of hair.' . . . Horace asks Bubo, 'Th' ast a coppy of mine odes to, hast not,

Bubo? *Asinius.* Your odes? O that which you spoke by word of mouth at th' ordinary when Musco the gull cryed mew at it. When Dekker sticks at the rhyme for flowing, Drayton has the dreadful lines, 'wrapped up in Numbers flowing, Them actually bestowing for jewels at her ear.'

"It was not these parodies of Eoan brightness that suggested Drayton to me; it was the usually pregnant last words of Tucca's to Bubo: 'runne, Red-cap, ware horns' (Horace and Bubo are adorned with horns 'like Satyres'). The earliest Redcap allusion I have met with, excepting this (it occurs earlier in the play [325,263]), is in the name 'Mother Redcap,' a play by Drayton and Munday: 'the 28 of desembr 1597 for a boocke called mother Readcape to Antony Monday & Mr. Drayton. iii li' (Henslowe's *Diary*) [ed. Greg, I, p. 70].

"The name Bubo (owl) may be explained. A couple of years after this time Drayton published his satirical poem, *The Owl*. This was perhaps a nickname (he himself is the 'owl' in the poem), and foreshadowed earlier.

"Drayton has a Sonnet (Sonnet xxi) in his 1594–1619 collection in which he tells how he was employed by a 'witless gallant, To write him but one Sonnet to his Love,' and 'with my verses, he his mistress won.' In Sir Vaughan's sentence on Asinius Bubo, he says to him: 'You shall sweare by Phœbus who is your Poet's good lord and master) that hereafter you will not hyre Horace to give you poesies for rings, . . . nor to write you Love-letters which you (in turning of a hand) set your markes upon, as your owne, etc.'

"There are several allusions to Bubo's small size: 'You prettie diminutive roague;' Tucca calls Bubo 'waferface'; 'Amiable Bubo . . . th' art a little Hercules.' Drayton says he became 'a proper goodly page, much like a pigmy' in a letter to Henry Reynolds (Fleay [*Biog. Chron.* I, 145]).

"Asinius is a constant smoker: . . . *The Metamorphosis of Tobacco*, 1602, was dedicated to Drayton, as a patron. . . . The writer calls Drayton 'my loving friend,' and his selection proves him to be a notorious 'tobacconist.'"

280, 8. thy priest. See *Poetaster*, **149, 248.**

281, 30. Pernassus. Mt. Parnassus was sacred to Apollo and the muses. There is here no allusion to the Parnassus plays, as Dr. Scherer queries.

281, 39. Helicon. Like Parnassus, a mountain sacred to Apollo and the muses.

281, 42. Epithalamium. Extant examples of Jonson's epithalamiums are later than *Satiromastix*, but it is evident that he was known in 1601 as a writer of that kind of poems.

282, 49–50. leafe . . . pipe. There is a play on each word. One meaning refers to poetry, the other to tobacco. There were several kinds of tobacco commonly used in Jonson's day. In the Introduction to *Cynthia's Revels* we read, "I have my three sorts of tobacco in my pocket." In *Tobacco Battered*, by Sylvester, d. 1618, is mention of "ball," "leaf," "pudding," and "cane."

282, 71. I, mary. "Yes, by Mary," a common oath.

283, 74–75. consort of pypes. There is a play on the words, which refer to music (concert of pipes) as well as to smoking.

283, 76–77. candle . . . angels. The oath by the candle was a mild oath to avoid profanity. Cf. *Northward Hoe* (Pearson, *Dekker*, III, 26), "by this iron which is none a God's Angell." The idea is derived from St. Matt. v, 34.

283, 82. Himen! O Himen! Hymen was the God of marriage among the Greeks.

283, 89. untye their virgin zone. A belt was worn as a sign of virginity among the Greeks and Romans. The Roman bride wore a wreath of flowers on her head and a girdle of sheep's wool. Part of the ceremony of marriage was for the bridegroom to untie this girdle.

284, 103–106. acrosticks . . . odes. Jonson probably wrote many acrostics and epithalamiums which were known to his contemporaries, but which have not come down to us. Specimens of his acrostics and epithalamimus are among his extant works.

284, 109. by word . . . ordinary. Jonson was evidently accustomed to recite his verses when he had hearers. He refers to this in epigram 101, *Inviting a friend to Supper*. Drummond mentions the habit of reciting poetry. (*Conv. Sh. Soc.* p. 6.)

284, 109. Musco the gull. "Musco," derived from musk, refers to the perfume used by the gallants, who were called also "muscovites." To "cry mew" was a mode of ridiculing.

284, 117. Palinode. A reference to the Palinode, or recantation, sung by the courtiers at the close of *Cynthia's Revels*.

284, 120. spleane. The spleen was regarded as a seat of emotion.

284, 124. Puh. An exclamation.

285, 132–134. Angels . . . angles. Puns on the word, and on two meanings of angel. The gold coin known as an angel was worth about ten shillings.

285, 140. most goodly big hand. Jonson's manuscripts preserved in the British museum are clear and legible.

285, 141–142. sav'd by their neck-verse. Jonson was tried for the murder of Gabriel Spencer, a player, whom he slew in a duel in 1598. The record of the trial states that Jonson "confesses the indictment, asks for the book, reads like a clerk, is marked with the letter 'T' and is delivered according to the Statute." An account of the trial, with transcript of the record, is to be found in *The Athenæum*, 1886, p. 337. 'T' means Tyburn. Under English law persons who could read received "benefit of clergy" and were exempt from the death penalty. "The neck-verse was a Latin verse in blackletter, usually the beginning of the fifty-first Psalm." *N. E. D.*

285, 147 blocke. "Block" and "blockhead" were both used for the wooden mould on which a hat was shaped.

285, 157. horses walking a' the top of Paules. There are a number of allusions to Banks, a juggler, and his trained horse, Morocco, which went up to the roof of St. Paul's. The dancing horse in *Love's Labour's Lost*, I, 2, is supposed to be Morocco. For further information concerning this horse see Chambers's *Book of Days*, I, 225, Nares Glossary, *s. v.* Banks's Horse, and *Notes and Queries*, V, 6, 476 and 7, 375, etc.

286, 164. lymping tongu'd captaine. Tucca was a stammerer. See *Poetaster*, **22**, 208, note.

286, 165–166. out of his element. See *Poetaster*, **15**, 38, note.

286, 167. dudgion wit. A dudgion was a dagger.

286, 168. an epigram. See *Poetaster*, **173**, 117–127, for the Epigram on Tucca. Jonson's Epigrams are referred to several times in *Satiromastix*.

286, 171. jorneyman poet. See *Poetaster*, **80**, 367, and **119**, 32, notes.

286, 173. bricklayer. An allusion to the fact that Jonson worked at one time as a bricklayer.

286, 176. copper-lace work-masters. Copper was used instead of gold in the lace and tinsel of stage costumes.

286, 179. unsalted line. Witless, dull. See *Poetaster*, 171, 63, note.

286, 183–287, 194. That same . . . lynes. Dekker here quotes lines of Criticus (quarto) from *Cynthia's Revels*, III, 3:

> "What should I care what every dor doth buzze
> In credulous eares? it is a crowne to me,
> That the best judgements can report me wrong'd;
> . . . . . .
> 'T is Hedon, and Anaides: Alasse, then,
> I thinke but what they are, and am not stirr'd.
> The one a light voluptuous reveller,
> The other, a strange arrogating puffe,
> Both impudent and ignorant inough."

Dekker identifies Hedon and Anaides with Crispinus and Demetrius (See *Introduction*, pp. lvii–lxi), but critics have questioned the accuracy of this identification.

287, 203. stay. Dr. Scherer prints "stray." Hawkins corrected the quarto misprint "sttay," and read "stay."

287, 208. well met. The common greeting on which Asinius evidently plays in his reply, ll. 209–210, "yet I was sicke," etc.

288, 211. ont. On it.

288, 212. sa. save. la. a common exclamation.

288, 215. tickling geare. Implements and material for smoking.

288, 216–218. pype . . . hodgshead. Demetrius plays on the words. A "pipe" was a liquid measure containing two "hogsheads." "Hodgshead" means also "blockhead."

288, 220. burnt my pype. Cf. Dekker, *The Guls Horn-book* (Temple Classics, p. 63), "which pipe has the best boare, and which burnes black, which breakes in the burning," etc.

288, 222. pudding. Made into rolls like a pudding.

288, 223. a lady or two. Cf. John Swan, *Speculum Mundi*, 1635, p. 266 (quoted by Mr. Simpson, in Williams's *Specimens of*

the Elizabethan Drama, p. 509). "The women of America . . . do not use to take *Tobacco*, because they persuade themselves it is too strong for the constitution of their bodies, and yet some women of England use it often, as well as men." In *Every Man in His Humour*, III, 5, Cob makes a speech against tobacco in which he says, "I'd have it present whipping, man or woman, that should but deal with a tobacco pipe."

288, 228. to take him in snuffe. A play on the word. To take a thing "in snuff" was to take it in anger.

288, 232. take my death. Die. Cf. Shakespeare, *3 Hen. VI*, I, 3, 35, "O let me pray before I take my death."

288, 234. hit me ith teeth. Cast in my teeth.

288, 236. As in presenti. This was an important part of Lilly's Latin Grammar, the rule being: "*As in presenti, perfectum format in avi; Ut no, nas, navi, vocito, vocitas, vocitavi.*" In *What You Will*, II, 2, Marston gives an interesting scene in an Elizabethan Grammar School. Asinius is also punning, as Dr. Small suggested (*The Stage Quarrel*, p. 125), *as in presenti* = ass-in-present-I, a play on *As-in-ius*. He left school when he had reached the first conjugation.

289, 239. leafe. Play on the word "leaf," a kind of tobacco. See **282**, 49–50, note.

289, 240–242. To see my fate . . . all gall. This refers to Jonson's attack on Crispinus-Marston and Demetrius-Dekker, in *Poetaster*. See *Poetaster*, **171**, 59–68. Other allusions to Jonson's bitter satire are found in *Satiromastix*.

289, 246. Anotomy. Anatomy. A cadaver, body for dissection.

289, 257. snakes. See *Poetaster*, **153**, 346–350.

290, 269. pilles. There may be allusion here to the pills given to Crispinus in *Poetaster*, **156**, 413–425.

290, 276. office of an executioner. A reference to Jonson's general attitude toward his contemporaries and perhaps specifically to such passages as the Induction to *Every man out of His Humour*.

291, 279–291. say you . . . same man. This refers probably to the Apologeticall Dialogue, and passages like **152**, 343–**153**, 360, in *Poetaster*.

291, 286. our kingdomes golden chaine. Cf. Day, *Law Tricks*, 1608, Sig Bv.:

> "*Lur.* Wrong not the Law.
> "*Pol.* I cannot, 'tis divine:
> And Ile compare it to a golden chain
> That links the body of a commonwealth
> Into a firm and formal union,"

(Quoted by Mr. Percy Simpson, Williams's *Specimens of Eliz. Drama*, p. 509.)

291, 289. five hundred, foure. See **270**, 16–18, for the correction of the quarto misprint of this line. The meaning might be, that of five hundred, whom Jonson might have attacked, only four were actually satirized (Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 76); or that four hundred out of five hundred persons pointed at Jonson as the author of a harsh satire (Small, *The Stage Quarrel*, p. 30).

291, 294. phisitions, to purge. A general reference, and also an allusion doubtless to the Scene in *Poetaster*, **156**, 413–425.

291, 295. daungerous. Causing danger to others.

291, 296–292, 303. In troth . . . to raile. Dekker and other dramatists admired Jonson, though they resented his attacks on them.

292, 299. Swords . . . sheath'd. Dr. Scherer quotes *Poetaster*, **86**, 65–70, and Horace, *Sat.* II, 1, 40–41, for the classical *ensis vagina tectus*. The scene in *Poetaster* is that with Trebatius, inserted later and not referred to here by Dekker.

292, 311. Mas. By the Mass.

292, 311. rose-leaves. See **289**, 240–241.

292, 318. stile. A play on the meanings of the word.

293, 325. Gods so. An oath. See *Poetaster*, **11**, 39, note, or a similar expression.

293, 329. bastards. Cf. Dekker, *The Wonderful Yeare* (1603): "Alas, poore wenches (the nine Muses) how much are you wrong'd, to have such a number of Bastards lying upon your hands." (*Dekker*, ed. Grosart, I, 80.)

293, 331. gorgeous gallery. Tucca quotes the title of a book, *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578.

293, 332. lyme and hayre. Allusion to Jonson as a bricklayer, "lyme and hayre" being constituents of mortar. In *Patient Grissil* (Dekker, Chettle, and Haughton), 1600, laths, lime, and hair are mentioned (II, 1) and are thought to refer to Jonson's trade. (See Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 68.)

293, 335. Judas. The traitor, who was outwardly friendly.

293, 336. rug. Rug was a coarse woolen fabric used for making cheap garments. Allusions to Jonson's shabby clothes are frequent.

293, 336. Knights ath Poste. Persons who had been "dubbed" at the whipping-post or pillory. The term was also used for false witnesses, sharpers, etc.

293, 337. copper-fact. Brazen-faced, bold, impudent. Perhaps the reference is to Jonson's "darke, pale face" mentioned in *Poetaster*, 178, 221.

293, 339. graund juryes. Juries of inquiring or presentment, as distinguished from petty juries or juries of trial.

293, 340–341. not done . . . three dayes. Jonson's slowness in composition is referred to several times. See *Poetaster*, 5, 14, note.

293, 344–345. thin bearded hermaphrodite. In the *Conversation with Drummond* (Sh. Soc. p. 36) is a proposed epitaph for Jonson:

> "Here lies honest Ben
> That had not a beard on his chen."

293, 346. thy tub Diogines. This is a direct classical allusion, but it may be also an allusion to Jonson's play, *A Tale of a Tub*, which, from internal allusions, was probably as early as 1601.

294, 350–351. godamercy. God have mercy, meaning God reward you.

294, 352. s'foote. God's foot.

294, 353. beg'd out of a jayle. It was a common thing for prisoners to beg from the windows of a jail.

294, 357. Mephostophiles. The name appears thus in the German *Faust-buch*, 1587. In Marlowe's *Faustus* it is given as "Mephostophilis" and "Mephastopilis."

294, 362. **Sarsens-head.** The sign of a famous tavern on Snow Hill, near Newgate Prison.

294, 363. **dunkirkes guts.** Dunkirk was a town in Flanders from which many privateers hailed. These were called "Dunkirks," from their port.

294, 366. **bench-whistler.** A loafer who sat on a tavern bench whistling.

294, 367. **dagger pye.** The Dagger was a public house in Holborn famous for its pies, ale, frumety, etc., and frequented by gamblers and sharpers.

294, 367. **browne-bread-mouth stinker.** A coarse, unrefined person. Brown-bread was cheap and inferior.

294, 369. **Bankes his horse.** See 285, 157, note. The reference here is probably to *Poetaster*, III, 4, a scene in which Tucca causes the Pyrgi to perform, as Banks caused his horse to show tricks.

294, 370. **a iugler.** "In the Prologue [to *Wily Beguiled*, by Peele, 1596–7?] a juggler enters and offers 'to show tricks.' Now in the second scene of Dekker's *Satiromastix*, Captain Tucca says to Horace, *i.e.* Jonson, "'I'll teach thee . . . to tell gentlemen I am a juggler, and can show tricks.' I have searched in vain for any passage either in Jonson's works, or any play in which he could possibly have had a hand, corresponding to this description, except this Prologue, which must therefore, I think, be assigned to Jonson, the author of the play itself being the 'humorous George' of the Prologue, *i.e.* George Peele, as Dyce suggested. . . ." (Fleay, *Biog. Chron.* II, 159.)

294, 373. **thou't.** Thou wilt.

294, 375. **suites of names.** Allusion to the names under which Jonson presented himself in his plays which preceded *Satiromastix*, viz: Asper, in *Every Man Out of His Humour*, 1599, Criticus (so in quarto, the folio giving "Crites"), in *Cynthia's Revels*, 1600, and Horace, in *Poetaster*, 1601.

295, 378. **stile.** Mode of designation or address.

295, 379. **big Turkes.** Soliman II, the Magnificent, who died in 1566. He is often referred to in Elizabethan literature.

295, 387. **Hunkes.** The name of a bear in the Bear Garden. Cf. John Davies, *Epigram* (*Works*, ed. Grosart, Chertsay Worthies, Libr. 18, p. 41):

"Publius, a student of the common law,
To Paris Garden does himself with-draw:
. . . . . .
To see old Harry Hunkes, and Sacarson."

The *N.E.D.* gives the meaning as "a term of obloquy for a surly, crusty, cross-grained old person, a 'bear'; now usually, a close-fisted, stingy man; a miser"; and quotes this passage from *Satiromastix*.

295, 388. **gull-groper.** A swindler. To "grope a gull" was to swindle.

295, 396. **reavel'd.** Ravelled, worn. See *Poetaster*, 80, 365, note.

295, 398. **ban-dog.** A dog kept tied up on account of his ferocity. Such dogs were used to bait bears and bulls. The term is often applied to persons, as here.

295, 403. **olde-Coale.** A deceiver, cheat, sharper (at dice), *N.E.D.*, which gives the following use of the term: "1532 *Dice Play* (1850) 25 To teach the young cock to crowe, all after the cheator's kind, the old cole instructeth the young in terms of his art."

296, 405. **rowly powlies.** Low persons; cant term taken from an old game similar to bowls.

296, 406. **Damons . . . Pithyasse.** The classical story was familiar and was the subject of the old play, *Damon and Pithias* (1571 earliest known edition), by Richard Edwards, and Chettle's *Damon and Pythias*, mentioned by Henslowe in 1599–1600. Horace is called "their Pithy-asse." Jonson had played with the name "Crispinus, alias Cri-spinas," in *Poetaster*, 35, 115, and 148, 238, and Dekker makes Horace-Jonson play on the name in *Satiromastix*, 313, 50.

296, 407. **olde cast sattin suite.** Cf. *Poetaster*, 53, 79, where the "sattin sleeve" of Crispinus is mentioned.

296, 408. **Demetrius shall write.** Cf. *Poetaster*, 80, 368, note.

296, 411. **sweare tis thine owne.** Horace-Jonson is accused of plagiarism in *Poetaster*, 149, 253, and 152, 335.

296, 412. **into the hands of sattin.** Another reference to Jonson's shabby clothes. See 293, 336, note, "rug."

296, 415. **Gorboduck.** The tragedy by Norton and Sack-

ville (called in the impression of 1570 *Ferrex and Porrex*), printed in 1565, 1569, 1570, 1571, and 1590, and first acted January 18, 1562, was the earliest regular English tragedy. King Gorboduc, a legendary King of Britain, "divided his realm in his life-time to his two sons, Ferrex and Porrex," who quarrelled, and the younger killed the elder.

296, 419. heyre apparant of Helicon. See **281**, 39, note. Jonson's self-praise offended his contemporaries. See also *Poetaster*, **149**, 248, note.

296, 423. wafer-face. Mr. H. C. Hart takes this to be an allusion to the small size of Drayton, whom he identifies as Asinius. See **280**, 1, note.

296, 425. at's. At his.

296, 426. muffe. Originally a term applied to Germans or Dutchmen, but extended, as a term of contempt.

296, 426. man a ginger-bread. Figures made of gingerbread frosted and ornamented gave rise to the expression, meaning showy, unsubstantial. Evidently small pieces of charcoal were sometimes stuck in the mouths of such figures.

296, 427. small coale. "Buy any small coale" (*Westward Ho!* Dekker, Pearson, II, p. 319) was a cry of colliers.

296, 431. suites. A play on the word, — clothes, lawsuit.

297, 434. honest low minded pigmey. The Pigmies were a race of dwarfs in Africa. As Jonson was not small, and is referred to in several places as a large man, Tucca's use of "pigmy" is ironical or contemptuous. Perhaps, as Dr. Scherer suggests, Dekker glances at Jonson's expression concerning Demetrius Fabricius in *Poetaster* **80**, 366, "a very simple honest fellow."

297, 437. death of Horatio. *The Spanish Tragedy*, by Kyd, is referred to, in which Jonson acted as Jeronymo, who goes on after the death of Horatio. There were two plays in which Jeronymo appears. One is *The Spanish Tragedy*, and the other, earlier, is referred to by Jonson in the Induction to *Cynthia's Revels* as "Hieronimo as it was first acted." (See *Kyd*, ed. Boas, Introduction.)

297, 437–438. thou borrowedst a gowne. Jonson perhaps refers to this incident in *The Alchemist* IV, 4:

> "Thou must borrow
> A Spanish suit: hast thou no credit with the players?
> Hieronimo's old cloak, ruff, and hat will serve."

297, 438. Roscius the stager. Richard Burbage, the great actor of the day, was known as Roscius. He was a member of the Chamberlain's Company, with which Jonson was connected in 1598 when he played the part of Jeronimo. (Fleay, *Biog. Chron.* II, 30.) At the close of *A Funeral Elegy*, on the death of Burbage, in 1619, is the line, "'T is England's Roscius, Burbage that I keep." Roscius was a celebrated Roman actor.

297, 438–439. honest Nicodemus. There may have been some special significance in this expression, or it may have been simply a reference to Nicodemus, the doubter, who came to Jesus by night. There is no reference, as Dr. Scherer suggests, to the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus.

297, 446. wut. Wilt. M.E. wullt.

297, 448. fifteene weekes. See *Poetaster* 5, 14, note, and *Satiromastix*, 293, 340–341, note.

297, 448. cockatrices egge. The cockatrice and basilisk were the same. See *Poetaster*, 6, 36, note. "Cockatrice" was also a cant term for prostitute. See *Poetaster*, 74, 220.

297, 454–455. saffron-cheeke sun-burnt gipsie. The gypsies, supposed to have been Egyptians, hence the name, were from their outdoor wandering life of dark complexion. There is probably in Tucca's word a reference to the actual appearance of Jonson. See 293, 337, and 178, 221, notes.

297, 456. ten pilles . . . ten shillings. "Pill" was probably slang for "shilling," as it is to-day slang for "dollar" in the United States. "Pilles" suggests the scene in *Poetaster*. v, 3. Ten shillings was the value of an angel, hence, perhaps, the name Angelica, as used here; but see next note.

297, 457. Angelica . . . yare . . . tumbler. Yare means nimble, spry. Cf. Marston, *The Scourge of Villanie*, satyre XI, ll. 100–101,

> "in prate of *pummado reversa*,
> Of the nimbling, tumbling Angelica."

Angelica is the heroine in *Orlando Furioso*, Greene's play (1594, 40) founded on Ariosto. The allusion may be to the appearance of a clown in the play dressed like Angelica.

297, 457. they'l make his Muse. An allusion, perhaps, to *Poetaster*, 73, 192–194.

297, 459. **He shall not want.** A tribute to Jonson's ability as a writer.

298, 461. **Goe by, Jeronimo, goe by.** See 297, 437, note.

298, 463. **When Jacke.** "When" is often used absolutely, as here. Tucca addresses some of his words to Horace, others to Blunt.

298, 463. **Mæcenas.** The patron of the Roman Horace, and also a character in *Poetaster*.

298, 464–465. **up's.** Up his. **at's.** At us.

298, 464. **oven-mouth.** An allusion to the hot satirical blasts of Horace (Jonson) and also probably to his personal appearance. But cf. Nashe, *Christs Teares* (ed. Grosart, IV, 186), "damme up the Oven of your utterance."

298, 464. **rayling.** See *Poetaster*, 176, 172, and 149, 253.

298, 466. **yonder foure stinkers.** Crispinus, Demetrius, Asinius, and Horace, who were on the stage.

298, 467. **the knight.** The knight in this case is Sir Quintilian, at whose house the next scene is laid.

298, 469. **Summa totalis.** The amount of a reckoning.

298, 474. **dasht.** To dash is to strike violently, also to spatter with water, mud, etc. Asinius plays on these meanings when he replies (l. 478), "dasht . . . in a rainy day."

298, 479. **has.** He has, i.e. Tucca has.

298, 477–480. **Mas . . . discreation.** Dr. Scherer, and Professor Bang whom he quotes, do not understand these lines. The meaning, however, seems clear. Crispinus interrupts a speech of Asinius with the remark, "yes, once Asinius." The latter corrects his statement by a play on the word "dasht" and then finishes the interrupted speech. "By God's lyd" begins a new sentence and continues the thought of l. 474.

298, 479. **Tilt yard.** The Tilt yard was an open space at Whitehall. "Here for many years were held the annual exercises in arms in Celebration of Queen Elizabeth's birthday." Wheatley and Cunningham, 1891, *London Past and Present*, III, 380. *Underwoods*, XXIX, is *A Speech at a Tilting*.

298, 482. **holde up thy golles.** Hold up thy hands. See *Poetaster*, 147, 207. The reference is to Jonson's trial for the murder of Gabriel Spencer. See 285, 141, note.

298, 483. souldiers spur-royall. The spur-royal was a gold coin worth about 15*s*. It was named from the resemblance of the star on the reverse to the rowell of a spur. The "Soldiers" spur royal was a shilling, evidently.

298, 485. quick-silver. Quicksilver is used for wit, sprightliness, sharpness, etc.; also here for money.

298, 486. presse-money. Money paid to men who enlist, which binds them to be ready.

298, 488. crowne. A play on the word, which means also a coin worth five shillings.

298, 488. Porrex. See **296, 415**, note.

298, 488. teston. Originally a French coin, the name of which was given to the shilling of Henry VIII, which resembled it in appearance and value. The value of the coin was afterwards reduced to sixpence. Tucca offers "a souldiers spur-royall, twelve pence," doubles it ("double presse-money"), making two shillings, and adds a teston six pence, thus giving two shillings and sixpence or a half-crown.

299, 490. mandrake. A plant the juice of which was narcotic.

299, 492. Amadis de Gaule. The hero of the Spanish romance of that name.

299, 497. March faire. March straight becomingly or prosperously. Cf. Jonson. *The Case is Altered*, last line, "March fair all, for a *fair march is worth a kings ransom!*"

300, 1. lungis. A long, slim, awkward fellow; a lout. One who is long in doing anything; a laggard, a lingerer. [L. *Longinus*, the apocryphal name of the centurion who pierced our Lord with a spear, by popular etymology associated with L. *longus*, long.] *N.E.D.*

300, 3. Sesu. Sir Vaughan pronounces English like a Welshman, and substitutes *s* for *j*, *p* for *b*, *k* for *qu*, *s* for *sh*, and omits *w*.

300, 11. stronge backe . . . soft bellie. Cf. *The Guls Hornbook* (Temple Classics, p. 14) "fine backs, and fat bellyes are Coach-horses to two of the seven deadly sins.'

300, 14. a Lady. The term gentlewoman means of gentle birth, while Lady seems to refer to the wife of a knight or gentleman. See *Poetaster*, **32, 33–36**.

300, 16. all implements. Stephen Gosson, in *Pleasant Quippes for upstart Gentlewomen*, 1595, attacks in verse the use of feather fans, masks, etc. and the employment of coaches.

301, 20. my coach. See *Poetaster*, **38**, 180, note.

301, 20. my fan. "When it is considered, that the handle of the fan was made of the most costly materials, there will appear no impropriety in making the fan one of the implements belonging to the vocation of a lady." Hawkins' note.

301, 28. Low countries. Cf. Gosson (*Pleasant Quippes*),

"These Holland Smockes, so white as snowe,
And gorgets brave, with drawn-work wrought," etc.

301, 39. well headed. This refers to an arrow (prickshaft).

301, 39. shootes his bolt. Bolt was the arrow of the cross-bow, as distinguished from shaft, the arrow of the long-bow. There is a play on the words here in connection with the name Prickshaft, the term applied to arrows used in shooting at pricks or targets.

301, 46. knighted. Sir Vaughan, Sir Quintilian, and Sir Adam were all knights.

301, 47. device. Heraldic device, or symbol.

302, 59. browne study. Probably from "brown" in the transferred sense, dark, gloomy. A reverie.

302, 65–66. dog . . . to a Christian. There may be in this the idea that to Mohammedans the dog is unclean and must not be touched.

303, 76. bunce of reddis. There is, perhaps, a double meaning in this expression as used here, though the ordinary meaning is common enough. Cf. Jonson, *Every Man in His Humour*, 1, 5: "a bunch of radish and salt to taste our wine."

303, 78. yawning Captaine. This refers, perhaps, to Tucca's stuttering. See **286**, 164, note.

303, 79. sore mouth. Minever humorously explains Vaughan's pronunciation by suggesting that he has a sore mouth: or else the parenthesis is misplaced and should be after "reverence." "Sore mouth" would then refer to Tucca.

303, 85–88. rebato . . . pinning . . . poaked. See **273**, 64, note.

303, 90. the cloute. The mark in archery, originally a piece of white cloth in the centre of the target.

303, 94. **Musicke . . . silver voice.** Cf. *Fortunatus* (Dekker, Pearson, 1, p. 97), "sweete Musicke with her Silver sound," on which the note is, " . . . 'music with her silver sound' is a quotation from a poem by Richard Edwards, in *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, 1576, 1597."

304, 107. **key-colde.** Cold as a key; cf. Shakespeare, *Rich. III*, 1, 2, 5, "Poore key-cold figure of a holy king."

304, 114. **head.** Maidenhead.

304, 116. **maide.** A play on the word "made."

305, 141. **sapline.** Chaplain. There is a distinction between priest and chaplain, the latter being a personal attendant on the god.

305, 142. **prease.** old form of "press."

305, 148. **shalke for shees.** Chalk for cheese, a proverbial expression.

306, 153. **an't.** An it, if it.

306, 155–156. **ballads and rymes.** Jonson wrote a number of songs (ballads) in *Cynthia's Revels* and *Poetaster*, as well as others.

306, 156–157. **inke. . . . gall.** See 289, 240–242, note.

306, 167. **Miniver cappe.** A play on "Miniver," which was a kind of fur.

306, 170. **saking of the seetes.** The shaking of the sheets, a dance, Nares says, "often alluded to, but seldom without an indecent intimation," as here.

307, 186. **pleade my duetie.** Homage, submission to a superior.

308, 193. **beauties melt.** The quarto reads "beautie's melt," evidently a misprint.

308, 196. **confirmed Leige.** Liege lord, or lord paramount. This refers to the feudal system under which the lord had the right of the marriage night with the bride, a right which the king claims with Celestine — hence the play.

308, 200. **fadom.** A fathom was the extent of the outstretched arms. Here it means what they embrace, the bride.

309, 214. **course.** Coarse. Terril tries to prevent Celestine from going to the court, but is dared by the king and yields.

310, 225. **yellow.** Bilious, jealous.

311, 246. **Endimions.** The myth of Endymion and the moon was a favorite among the Elizabethans.

312, 5. **pee and kue.** This expression has several meanings; of best quality, precise, careful, e. g. cf. 1612, Rowlands, *Knave of Harts* (Hunterian Club), 20, "Bring in a quart of Maligo, right true; And look you Rogue that it be Pee and Kew."

312, 6. **broad backe.** Allusion to Jonson's physical size.

312, 10. **critist.** Critic.

312, 15. **proceede poetaster next commencement.** "Proceed" is a word for advancement to a degree at an English University Commencement.

312, 18. **smell somewhat of Horace.** If Asinius is Drayton (see note 280, 1) the allusion is to his poetry. For the literal meaning see *Poetaster*, 82, 420.

312, 20. **it passes.** "It passes all expression, a common way of speaking in our authors day" (Hawkins).

312, 23. **connive.** A word ridiculed by Jonson in *Cynthia's Revels*, IV, 1; *Moria*, ". . . howsoe'er you seem to connive."

313, 30. **by this feather.** See *Poetaster*, 64, 1–2, note.

313, 35. **set of letters readie starcht.** A "set" was one of the plaits of a ruff. Hawkins (p. 131) has a note to the effect that Elkanah Settle, who was city poet, ". . . was wont when he published any party-poem to send copies round to all the chiefs of his party, accompanied with addresses, in order to get pecuniary presents from them."

313, 42. **prettie diminutive roague.** This is thought by Mr. Hart (see 280, 1, note) to be an allusion to Drayton (Asinius) who was of small size.

313, 44. **Ma. Justice Shallow.** A character in *The Second Part of King Henry IV* and also in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

313, 48. **epigrams upon Tucca.** See 286, 168, note.

313, 49. **divulge.** An allusion to the custom of circulating poems in manuscript, to which other references are made in this play.

313, 50. **Crispinus . . . Crispin-asse.** See 296, 406, note.

313, 51. **play-dresser.** See *Poetaster*, 80, 367, note.

313, 53. **cut an innocent Moore.** See *Poetaster*, 78, 305–306, note, and 81, 396–402, where Jonson quotes and paro-

dies Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*. Dekker himself ridicules Peele's play (341, 191). We do not know what Dekker refers to when he says that Jonson "cut an innocent Moore i' th' middle," etc., though of course the reference is to plays. Mr. Fleay offers the only plausible explanation thus far discovered, but it is largely conjectural. He says (*Biog. Chron.* I, 127–128): "This play [*The Life and Death of Captain Thomas Stukeley*] is evidently by three authors. Act v, I think by Peele; the Alcazar part. . . . The altered play, dating probably 1600, was not made for the Admirals men — their name would have appeared in the title — but more likely for the Paul's boys."

"All this is explained in *Satiromastix*, Sc. 4, where Horace (Jonson) says Fannius (Dekker, Crispinus, *i. e.* Marston's playdresser), to make the muses believe their subjects' ears were starved, and that there was a dearth of poesy, cut an innocent Moor i' th' middle to serve him in twice, and when he had done made Paul's work of it." Dekker had patched up the play with half of one by Peele on the Moor Mahomet, and then published it. *Satiromastix* must, then, date after Aug. 11. See also *Biog. Chron.* II, 154, and Ward (1899), *Hist. Eng. Dram Lit.* I, 370–371, note.

314, 62. **Rosamond.** The beloved of Henry II, Rosamond Clifford. Samuel Daniel wrote a popular poem *Rosamond*, 1592.

314, 72–74. **That we . . . straine.** These lines are quoted, not exactly however, from the Prologue to *Cynthia's Revels*.

314, 76. **thy poesie . . . wreathes.** See Prologue to *Cynthia's Revels*, to which Dekker may refer: "The garland that she [his muse] wears," etc.

315, 2. **the bow hand wide.** The bow hand was the left, in which the bow was held. "Wide" means wide of the mark.

315, 2. **a long yard.** "Yard" has several meanings, a kind of arrow, a measure of length, etc.

315, 6. **first man.** This expression occurs a number of times in the literature of the time. Cf. *The Witch of Edmonton*, III, 1, "I am thy first man."

315, 7. I. Sir Quintilian interrupts himself when he notices Sir Adam.

315, 8. **flye faire.** Fly straight, or shoot fairly.

315, 13. **stile of majestie.** Title of majesty.

316, 33. in hugger mugger. In secret.

316, 35. blew coate. The coat or livery of a serving man.

317, 49. markes. A denomination of weight formerly employed (chiefly for gold and silver) throughout western Europe; its actual weight varied considerably, but it was usually regarded as equivalent to 8 ounces. "In England after the conquest . . . the value of a mark became fixed at 160 pence = 13 *s.* 4*d.* or ⅔ of the £ stirling." *N.E.D.*

317, 56. Salamander. A kind of animal which it was supposed fire could not burn. The name was used also for a kind of poker.

318, 75. on urd. See **318, 81**, "one urde," one word.

318, 82–83. breake my armes. Evidently the letter was sealed with his arms.

318, 88–89. no libell . . . my hand. See *Poetaster*, 141, 61–62.

318, 97. single and simple. "Single" means one in number; "simple" means composed of a single ingredient. "Simple" means also foolish, hence the play on the word.

319, 101. ride me. Double meaning. To "ride" was often used in the sense of "make a fool of," "treat at will."

319, 108. God bo'y. See **361, 193**, "God boygh." "Good bye" appears in various forms, God be wy you, God b'uy, God buy you. "It has been suggested that the phrase may have originated in *God buy you* = 'God redeem you,' and that association with *God be with you* is of later date. This is not supported by the earliest forms, which as a rule show that the expression was known to be a clipped one." *N. E. D.*

319, 111. Universalities. In Aristotelian logic the Universalities were five in number: — genus, species, difference, property, and accident.

319, 114. nose from his joynt. This may have either of the meanings: to put his nose out of joint = to supplant; or to joint one's nose of = to trick one out of.

319, 124. a good ansell. Play on the word angel. See **285, 132–134**, note.

320, 126. hue and crie. Hue is an old word for cry. O. F. *hu* = outcry.

320, 138. Dives. Probably the common reference to *St. Luke*, xvi, 19–31, the Story of Dives and Lazarus, and not a reference, though it may be, to an old moral dialogue, *Dives* or *Dives and Lazarus*, mentioned in *Sir Thomas More*. See Fleay, *Biog. Chron.* II, 292. The name Dives is from the Vulgate.

320, 139. Frier Tucke. In the Stories of Robin Hood, Friar Tuck is represented as a gourmand.

320, 146. Mirrour of Knighthood. *The Mirror of Princely Deeds and Knighthood* is the name of a Spanish romance translated into English by Margaret Tyler and published in nine parts, 1599–1601. See Brit. Mus. *Catalogue of Printed Books.*

320, 149. signe of Capricorne. The sign of the Zodiac which the Sun enters the latter part of December, a winter constellation; hence the allusion to Tiborne "cover'd with snow."

320, 150. Tiborne. All references to Tyburn suggest, of course, Jonson's having received the Tyburn mark, "T," branded on his thumb after the killing of Gabriel Spencer the player in a duel. See **285**, 141–142, note. Tyburn was the place where the gallows stood. It was near what is now Connaught Place in London.

321, 155. Friskin. A gay, frisky person, also a lively action, like a dance. See **394**, 17.

321, 156. ath hip. A term in wrestling. To have a person in one's power.

321, 160–161. Lady ath Lake . . . Sir Tristram. Sir Tristram or Tristan is the hero of one of the Arthurian romances. The Lady of the Lake was Vivian, the mistress of Merlin.

321, 161. thy chaine. See *Poetaster*, **23**, 227, note.

321, 163–164. glove . . . brooch. See *Poetaster*, **21**, 187–188, note.

321, 169. him; *i. e.* Sir Adam, to whom Tucca immediately refers.

321, 173. cucko. A man who debauches or tries to debauch another man's wife. Cf. "cuckold," the man whose wife has been unfaithful.

321, 173–174. gold-finch. A person with gold, referring to Sir Quintilian. The term was a common one. Cf. *Cynthia's Revels*, IV, 1, "you shall be no more Asotus to us, but our gold-finch."

321, 176. Belimperia. The heroine in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* and in the old *Jeronimo*, or *Hieronimo*.

321, 177. bald Derricke. This is said to Sir Adam, who was bald. Derrick was the hangman at Tyburn. He is frequently mentioned.

321, 178. Susanna . . . elders. The story in the Apocrypha. It was the basis of a play by Thomas Garter, *The Comedy of the Most Virtuous and godly Susanna*, 1578 (Fleay, *Biog. Chron.* I, 237), and also the subject of a ballad.

322, 185. father time. Addressed to Sir Adam. Dekker says, "the bald-pate her father, Time, has no hair to cover his head." *The Guls Hornbook* (Temple classics, p. 24).

322, 186. mother winter. *i. e.* Miniver. See **320, 149,** note.

322, 188–189. mother Mumblecrust. One of the characters in *Ralph Roister Doister* 1566. The name is used by Eyre in *The Shoemakers Holiday* (Dekker, Pearson I. p. 19) and in *Patient Grissell* (Sh. Soc. 1841, p. 66). Madge in *Misogonus*, III, I (1577), is called "Madge Mumblecrust." Mumblecrust means a toothless person. See **325, 277,** concerning Miniver's teeth.

322, 193. Dunce. Duns Scotus the Scholastic philosopher of the thirteenth century.

323, 212. Gutter-Lane. Cheapside was once so called from Guthurum, sometime the owner.

323, 214. gods Lord. An oath. "God is Lord" (?).

323, 221. mother Bunch. A famous alewife of the time, often referred to.

323, 222. Queene Gwyniver. See **321,** 160–161, for other references to the Arthurian stories; cf. also the old play, *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, 1587–88, by Thomas Hughes. (Fleay, *Biog. Chron.* I, 307.) Guenevera is one of the characters.

323, 227. discover. To uncover; hence the play on the word.

324, 234–235. Charing-crosse. One of the crosses set up by Edward I wherever the body of Queen Eleanor rested in the journey to Westminster Abbey in 1291. The original cross, which became "decay'd," was removed by order of Parliament in 1647. It stood where the statue of Charles I now stands in Trafalgar Square.

A modern copy of the cross is in front of Charing Cross Station in London.

324, 239–240. Long meg a Westminster. A curious book first printed in 1582 is entitled "The Life of Long Meg of Westminster: Containing The Merry Pranks She Played in her Life Time, Not Oneley in Performing Sundry Quarrells With Divers Ruffians about London," etc. She was a noted character in the time of Henry VIII, and is believed to have been buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. She kept a house of prostitution in Southwark. Henslowe (*Diary*, ed. Greg, I, p. 21) mentions a play "longe mege of Westmeester," 1594.

324, 243. devill a Dow-gate. *The Devil of Dow-gate and his Son* was the title of an old ballad on which a play was based in 1623 (Fleay, *Biog. Chron.* I, 218). Dow-gate, or Down-gate, Hill leads to one of the old water-gates of London, an ancient Roman gate.

324, 245. wide mouth at Bishops-gate. "A seventeenth-century trade token was issued from a house with the sign of the mouth in Bishopsgate street, and the Mouth appears in the rhyming list of Taverns, which is to be found in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*." *London Signs and Inscriptions*, P. Norman, 1893, p. 64.

324, 248–249. Sweet dame Annis a cleere. The name of a spring (Stowe, *Survey*, ed. Morley, p. 47).

324, 254. Madge-owlet. A barn owl.

324, 258. Sislie Bum-trincket. This name occurs several times in *The Shoemakers Holiday* (Dekker, Pearson, I, pp. 14 and 20) and in the Beggars' Song in *The Jovial Crew*, by Richard Brome (1641). It is a humorous term applied to a woman, but the meaning is not clear — "Sislie" is a spelling of Cicely or Cisly. "Bum-trincket," like "bum-roll," may refer to the dress.

325, 263. Mother Red-cap. Henslowe (*Diary*, ed. Greg, I, pp. 70, 82, 83) mentions a play, *Mother Red-cap*, 1597, by Drayton and Monday. See **280**, 1, note; also Fleay, *Biog. Chron.* I, 157. The expression "Red-cap" occurs again, **389**, 316.

325, 267 a meere gentlewoman. See **300**, 14, note.

325, 268. a gentle and Ile nibble. Tucca plays on the words. A "gentle" was a person of gentle birth, and also a kind

of worm used as bait for fishing. To "nibble" was to take small bites, as a fish does of bait, or to fidget the fingers, or to play with a thing with the fingers.

325, 269–270. cap-a-maintenance . . . naked sword. The cap worn as a symbol of dignity or official rank, or carried before a dignitary in processions. The cap and sword were borne before the Lord Mayor, and before the Sovereign at coronation. "Naked sword" is used by Tucca with an obscene meaning. Cf. Chapman (ed. Shepherd, p. 299). "She ran upon his naked weapon, the most finely that ever lived."

325, 271. Lettice cap. A cap made of lettice, a gray or whitish fur from a kind of polecat. A lettice cap was supposed to produce sleep.

325, 275. hot-cockles. A game in which one player lay face down, or knelt with eyes covered, and, being struck by other players, guessed who struck him.

325, 275–276. Gammer Gurton . . . needle. *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, a play by Bishop Still, was acted in 1562–63 at court, and at Cambridge in 1566. Fleay (*Biog. Chron.* II, 253).

325, 277. thy teeth . . . like the arches. See **322**, 188, note, "mumblecrust." The Arches of old London Bridge are often referred to. There were twenty of them, built of stone, and supporting houses.

325, 280. stag . . . buffe. Stag = stag color, referring to the buffe leather which Tucca wore.

325, 281. heer's velvet. Velvet was worn by courtiers.

325, 288. gold-smithes stall. The goldsmiths displayed their wares on stalls. They were also bankers.

326, 289. Ladie ath Hospital. 326, 299. Joane-a-bedlam. St. Mary of Bethlehem was the name of the priory founded in 1246 at Bishopsgate by Simon Fitz Mary. In 1547 it was given to the city of London as a hospital for the insane. "Bedlam" = Bethlehem. The word is used commonly for insane asylums.

326, 293. payre of Knights. A pack of cards was called a "pair," and Knight was an old name for the knave at cards. (See Nares.)

326, 305. frock . . . foote cloth. i. e. Minever's dress turned

into a saddle-cloth hanging to the ground from the side of a horse.

326, 306. **carted, drawne.** Dr. Scherer notes the play on these words. Bawds were "carted," that is, exhibited in the streets in carts as punishment. Criminals were "drawn and quartered."

326, 307–308. **hood . . . shipskin-cap.** See *Poetaster*, **34**, 79–81, note. The hood was worn by ladies.

326, 312. **Lucifer.** Synonym for pride. *Isaiah* XIV, 12.

326, 313. **Maide-marian.** A common expression for a prostitute. "Maid Marian seems here to mean Robin Hood's concubine, not the lady of the Morris; as most of the names Tucca throws out are taken from the popular old story books, and romances of the times." (Hawkins, p. 142.) In Henslowe's *Diary* we find mention of *Robin Hood* (ed. Greg, I, pp. 83, 84, 85, 99, 124, 125). The subject was a popular one.

326, 314–315. **Anthony . . . Cleopatria.** The story was familiar. It was treated by Samuel Daniel in *The tragedy of Cleopatra*, 1593, and of course by Shakespeare in *Antony and Cleopatra*.

326, 316. **Alexis secrets.** Alexas is an attendant on Cleopatra in *Antony and Cleopatra*. The reference is perhaps to the scene with the Soothsayer (I, 2).

326, 316–**327**, 317. **Rose . . . Beare-garden.** Paris garden was a tract on the Banksside in Southwark which derived its name from Robert de Paris, who had a house and land there in the reign of Richard II. That land and its immediate vicinity became the locality in which were situated the Bear-Garden, a place where exhibitions of bear-baiting, etc., were given, and several theatres, the Swan, the Rose, the Globe, and later the Hope.

327, 321. **Mary Ambree.** Mary Ambree is said to have fought at the siege of Ghent in 1584 to avenge her lover's death. The famous ballad on the subject is given in Percy's *Reliques*.

327, 325. **Newgate.** The old prison, which existed until a few years ago. Walking "two and two in Newgate-fashion" is mentioned by Shakespeare in *Henry IV*, Pt. I, III, 3, 104.

327, S. D. **with papers.** Perhaps this is a reply to *Poetaster*, V, 3, where papers written by Horace, Crispinus, and Demetrius respectively are introduced.

327, 330. Epigrams. These played an important part in the interchange of courtesies. Cf. Marston, *Pigmalion* (The Author in Prayse), l. 321 "Now, by the whype of Epigramatists Ile not be lasht."

327, 331. disperst. The circulating of poems, etc., in manuscript was common.

328, 333. Lege Legito. Read, Read.

328, 334–335. monstrous . . . seene for money. An allusion to Tucca's "skeldring" (*Poetaster*, II, 27, note) and to *Poetaster*, **23**, 229–232, "they doe see monsters, sometimes. . . . *Pyrg.* Better cheape [i. e. cheaper] then he shall see you." There is probably an allusion to Tucca's having been presented on the stage in *Poetaster*.

328, 341. vilye. The word "vile" (Lat. *vilis*, cheap, valueless) meant worthless, ignominious, in Jonson's time. Cf. *Phil.* III, 21, "our vile body." The adverb "vilely" had a similar meaning, as here.

328, 346. atheist. Actors were regarded by many (e. g. Gosson) as immoral and profligate characters. See *Poetaster*, 14, 9, and 15, 42, notes.

Kyd and Marlowe were both accused of being atheists. See *The Works of Thomas Kyd*, ed. Boas, pp. cviii–cxvi, for documents containing the accusations.

328, 349. he feedes on all. See *Poetaster*, 78, 317.

328, 353. young gentlemen. Dr. Scherer suggests that this may refer to the actual age of Demetrius (Dekker). We do not know the date of Dekker's birth, but it was probably about 1570. See Life of Dekker in this volume.

328, 354. stinckers. Low fellows From a number of passages it seems that this term was used in many cases almost literally.

328, 356. poet . . . untrust. Cf. title of *Satiromastix*, and *Poetaster*, 119, 33, and 152, 325.

328, 357. Mum-pudding. Cf. Nashe's *Lenten Stuffe* (ed. Grosart, v, 269). "The nurse or mother mampudding." Stowe (*Survey of London*, ed. W. J. Thoms, 1842, p. 52) mentions a beer house in Tower Street Ward kept by "one Mother mampudding." Dr. Scherer suggests that mampudding = mum-pudding, a pudding with mum or beer sauce. Is not mam-pudding, or mum-pudding rather, personally descriptive?

329, S. D. florish; . . . sennate. The "flourish" consisted of scales played on the "waits," the instrument corresponding to our hautboy. The "sennat" was the natural notes of a trumpet.

329, 2. A kisse the ditty. Perhaps an allusion to *Cynthia's Revels*, IV, where Hedon sings *The Kiss*. A ditty is a composition to be set to music, and also the substance or burden of a poem.

329, 3–4. your . . . night. The quarto punctuation is retained, but what is the meaning of l. 4? Is the King reminding the bride of the privilege of kings under the feudal system (see **308**, 196, note) and of Terill's promise (**310**, 239–242) to bring her to court?

329, 9–10. behinde noone. After noon.

331, 40. motions. See *Poetaster*, **80**, 364, note.

331, 42. our. Dr. Scherer corrects quarto reading, "out."

332, 75. long stocking. See *Poetaster*, **58**, 201, note.

334, 11. hounds. Sir Vaughan used the word "brace," which was applied to hounds.

334, 12. a. He.

334, 19. in hipocritnes. He really does not want Sir Adam present, but pretends that he does.

335, 45. small timber'd gallant. This refers to Asinius, who, in Mr. Hart's opinion, is Drayton (see **280**, 1, note). Drayton was of small size. Cf. also *Poetaster*, **35**, 110–111.

336, 52. sweetest oathes. Referring primarily to the oath on the sweetmeats, but see *Cynthia's Revels* for ridicule of courtiers and their oaths.

337, 77–78. balde . . . hairy. Baldness has always been a subject for ridicule. Dr. Small (*Stage Quarrel*, p. 124) states that the passages concerning baldness and hair "doubtless formed a part of the Vaughan plot of the original tragedy, having been there delivered by other characters; for in neither address is there any allusion to the events of the quarrel, or any imitation of the style of Jonson or Marston." Dr. Small mentions "Richard Harvey's *Defence of Short Hair*, and Nash's hits at that defense in *Have with you to Saffron Walden* and *Summer's Last Will*. The dispute dates back to Dio Chrysostom's *Praise of Hair* [Κόμης ἐγκώμιον] and

Synesius' *Encomium Calvitii*; the latter work was Englished by Abraham Fleming in 1579."

That the passages in question had nothing to do with Jonson and belonged to "the original tragedy" is an assumption at variance with the treatment of Horace throughout the play. Practically every line assigned to Horace, or spoken to or about him, in the play is based on some fact or opinion concerning Jonson, but not necessarily connected with this particular quarrel. The ridicule of baldness and the praise of hair is an old topic. Dekker discusses it in *The Guls Hornbook*, chap III. In the *Conversations* with Drummond (ed. Laing, p. 34) is an "Epitaph of a Longe Bearde" and (p. 31) the following one of Jonson's "Jeasts and Apothegms": "One who wore side hair being asked of ane other, who was bald, why he suffered his haire to grow so long, answered, it was to sie if his haire would grow to seed, that he might sow of it on bald pates." Laing's note is: "'This jest of beards running to seed, 'to sow bald pates withall,' is introduced by Jonson in *The Staple of News*, Act III, Scene I."

We do not know what these passages in *Satiromastix* refer to as concerning Jonson. Horace is called "hayre-monger" 345, 22, and "lyme and hayre rascall" 293, 332. There is in Harleian MS. 6057, fol. 9, and in Additional MS. 21,433, fol. 109, of the British Museum a *Poem on Dark Hair* ascribed to Jonson. Mr. Percy Simpson, who called the editor's attention to this poem, writes as follows: "The poem on Baldness in *Satiromastix*, purporting to be a parody of Jonson, gives some slight support to this ascription, but the lines have other claimants. They are printed in Pembroke and Ruddier's 'Poems' with the initial 'R.' Harl. MS. 6931, fol. 8, ascribes them to Walton Poole; Sloane MS. 1792, fol. 23, and Additional MS. 30,982, fol. 152, give the poem anonymously with the heading 'On Mrs Poole.' The poem has also been claimed for Donne, and has been printed by Mr. E. K. Chambers, in his edition of Donne, among the 'Doubtful Poems.' Mr. Chambers adds farther details about extant MS. copies, but gives no clear reason for assigning the piece to Donne."

337, 89. **Ile of Man.** The expression probably has reference to the peculiar laws by which the Isle of Man still enjoys a large measure of independence.

338, 125. scurvy scalded reason. Baldness was often the result of scurvy and scald.

339, 131. enameld. Enamoured.

339, 137. worshipfull harper. Addressed to Sir Vaughan and referring to the use of the harp by Welsh bards.

339, 142. Cadwallader. The name of the Welsh king, son of Cadwaller, who, in a prophecy of Merlin, was to return and expel the Saxon from the land.

339, 145. sering. Perhaps a misprint for "string." Asinius, to whom it is addressed, is in **342, 218**, called Lute-string by Tucca. T. M. Parrott, *Mod. Lang. Review*, VI, 3, p. 401.

339, 150. fye'st. A corruption of "foist." "He that picks the pocket is called a *foist*." Dekker, *The Belman of London* (Temple classics, p. 145). "Foist" means also to break wind.

339, 150. Hamlet revenge. This is probably an allusion to the old play of *Hamlet* and not to Shakespeare's play, although the latter was entered S. R. 1602, XXVI July, as "a booke called the Revenge of Hamlet Prince Denmarke as yt was latelie Acted by the Lo: Chamberleyn his Servantes." The following passages refer to the old *Hamlet*. "Lodge in his *Wits Miserie*, 1596, speaks of 'the ghost which cried so miserably at the Theator like an oister-wife, *Hamlet*, revenge.'" "Lodge's allusion . . . suggests a performance of it at the 'Theater' in 1596, and it would appear to have been brought again about 1602 at Paris Garden, for Tucca in *Satiromastix* exclaims, "My name 's *Hamlet Revenge:* — thou hast been at Parris Garden, hast not?" *Works of Kyd*, ed. Boas (1901), pp. xlvii, liii.

339, 151. Parris garden. See **326, 316**, note.

339, 152. Zulziman. Probably a reference to Kyd's *Soliman and Perseda* (1599), as suggested by Ward (*Engl. Dram. Lit.* I., p. 311, note). As Mr. Boas (*Kyd*, p. xci) says, "a more unmistakable reference [to that play] occurs later, when Tucca salutes the King as 'great Sultane Soliman.'" (**384, 170.**)

340, 157. Fulkes. Probably an allusion to Fulk Fitz Warine, an outlaw on whose adventures some critics think the stories of Robin Hood were founded. Dr. Scherer suggests that Fulkes may have been the name of a bear.

340, 159. jorneyman player. See *Poetaster*, **24, 258**, note.

340, 161. **good face upon't.** Perhaps an allusion to Jonson's appearance and also to his ability as an actor. See *Cynthia's Revels*, II, 1, where Amorphus gives an exhibition of face-making, and *The Returne from Parnassus*, II, 4, 3, where Kemp does the same. Cf. **328**, 345, "poore honest face-maker."

340, 163. **play-wagon.** Theatrical companies gave performances in the provinces. See Schelling, *Eliz. Dram.* I, p. 389, and Halliwell-Phillips, *Visits of Shakespeare's Company to Provincial Towns.*

340, 164. **Jeronimoes part.** See **297**, 437, and **298**, 461, notes.

340, 165. **Stagerites.** Humorous word from "Stager," and also a play on the name "Stagirite" of Aristotle, who laid down laws for the drama.

340, 166. **Ile of Dogs.** A marshy tract on the left bank of the Thames opposite Greenwich. Cf. *The Return from Parnassus*, Part II, v, 3, "writts are out for me, to apprehend me for my playes, and now I am bound for the Ile of doggs."

340, 167. **Guy.** A reference to Guy of Warwick, the hero of an old romance and of a ballad. The name as here used may have been that of a dog at the Bear-garden.

340, 169. **read, lege.** A reference to Jonson's having been saved from the gallows by his ability to read, or "con his neck verse." See **285**, 141, note.

340, 173. **farding candle.** An expression implying worthlessness, insignificance.

340, 174. **Damboys.** A reference to the same subject as Chapman's play, *Bussy d'Ambois* (1607, 40), probably of 1603. Fleay says (*Biog. Chron.* I, 59): "The line in *Satiromastix* . . . seems to be taken from a play on the subject earlier than 1601." See E. E. Stoll, *Mod. Lang. Notes*, XX, 206.

340, 177. **nittigrams.** Humorous word of Vaughan's for Epigrams.

340, 178. **sprite ath buttry.** The sprite of the buttry was the spirit of wine. *N.E.D.*

341, 187. **metheglin.** A kind of mead peculiar to Wales.

341, 188. **whore a Babilon.** Dekker's play *The Whore of Babylon* was produced in 1605, but was based on an earlier play,

evidently, which Fleay thinks was *Truths Supplication to Candlelight* (*Henslowe's Diary*, ed. Greg. I, 58 and 117 and II, 210). See Fleay, *Biog. Chron.* I, 133.

341, 191. **Feede . . . Calipolis.** See *Poetaster*, 81, 396–402, note.

341, 200. **Dam me.** Cf. 348, 103; also *Poetaster*, 171, 68–172, 80.

341, 208. **cumrade.** Among soldiers, a tent-fellow, originally one who shares the same room.

342, 215. **winter-plummes.** Cf. Dekker, *The Ravens Almanacke* (ed. Grosart, IV, 187): "Know when Winter-plomes are ripe and ready to be gathered."

342, 218. **Sir Eglamour.** One of the Knights of the Round Table, and the hero of a ballad which tells how he slew a dragon. The story of Sir Eglamore was published in Edinburgh, 1508. *Sir Eglamore* is mentioned in *Stationers Register* (Arber, II, p. 186), Jan. 15, 1582.

342, 218. **Lute-stringe.** See 339, 145, note.

342, 225. **Hobby-horse.** A character in the old May games. See *Poetaster*, 33, 60, note.

342, 235. **mum.** Here used as a verb. Probably, as Dr. Parrott suggests (*Mod. Lang. Review*, VI, 3, 405), short for mumchance, a game with dice.

343, 239. **mum-budget.** Perhaps originally the name of a children's game where silence was required. *N.E.D.*

343, 242. **great and . . . little sword.** "The fashion of wearing two swords is humorously described by Butler, *Hudibras*, B. I, Canto I, "This sword a dagger had, his page." Hawkins.

343, 246. **cossens Garman.** cousins german.

343, 247–248. **reversion of the Master of the King's Revels.** "Ben Jonson obtained from King James a reversionary grant of the office of Master of the Revels, but Jonson never derived any advantage from this grant, because Sir John Astley survived him." Malone remarks that from the passage in *Satiromastix* it "should seem . . . that Ben had made some attempt to obtain a reversionary grant of this place before the death of Queen Elizabeth" (Malone, *The Plays of William Shakspeare*, vol. II, p. 230, Basil, 1799).

343, 248–249. **Lord of Mis-rule.** "The invention and management of such shows certainly formed a prominent function of the *dominus festi* . . . variously known as the Christmas Lord, or the Lord or Abbot of Misrule. The establishment of a permanent Master of the Revels, in 1545, by no means abolished the Lord of Misrule." Schelling, *Eliz. Drama*, I, 76. See also *Poetaster*, 179, **the Master of Revells**, note.

344, 264. **paralels.** See *Poetaster*, 15, 33, "are wee paralells."

344, 271. **I owe God a death.** Cf. *Henry IV*, Pt. 1, v, 1, "Why, thou owest God a death."

345, 17. **Pasquil's-mad-cap.** Nicholas Breton published in 1600 a book called *Pasquil's Mad-cap*. The name Pasquil, or Pasquin, is said to have been that of a tailor in Rome, in front of whose shop was placed a statue, on which libels and satires were posted. The authorship of these was attributed to the tailor, whose name became adopted as a word for satires and jests.

345, 17. **mother Bee.** Mother Bee is one of the characters in the Interlude, *The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom*, 1579 (*Sh. Soc.* 1846, ed. Halliwell and *Early English Dramatists*, ed. Farmer, 1908). See 390, 354, note.

345, 19. **basket hiltes.** Swords with basket-like protection for the hands.

345, 22. **hayre-monger.** Referring to Horace's poem, 337, 84–338, 122. See also 293, 332, note.

345, 31. **Scanderbag.** The famous Albanian, Georg Kastriote, 1403–1468, who, under the name Scanderbeg, fought against the Turks. In the *Stationers' Register* for E. Allde, 3d July, 1601, is entered *The true history of George Scanderbage*. See Fleay, *Biog. Chron.* II, 318.

346, 39. **my red flag.** A reference, perhaps, to Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, IV, 2, 116–117 (ed. Bullen):

> "But if he stay until the bloody flag
> Be once advanced."

Cf. also Shakespeare, *Coriolanus*, II, 1, 84, and *Henry V*, I, 2, 101, to which Dr. Scherer refers.

346, 45. **Turke-a-ten-pence.** An expression of contempt which occurs a number of times in Elizabethan literature.

346, 50. **colde Cornelius.** Cf. Nashe, *Pierce Penilesse*: "Men and women that have gone under the South pole (Alias, Mother Cornelius meridian) must lay off their furde nightcaps in spight of their teeth, and become yeomen of the Vinegar bottle," etc. On their passage Mr. McKerrow (*Nashe*, p. 182, 3–5) remarks: "The tubs used for the cure by sweating, of the Venereal disease are generally called 'Cornelius tubs.'"

346, 51. **Respice funem.** This may be a misprint, *funem*, rope, for *finem*, end, or may glance at Jonson's duel, and escape from hanging, although addressed to Asinius.

346, 52. **my little cutlers shoppe.** Addressed to Tucca's boy, not to Asinius.

346, 53. **slender gentleman.** Mr. Hart thinks that Asinius is Drayton (see **280**, 1, note), and that this is a reference to Drayton's size.

347, 60. **Huon.** Huon of Bordeaux was one of the heroes of the Charlemagne cycle of romances. Henslowe (*Diary*, ed. Greg, I, p. 16) mentions a play, "hewen of burdoche," 1593, the authorship of which is unknown. Mr. Greg says (*Henslowe's Diary*, II, p. 158), "The only known edition of this romance, translated from the French by Lord Berners, which appeared in Elizabeth's reign, is dated 1601, but many editions have probably perished."

347, 62. **paper in 's bellie**; *i. e.* was padded with paper so as not to be easily hurt.

347, 67. **foule-fisted morter-treader.** An allusion to Jonson's trade of bricklayer. See **361**, 194–195, and **385**, 201.

347, 72. **valliant . . . man of the sword.** See *Poetaster*, **119**, 20–22.

347, 73–80. **A gentleman . . . humour.** Jonson's plays are here mentioned by name. See *Poetaster*, **16**, 46–65, also *Satiromastix*, **363**, 241–248, notes.

347, 74. **pennie-bench.** See *Poetaster*, **71**, 147, note. See also *Satiromastix*, **394**, 18–19.

347, 75–76. **squirrell . . . mermaid.** Terms for prostitutes.

347, 80. **legions and bandes.** See *Poetaster*, **72**, 165–168.

347, 81. **shoulder-clappers.** Sergeants who arrest people.

347, 84. **mad Horastratus.** Tucca plays on the name Horace, in thus pronouncing Herostratus, the name of a notorious Ephesian who in order to make himself famous set fire to the temple of Diana.

347, 85. **killing a player.** See 285, 141–142, note.

348, 93. **Palinodicall rimester.** A reference to the Palinode at the close of *Cynthia's Revels*.

348, 94. **solœcismes.** Cf. *Poetaster*, 55, 124, note. This is Dekker's reply.

348, 101. **Quiddits.** A word derived from L. *quid* by the scholastic philosophers, who discussed the "quiddity" or real essence of a thing. *N.E.D.* "Quiddits" are subtle distinctions. Tucca refers perhaps to the legal difficulties mentioned by Jonson in the address to Mr. Richard Martin (see *Poetaster*, 3, note).

348, 102. **flirt inke.** See *Poetaster*, 175, 146–147.

348, 106. **Monsieur Machiavell.** The celebrated Italian statesman, who died in 1527. Henslowe mentions a play, *Matchavell*, 2 March, 1591. (*Diary*, ed. Greg, 1, p. 13).

348, 110. **the man in the moone.** The meaning seems to be: You swore that you were as innocent as the man in the moon. The man in the moon is often referred to in Elizabethan writings. There is no reference here to the story of Endymion mentioned, 310, 243–311, 247.

349, 112–113. **maligo-tasters.** Maligo = Malaga, a kind of wine. (See 312, 5, note, quotation.) The word is formed on the analogy of poetaster, grammaticaster.

349, 113. **Cinocephalus.** One of a fabled race of men with dogs' heads (*κυνοκέφαλος*) told of by Herodotus and Strabo, and also by Mandeville in his *Travels*.

349, 118. **no faith.** An allusion to the fact that Jonson became a Roman Catholic in 1598, as he told Drummond (*Conv.* Sh. Soc. p. 19).

349, 122. **Alexander and Lodwicke.** The name of a play by Martin Slaughter, mentioned by Henslowe (*Diary* 1, ed. Greg, p. 45) 14th Jan. 1597.

349, 122–123. **sworne brothers.** Properly brothers in arms, according to the old laws of chivalry.

349, 123–124. Perithous . . . Theseus. Perithous went with Theseus to the lower world to bring back Persephone. They appear in a scene in the *Hercules* plays (anonymous). See Fleay, *Biog. Chron.* II, 303 and 304.

349, 130–132. bring me . . . Lucian. A reference to *Poetaster*, V, 3, in which Jonson adapted a scene from Lucian, in giving the pills to Crispinus. The Heliconistes are Marston and Dekker (Crispinus and Demetrius).

349, 135. parcell-poets. A term of contempt. See *Poetaster*, 73, 186, note.

349, 135. shall sue: See **386, 226,** where Crispinus and Demetrius bring Horace to trial as he had brought them in *Poetaster*, V, 3.

349, 137. in Forma Pauperis. A "pauper" is, in law, "one allowed, on account of poverty, to sue or defend in a court of law without paying costs (*in forma pauperis*)." *N.E.D.*

350, 141. little Hercules. Allusion, Mr. Hart thinks, to the small size of Asinius (Drayton). See **280,** 1, note.

350, 151. Thomas Thomasius. The author of *Thomae Thomasii Dictionarium*, 1587, a book which appeared in many later editions. He lived 1553–1588, and was a printer as well as a lexicographer. The allusion is fixed by the reference to "ten thousand words."

350, 162–163. to cry mum. The game of mum-budget. See **343, 239.**

350, 164–165. winke-a-pipes: Written also "wink-a-peep" and "wincopipe," a name for the scarlet pimpernel. The term is here used as one of contempt.

351, 168. Sampson. The story of Samson and Delilah (*Judges*, XVI) was familiar. Henslowe mentions a play, *The Boocke of Samson*, July 29, 1602 (*Diary*, ed. Greg, I, 169).

351, 171. O Caesar. Caesar is of course a character in *Poetaster*, though this may not be an allusion to that play.

351, 183. Trangdo. Probably, as Professor Bang suggests (*Satiromastix*, ed. Scherer, note), this is the same word as "trangdido"; cf. "dildo," "dildido." "Dildo" is a word used in the refrain of ballads. It is also a term for a phallus, and a contemptuous term for a man or boy. *N.E.D.* Cf. c. 1650, *Roxb. Ball.*

II, 455. "She proved herself a Duke's daughter, and he but a Squire's son. Sing trang dildo lee." Cf. also Ford, *Lover's Melancholy*, IV, 2 (1628), "I will firk his trangdido"; and *The Fancies Chaste and Noble*, IV, 1 (1636), "I will tickle their trangdidos." As Professor Bang thinks, the word probably means "buttocks."

351, 186–187. crosse a this sword. It was common to swear by the cross of a sword, or, as here, by the sword and dagger crossed.

352, 202–205. button-cap . . . flawne. A flawne was a kind of pancake, and the term was applied also, as here, to a flat cap worn by Flash. See *N. E. D.* s. v. flawne. See **363, 243,** note.

354, 15. has. He has.

355, 37. blazing starres . . . warres. Comets were believed to foretell wars and pestilences.

356, 56. He has . . . wit. A common proverb. Cf. Shakespeare, *Two Gent.* III, 1, 361; *Comedy of Errors*, II, 2, 84.

356, 58. bush-naturall. Cf. Dekker, *The Guls Hornbook* (Temple Classics, p. 28), "But let thine receive his full growth, that thou maiest safely and wisely brag 't is thine owne *Bush-naturall.*" Also Ray (*Proverbs*, p. 180), "Bush-natural, more hair than wit."

356, S. D. this paradox. The discussion of paradoxes was evidently a favorite form of amusement. See Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 92.)

356, 71. Wit whether wilt thou. A proverb; cf. *As You Like It*, IV, 1, 168.

356, 71–72. Poeticall Furie. See *Poetaster*, **99, 120** note.

357, 95–96. thalimum . . . crosse-stickes . . . polinoddyes . . . nappy-grams. Sir Vaughan plays on these words, as Dr. Scherer states. Thalimum = Epithalamium; crosse-stickes = acrostics; polinoddyes = palinodes (cf. Palinode at end of *Cynthia's Revels*); poll = head, noddy = fool; nappy-grams = epigrams, nappy = causing sleep.

357, 99. This . . . now. Hawkins assigns their line to Tucca. The quarto is correct, however, in giving it to Horace. It is an "aside."

357, 101. ungodly face. See **297, 454–455,** note.

358, 106–107. poore fellow under Ludgate. There

was a debtor's prison at Ludgate, one of the old gates of London. See 294, 353, note.

358, 110. **songs and sonnets.** See *Poetaster*, 10, 5, note.

358, 120. **white neck-verse.** See 285, 141–142, note. "White" was used as a term of favor in various connections.

358, 123–124. **burning Knight of the Salamander.** See 317, 56, note. For a similar title, cf. *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, by Beaumont and Fletcher (1610?).

358, 128. **clipst.** To clip is to cut short or mispronounce. Jonson (Horace) criticised the language of his contemporaries in *Every Man in his Humour*, *Every Man out of his Humour*, *Cynthia's Revels*, and *Poetaster*. "Clip" means also to embrace or hold fast; hence the mention of "mouse-trappes," 359, 132. Dr. Parrott calls attention to the connection between "clip" and "treason" in this passage and quotes *Henry V*, IV, 1, 246 ff. (*Mod. Lang. Review*, VI, 3, 405).

359, 138. **Adam Bell.** This is addressed to Sir Adam, who was bald. Adam Bell was an outlaw and archer, celebrated with Clim of the Clough and William of Cloudesley in a ballad.

359, 143–144. **vineger-bottle.** Cf. Nashe, *Christ's Tears*, note (ed. Grosart, p. 7). "It will bee some of their destinies to carry the vinegar bottle ere they die, for being so desperate in prejudice."

359, 150. **uglie Pope Boniface.** Dr. Scherer says, "Boniface = bonne face. Naturlich ironisch." The adjective "uglie," however, makes it seem likely that here Boniface = bony face. Tucca calls Horace (388, 292), "leane . . . hollow-cheekt scrag." Macilente, who is perhaps Jonson himself, in *Every Man out of his Humour* is described as "lean Macilente," and "a rank, raw-boned Anatomy."

359, 153. **stab'd.** Tucca stabs Horace with an apple, but it must be remembered that Horace was "muffled."

360, 177. **Lazarus.** See 320, 138, note.

361, 186. **blunt as the top of Poules.** The spire of St. Paul's, which was tall and pointed, as represented in the old pictures, was struck by lightning and burned June 4, 1561. The square stone tower, however, remained; hence the expression,

"blunt as the top of Poules." In the fire, 1666, the church was destroyed. The present cathedral was built by Sir Christopher Wren and completed in 1708 A contemporary account of the burning of St. Paul's is *The True Report of the burning of the Steeple and Church of Paul's in London*, 1561, Reprinted in *An English Garner*, Tudor Tracts.

361, 187. **aloe, cicatrine tongue.** Bitter, like the *Aloe Socotrina*.

361, 191. **lanthorne and candlelight.** The cry of the night watchman or "Bel-man." Cf. *The Bel-Man of London* and *Lanthorne and Candle-light*, the titles of two of Dekker's works.

361, 194. **Symneys.** Referring to Jonson's early trade of bricklayer. See **286**, 173.

361, 197–198. **rotten railes . . . on Poules head.** See **361**, 186, note; "railes" is used with double meaning. See **298**, 464, note, "rayling." Cf. Dekker, *The Guls Hornbook* (Temple Classics, p. 37), "to the top of Powles steeple . . . take heede how you looke downe into the yard; for the railes are as rotten as your great-grandfather."

361, 201. **I am Sir Salamanders.** Tucca had introduced Vaughan secretly, **356**, S. D., having dismissed Flash (Salamander), **352**, 207.

361, 205. **blankets.** Tossing in a blanket was evidently a common punishment Cf. Dekker, *The Guls Hornbook* (Temple classics, p. 53), "you shall disgrace him worse then by tossing him in a blanket, or giving him the bastinado in a tavern."

361, 207. **Venice glasses.** Cups or goblets of glass made in Venice.

361, 209–210. **bandy . . . racket.** Terms in tennis. A bandy was a stroke with the racket, or the ball so struck.

361, 210. **When.** Used absolutely, meaning "ready," "now, then!"

361, 211. **mad Tamberlaine.** Allusion to the character of Tamburlaine, as presented in Marlowe's play, *Tamburlaine the Great*, 1587.

361, 212. **morter.** See **347**, 67, note.

362, 219. **Out of this infamous.** Horace had been brought in "muffled," stabbed with an apple, which he thought was a dagger, and tossed in a blanket.

362, 228–230. actions . . . law. See *Poetaster*, 19, 140, note, and 171, 69, note. Also the address to Mr. Richard Martin, *Poetaster*, 3.

362, 233. Skip-Jacke. "The merry thought of a fowl, made into a little toy by a twisted thread and a small piece of stick." (*Halliwell.*) Also, a shallow, impertinent fellow; boys who show off horses.

362, 234–235. arrogance and impudence, and ignoraunce. This refers to *Cynthia's Revels*, II, 1, *Mercury* (of Anaides), ". . . he has two essential parts of the courtier, pride and ignorance; . . . 'Tis Impudence itself, Anaides . . ." and *Cynthia's Revels*, III, 2, *Crites* (of Hedon and Anaides) "Both impudent and ignorant enough"; also *Poetaster*, 100, 135–136. There are several similar passages.

362, 238. puncke. Punch, with perhaps a play on "punk." **pincke.** To pierce with a rapier or sword. **pumpe.** To drain or exhaust, perhaps here referring to the motion in tossing in a blanket.

363, 241–246. Ile tell . . . conscience. This is an attack on Jonson's theory of Comedy, as set forth in the Prologue to *Every Man in His Humour*, where he objects to the means employed by dramatists to interest and amuse their audiences, and says that he will not resort to such devices, but will present

> ". . . deeds and language, such as men do use,
> And persons such as comedy would choose,
> When she would shew an image of the times."

363, 242. cittizens. See *Poetaster*, 32, 35, note. Albius and Chloe (in *Poetaster*) were in Dekker's mind when he wrote *Satiromastix*, for Tucca calls these characters names, which are here repeated.

363, 243. flat-caps. A kind of cap enjoined to be worn by citizens on certain occasions, by a statute of 1571. See Stow's *Survey* (ed W. J. Thomas, 1842, pp. 198–199) for an account of these caps. Cf. *Every Man in His Humour*, II. 1, "From my flat-cap unto my shining shoes."

363, 243–244. cuckolds . . . banckrupts . . . punckes . . . cockatrices. The passages referred to by Dekker are *Poetaster*, 107, 48–108, 79; 109, 124; 99, 97, and 101, 178.

363, 245. two poets. Crispinus (Marston) and Demetrius (Dekker) in *Poetaster*.

363, 248. company of horrible blacke fryers. *Poetaster* was performed at the Black Friars Theatre, as is stated on the title page of the quarto, 1602.

363, 252. arraign'd poet. Cf. the title of *Poetaster or His Arraignment*.

363, 253. hang'd. See **285**, 141–142, note.

363, 254. part-takers. A play on the word "partaker," a sharer, and "part-taker," one who takes a "part" in a play.

363, 254. copper-lac'd Christians. See **286**, 176, note. The mention of Purgatory, one of the beliefs of the Roman Catholic Church, perhaps glances at the fact that Jonson was a Catholic. See **349**, 118, note. We do not know what "player" is here referred to by Dekker.

363, 258. foure wenches. Miniver, Petula, Philocalia, and Dicace.

363, 261. they envy me. See *Poetaster*, **158**, 475–484.

364, 280. must be hang'd. See **285**, 141–142, note.

364, 282. seame-rent lye. See **295**, 396, note; also *Poetaster*, **53**, 79.

364, 289. bond-slave . . . Parchment. A play on the word "bond." Parchment was used for bonds.

365, 296–297. great in some bodies books; i. e. in debt. See *Poetaster*, **53**, 88, note.

365, 300. a bill. Play on "bill," which means an account, and also a kind of halberd, carried especially by watchmen.

365, 301. suite. Play on the word.

365, 304. we have Hiren heere. Hiren or Hyren, a character in Peele's play, *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the Fair Greek* (1594?), was used as a name for harlots, and also, as Hawkins says, "a cant name for a sword." Perhaps a play on "iron."

365, 309. fooles cap . . . Poetasters. See *Poetaster*, **164**, 614.

365, 319–320. carry . . . to court. In *Poetaster*, **v**, 3, Tucca, Demetrius, and Crispinus are punished at Court in the presence of Caesar.

366, 326. proceede you masters of arte. See **312**, 15,

note; also **381**, 115. This is the technical language of the Universities.

366, 328. **Grumboll.** Perhaps, as Dr. Scherer suggests, the same as Grumball, the name of a devil in Dekker's *If this be not a Good Play*, I, I (*Works*, Pearson, III, p. 270); but cf. *Misogonus*, IV, I (1577), "an't had not been for thee, saddlebacked grumbold! I'd got well by this shift." Query: grumbold = a sour grumbler?

366, 329. **Mum.** *i. e.* be a mummer, in the maske (?).

371, 91–92. **charme . . . circle.** See *Poetaster*, **121**, 9, note.

372, 103. **wine and poison.** A sleeping potion is used in *Romeo and Juliet* and in several other plays.

378, 54. **mistery.** **378**, 55. **motionles.** Both are exclamations, but there is a play on each word. A "mystery" was a play based on a subject taken from the Bible. A "motion" was a kind of puppet show.

379, 61. **tongue tipt with poison.** Wat Terrill killed William Rufus with an arrow, according to the story. This is perhaps glanced at by Dekker here.

380, 90. **delude me not.** Hawkins corrected the quarto, which reads, "delude we not."

381, 115. **take degree.** See **312**, 15, and **366**, 326, notes.

381, 117. **whip of men.** Cf. **291**, 279–282 The reference is probably to the words of Asper (Jonson) in the Induction to *Every Man Out of His Humour:*

> "I'll strip the ragged follies of the time
> Naked as at their birth . . .
> . . . and with a whip of steel,
> Print wounding lashes in their iron ribs."

Chrisoganus (Jonson) in Marston's *Histriomastix*, II, 65, is said to "carry just Ramnusia's whyppe, to lash the patient."

381, 119. **poets crowne.** See *Poetaster*, **49**, 261, note.

382, 123. **True Poets . . . crown'd.** The Prologue to *Every Man in His Humour* (printed first in the folio, 1616) has these lines:

> "Though need make many poets, and some such
> As Art, and Nature have not better'd much."

We do not know when they were written.

382, 134–135. not . . . great. Cf. *Poetaster*, 135, 24–136, 27.

382, 137. selfe-creating Horace. Jonson had represented himself as Horace in *Poetaster*.

382, 138. his shaddow. Asinius Bubo.

382, 139. vertues Spheare. See *Poetaster*, 19, 136, note.

382, 141. his Masesties . . . dogs. As Dr. Scherer says, the "dogs" were the bellmen, and Dekker writes in the preface to *The Belman of London*: "My Bell shall ever be ringing, and that faithful servant of mine (the Dog that follows me) be ever biting these wild beasts, etc." (Temple classics, p. 68. See also facsimile of title-page of the first edition of *The Belman*.)

383, 144. the composer. See *Poetaster*, 50, 1, note.

383, 159. reprehended. Used by Vaughan for apprehended.

383, 161. New-found Land. Taken possession of in the name of Elizabeth by Sir Humphrey Gilbert in 1583. Discovered by Cabot in 1497 and much earlier by the Norsemen (c. 1000).

383, S. D. two pictures. One, of the Roman Horace, the other of Horace-Jonson. Two pictures are introduced in similar manner in *Antonio and Mellida*, v, 1 (1600). See Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, pp. 98–101.

383, S. D. Satyres. Satyrs had horns and legs like goats, but bodies and heads of men. The words "Satyr" and "Satire" are often played upon. See *Poetaster*, 99, 121–122.

383, 164. baite . . . place-mouth yelpers. An allusion to bull-baiting and bear-baiting, which were a popular form of amusement at Paris Garden.

383, 165. gurnets-head. The gurnet was a kind of fish with a very large ugly head.

384, 170. Sultane Soliman. See 339, 152, note.

384, 175. Has. He has.

384, 178. S. George . . . the Dragon. The popular patron saint of England was St. George, a Christian martyr of the early part of the fourth century. He was adopted as patron saint by Edward III. The story of his fight with the dragon made him the Christian Hero of the Middle Ages For an account of the St. George's, or Mummers', plays, see Chambers, *The Mediaeval Drama*.

384, 180. **Tawsoone.** Welsh, "taw a son" = hold thy tongue. *A Dictionary of the Welsh Language*, W. Owen, 1803, s. v. "son."

384, 183. **graines.** An old word for the fork of the body, the lower limbs; hence also bough or branch. Tucca means, probably, that he is one of the King's chief supporters.

384, 188. **Pantilius Tucca.** This is the name as given in *Poetaster*. Elsewhere in *Satiromastix* he is called simply Tucca.

384, 190. **fy-fy-fy.** Tucca stutters. See **286**, 164, note.

384, 192. **whirligig.** This was a common word. There is no allusion, as Dr. Scherer thinks, to Sharpham's *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1606.

384, 193. **Tamor Cham.** Henslowe's *Diary* (ed. Greg, I, pp. 14, 15, 30, 42, 49, 171, 182) contains records concerning *Tamar Cam*, *tamberame*, Parts I and II, on dates from 1592 to 1602, plays which Mr. Greg (*Diary*, II, p. 156) thinks "had probably been originally written as a rival to *Tamberlaine*, which was an Admiral's play." Tamor Cham was the great Tartar King.

385, 198. **beare-whelp**; *i. e.*, Horace, who had been called also Hunkes. See **295**, 387, note. Tucca refers to **383**, 162, "baite one at that stake," etc.

385, 201. **Morter-Morphesis.** A play on the word to refer to Jonson's former trade as bricklayer. Cf. "Morter-treader," **347**, 67.

385, 210. **Timonist.** Timon, the Athenian philosopher, despised the world and his name became proverbial. Cf. the old *Timon*, and Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*.

385, 211. **the general leprozie of sinne.** Cf. Shakespeare, *Timon*, IV, I, 30, "their crop be general leprosy."

385, 215. **bug-beare.** Bug = bogy, a goblin, a bear-goblin or specter.

385, 216. **campe royall.** The main body of an army with the commander; hence, fig., a great number.

385, 217. **nastie tortois.** See **293**, 340–341, note; *Poetaster*, 5, 14, note, and **176**, 180–181.

385, 220. **revelling and araigning.** Cf. Jonson's titles, *Cynthia's Revels*, and *Poetaster, or His Arraignment*.

386, 221–222. **Tyber the long-tail'd Prince of**

Rattes. Tyber, Tybert, or Tybalt, was the name of the cat in the *History of Reynard the Fox*.

386, 229. **muse stand to the barre.** Cf. 267, 15, and *Poetaster*, 147, 206.

386, 233. **Thy pride and scorne.** Cf. *Poetaster*, 154, 368–385, and *Cynthia's Revels*, III, 4.

> *Arete*. . . . nor would I have
> Virtue a popular regard pursue:
> Let them be good that love me though but few.

386, 235. **strong pilles.** See 290, 269, note.

386, 245. **satyres coate . . . service.** Horace and Asinius were dressed as satyrs. To strip of uniform was to discharge from service. Dr. Scherer quotes *Poetaster*, 87, 104; but that scene is not in the quarto and the line is a translation of Horace, *Sat.* 2, 1, 64, where *detrahere pellem* means to strip off a mask.

387, 256. **Callinoes.** "Calino obs. rare [Perh. suggested by 'calino custure me,' the corrupt form of a popular Irish melody frequently mentioned c. 1600 (cf. Shaks. *Hen. V*, IV, 4, 4, and editors)."] *N.E.D.*

387, 256–263. **nay . . . so.** The quarto assigns this speech to Tucca. Dr. Scherer assigns it to Vaughan. The last lines, "nay, by Sesu . . . so," are probably an interruption by Vaughan, as "by Sesu" is one of his expressions.

387, 258. **your face.** Jonson mentions his "rocky face" in lines on *My Picture left in Scotland*. See also 388, 277 and 288.

387, 261. **biggin.** A child's cap, a night-cap, or a coif of a sergeant-at-law. This is a reply to the coat and fool's cap put on Demetrius, *Poetaster*, 164, 613–614, and to the vizards put on Tucca, *Poetaster*, 158, 460.

387, 265. **I owe thee a whipping.** See *Poetaster*, 100, 131–132.

387, 266. **roddes in pisse and vineger.** "To have a rod in pickle" is to have a beating ready for somebody. It was supposed that a rod was made tougher and more pliable by this process.

387, 267. **Whipping a' th Satyre.** In 1601 appeared *The Whipping of the Satire*, by W. I., conjectured by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson to be William Ingram, a Cambridge man. In it

Marston's satires were attacked Soon appeared *The Whipper of the Satyre*, 1601. Then came *No Whippinge, nor trippinge*, 1601. (See printed catalogue of Brit. Mus Library for these books.)

387, 268. Whipping of the blinde-Beare. "To this entertainment [bear-baiting] there often follows that of whipping a blinded bear, which is performed by five or six men standing circularly with whips which they can exercise upon him without any mercy, as he cannot escape because of his chain." Hentzner, *Itinerary*, 1598, quoted in Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, 1831, p. 258.

387, 273. sup up. A play on "usurpe" in the preceding line.

388, 274. King Cambises. There is a play, *The Life of Cambises, King of Persia* (*Stat. Reg.* 1569–70), by Tho. Preston.

388, 277. beard's afraide. See **293**, 344–345, note.

388, 283. great mens famyliarity. See *Poetaster*, **165**, 636. This is also a kind of reply to *Poetaster*, III, 1, in which Crispinus is ridiculed for doing the thing of which Horace is here accused.

388, 284. badge of gentlemens company. The badge was originally an emblem worn by a knight and his followers to identify them.

388, 286. tackt . . . pointes. Fastened with points or lacings.

388, 301. Any . . . thing. The quarto assigns this line and **389**, 312–313, to Crispinus. They belong to Asinius.

389, 309. carry Lattin poets about you. This is said to Asinius, who imitated Horace. Fuller (*Worthies*, 1662) states that Jonson while working as a bricklayer with a trowel in his hand had a book, said to be Tacitus, in his pocket.

389, 316. runne Red-cap. See **280**, 1, note, for Mr. Hart's opinion that Asinius is Drayton and "Red-cap" an allusion to Drayton's play, *Mother Red-cap*, mentioned by Henslowe (*Diary*, ed. Greg, II, p. 189). See **325**, 263, note.

389, 321. many . . . parcels. Perhaps, as Dr. Scherer suggests, an allusion to the Palinode in *Cynthia's Revels* and the oath of Crispinus and Demetrius in *Poetaster*, V, 3.

390, 337–338. new play . . . Revels. There are numer-

ous references to the stealing of ideas and jests from other writers. Cf. Jonson's *Epigrams*, 56, and 100, both perhaps on Marston; also the induction to *Cynthia's Revels*, and the Prologue to *Volpone*.

390, 338. **the Temples Revels.** Gerard Leigh, in his *Accedence of Armorie* (1612), describes one of the Temple revels, and John Manningham, a student in the Middle Temple, wrote in his *Diary* (Camden Soc. repr. p. 18), Febr. 1601. "Feb. 2. At our feast we had a play called Twelve Night or What You Will." [etc.]. See also Fortescue, *De Laudibus Legum Angliæ*, for an account of the old customs.

390, 339. **Tango.** This may have been the name of a dog at the bear-garden. Dr. Scherer quotes *Englishmen for my money*, Hazlitt, *Dodsley* x, 521, "These tango-mongoes shall not rule o're me." The derivation and meaning of the word are not known.

390, 340–341. **sit in a gallery.** Cf. 394, 7. The gallery was the best place in the theatre, the price of admission being commonly two-pence; see *Poetaster*, 71, 147, note.

390, 350. **lordes roomes.** "I meane not into the Lords roome (which is now but the Stages Suburbs): No, those boxes, . . . are contemptibly thrust into the reare, and much new Satten is there dambd, by being smothred to death in darknesse." Dekker, *The Guls Hornbrok* (Temple classics, p. 48).

390, 353. **pennes . . . diseases.** Cf. Induction to *Every Man out of His Humour*, and also *Poetaster*, v, 3.

390, 356–391, 357. **marriage . . . Wits and necessities.** An imitation of the titles of old interludes, *The Marriage of Wit and Science*, 1579, and *The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom*, 1579.

391, 359. **Whitson-Ale.** "A rural festival where of course much ale was consumed." Nares.

391, 364. **thy head Holofernes.** The story of Judith and Holofernes as told in the Bible was familiar. There was a play, *Holophernes*, acted in 1556, and an old ballad, *The Overthrow of Proud Holofernes*. The name occurs among the characters in *Love's Labour's Lost*, 1598, 40, and in Marston's *What You Will*, 1601.

391, 370–371. **jestes upon his knight-hood.** Where-

ever Jonson used the word "Knight" in the quarto of *Poetaster* he substituted another word in the folio, evidently as a result of criticism or a command from someone in authority. See 15, 29–30, note.

391, 374. **Doctor Doddipol.** Doddipol was a name for a stupid person: cf. Dekker, *Olde Fortunatus* (Pearson, I, 155), "ile proceede Doctor Doddipoll." There was a play, *The Wisdom of Doctor Doddypoll*, published 1600, but "clearly an elder play" (Fleay, *Biog. Chron.* II, 155).

391, 376–378. **misse-likt . . . element.** *Every Man out of His Humour* and *Cynthia's Revels* were presented at Court. On the title-page, quarto, 1601, of *Cynthia's Revels* are the lines:

> *Quod non dant proceres, dabit histrio —*
> *Haud tamen invideas vati, quem pulpita pascunt.*

Cynthia's Revels is dedicated to the Court, in a characteristic manner.

391, 384–392, 386, **epigrams . . . shot.** Cf. Dekker (*Guls Hornbook*, Temple classics, p. 42), "repeat by heart either some verses of your owne, or of any other mans. . . . it may chaunce save you the price of your ordinary," etc. The "shot" was the tavern bill.

392, 388. **Carlo Buffon.** A character in *Every Man out of His Humour*. See *Introduction*, pp. xix, and lviii, note 2.

392, 395. **poet-apes.** See 313, 55, and 6, 35, note.

392, 396. **Learnings true Mecaenas.** Learning's true Mecaenas, addressed to the King. Dr. Scherer incorrectly interprets as = Learning is true, Mecaenas.

392, 403. **hearbe-a-grace.** Rue was so called because used in exorcising the Devil. Perhaps Tucca plays on the name Ru-fus, as he plays on the name William. Sweet-William was a kind of pink.

392, 405. **a match or no match.** A term in games, also a marriage. There can be no allusion, as Dr. Scherer suggests, to Rowley's play, *A Match or no Match*, licensed in 1624.

392, 405. **Lady Furnivall.** In *Sir Gyles Goosecappe* (1599–1601 ?) is a character, Lady Furnifall, who "is never in any sociable veine till she be typsie." The original may have been some

well-known person. See *Modern Philology*, vol. IV, *The Authorship of Sir Gyles Goosecappe*, by T. M. Parrott.

393, 408. **hit the mistris.** A play on the word. The "mistress" was the small ball in bowls.

394, 9. **an assembly of friers.** Tucca appeared in *Poetaster*, performed at Blackfriars by the children of Queen Elizabeth's Chapel.

394, 11–12. **when stiffe Tucca was a boy.** *Poetaster* was played by the Chapel Children, and Tucca was therefore played by a boy.

394, 13. **the devill and his angels.** Dr. Scherer quotes *A Knights Conjuring*, Dekker (Percy Society, vol. V, p. 48), "hee can put himselfe upon none but the Divel and his angels, and they (to make quick worke) give him his pasport." The fallen angels are spoken of in *2 Peter* II, 4, and *Jude* 6.

394, 17. **dance friskin.** See 321, 155, note, and *Poetaster*, 78, 320, note. Kemp, famous for his dancing, was at this time a member of the Chamberlain's Company, by which *Satiromastix* was performed, and he probably played the part of Tucca; hence this offer of Tucca to dance.

395, 25–30. **but if . . . and agen.** Jonson speaks of the profit derived from these plays. See *Poetaster*, 80, 374, note, and 174, 135–137. See also Penniman, *The War of the Theatres*, p. 105.

395, 35. **this colde weather.** *Satiromastix* was entered, S. R. Nov. 11, 1601, and was performed evidently in the autumn. The allusion to Christmas in 385, 218, is simply the old saying, and is not a reference to the time of performance of *Satiromastix* or of any of Jonson's plays. In 343, 249, "nowe at Christmas" refers perhaps to some "holiday performance" (Dr. Parrott, *Mod. Lang. Review*, VI, 3, 404), not to the date of writing of the play. It may refer simply to the approaching Christmas. But in this connection we may take the remark of Histrio, *Poetaster*, 80, 374–375, "this winter has made us all poorer," etc.

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The place of publication unless stated is London

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Glossary

A', he; of.
abstracted, abstruse, hard to understand.
accost, to draw near to, become familiar with.
aforehand, previously.
agnomination, word-play.
alias dictus, otherwise called.
altitonans, thundering on high.
apt, to prompt, to dispose.
an, and, if.
armorie, arms collectively.

balsamum, a sweet-smelling resinous liquid, some kinds of which were costly and used for perfume.
ban-dog, a fierce watch-dog.
barathrum, a gulf or pit.
barmy, frothy, yeasty.
bench-whistler, a loafer.
bescumber, to defile with excrement.
birde-bolt, an arrow for shooting birds.
blazed, described heraldically.
blow, enlarge, magnify, raise.
bulchin, a bull calf; a term of contempt.
bumble-broth, a mixed-up kind of broth.
bumrowle, bumroll, a kind of bustle.
busse, kiss.
button-breech, the button on the breech of a cannon.
by, of, concerning.

caduceus, Mercury's wand with entwined serpents.
carrawaies, a sweetmeat made of caraway seed.
casheere, dismiss. The word to-day has a military connotation, to dismiss by court-martial.
cast, to vomit.
catamite, a boy kept for unnatural purposes.
catch-pole, a term for a sheriff's officer.
cates, food, especially dainties.
charme, a chorus.
chev'rill, a kind of soft leather; hence adj. yielding.
chiefe, a term in heraldry meaning the upper third of the shield.
clem, to starve.
codpiece, a bagged appendage in the front of the breeches.
collied, blackened with coal-dust.

concluded, enclosed, contained.
conny-catch, to cheat.
Coronator Poetarum, the Crowner of Poets.
cracknels, a crisp kind of biscuit.
crop-shin, a kind of herring; a term of contempt.
cub, a term of endearment.
cure, to cheriah, to care for.

damnified, injured.
delicates, voluptuous attractions.
division, a musical term, modulation, variation.
dor, an insect that flies with a buzzing sound.
dubblet, a garment for the upper body, worn by men.
dyet-drinke, a drink for medicinal purposes.

eringo, a confection, aphrodisiac in effect, made from the root of the sea-holly.
exhibition, an allowance for support.

falsefiers, fireworks.
farding, farthing.
fardle, a bundle or packet.
fartingall, farthingale, a kind of hoop-skirt.
fatuate, silly.
feature, a creation.
fegaries, vagaries, notions.
femall, plain, simple.
fetches, tricks, stratagems.
forge, to invent something unreal or untrue.
freeze gowne, a gown made of "freeze," a coarse cloth.
furibund, mad, raging.
fustie, ill-smelling, mouldy, stale.

glavering, flattering.
glose, flattering talk.
glosse, interpretation.
Gods a mee, God save me. "Save" is probably to be understood in "Gods me," "Gods my bodie," "Gods my life."
goll, hand.
gramercie, thanks.
grimalkin, an old cat; an old woman.
groate, a silver coin worth 4*d*.
gulch, a glutton.
gull, a simple fellow.

halfe-pike, a short spear.
hanger, a loop on the belt for the sword.
'Hart, God's Heart; an oath or exclamation.
here-hence, in consequence of this.

ibides, pl. of *ibis*, a kind of bird.
impale, to encircle, as with a crown or garland.

incontinent, immediately.
inditements, writings.
ingage, to bind by a pledge or gage.
inprimis, in the first place.
intend, to fix the mind upon.

jerkin, a close-fitting short coat.
jerk, yerk, to whip.
jigga-jogge, a humorous word for riding.
joynt-stool, a stool made of several parts by a joiner.

laurefyed, crowned with laurel.
licentious, unrestrained, in several senses.
licke-trencher, one who licks the trencher or platter.
linkes, torches.

maggot-a-pye, magpie.
magnificate, to magnify.
maker, poet.
malepartly, impudently.
mandilian, a kind of overcoat worn by soldiers and servants.
marchant, a kind of plum.
Marie, marry, by Mary.
marmilads, a preserve or confection of fruit.
marse, march.
mis-prize, to misconstrue.
moderne, trite, trivial.
moose, muse.
moyle, mule.
mum-budget, a game.
muske-cod, a musk bag; a scented fop.
mutton, a cant term for prostitute.
mych, to hide, sneak, skulk.

neat, unmixed.
neufe, hand.
nuncions, a cup or draught at noon, luncheon.

oade, woad, a plant which yielded a blue dye.
oblatrant, barking, railing.
obstupefact, stupefied.
organon, an instrument or organ.
Ownds, His wounds.

palinode, a recantation.
palme, triumph.
paralell, an equal; a counterpart.
paranomasie, word-play.
pardie, an oath, by God.
passingly, exceedingly, surpassingly.
patch pannell, "one who patches panels;? a jobbing or botching carpenter; an abusive appellation." *N. E. D.*
pattin, a shoe with a wooden sole.
pedant, a schoolmaster.
penny-biter, one who will bite for a penny, a sharper.
pent-house, a projecting shed on a door or window.

perpetuana, a durable cloth.
petasus, a kind of hat such as was worn by Mercury.
pilcher, a person who wears a pilch, or leathern jacket.
pinnion, opinion; a play on the word.
poet-ape, an inferior poet, an imitator.
point-trusser, one who ties or trusses the points or laces.
poult-foot, chicken-footed, club-footed, lame.
preasse, crowd.
presently, at once.
pro-rumped, burst forth.
ptrooh, an expression of contempt.
pudding, a kind of tobacco.
puffe, a conceited, puffed-up person.
punke, a prostitute.
pusse, a term of endearment.

quack-salver, a quack doctor.
quarried, preyed upon, or furnished with prey. Quarry was the term applied to a heap of dead game, also to the object pursued.
quarterage, tribute paid quarterly.
queane, a scold, a low woman.
queere, choir.
quotidian, daily.

ramp, rear.
rand, rant.
rapt, to seize and carry off.
rate, punish.
risse, risen.
rooke, a simpleton.
rouncevall, loud, strong.
rubbers, the last game played to decide a tie.
rue, pity, sorrow for.
ruffe, a kind of collar or frill projecting from the neck.

sack, a kind of wine; also a bag.
scarabe, a kind of beetle bred in dung.
sconce, a small fort; hence, a helmet, the skull, the head.
sewer, a servant who waited on the table.
shat, shalt.
shot-free, scot-free, free of the payment.
sinke point, cinque point, the fifth point from the end of the board in backgammon.
skneakes-bill, sneak-bill, a sharp-nosed, sneaking fellow.
'slid, God's lid.
smeeter, cimitar, scimitar, a kind of sword.
snuffers, dishes for holding snuff. *Halliwell.* An implement for trimming the wick of a candle.
sock, a kind of shoe worn by comedians.
spermacete, a substance derived from whales and used for cosmetics.